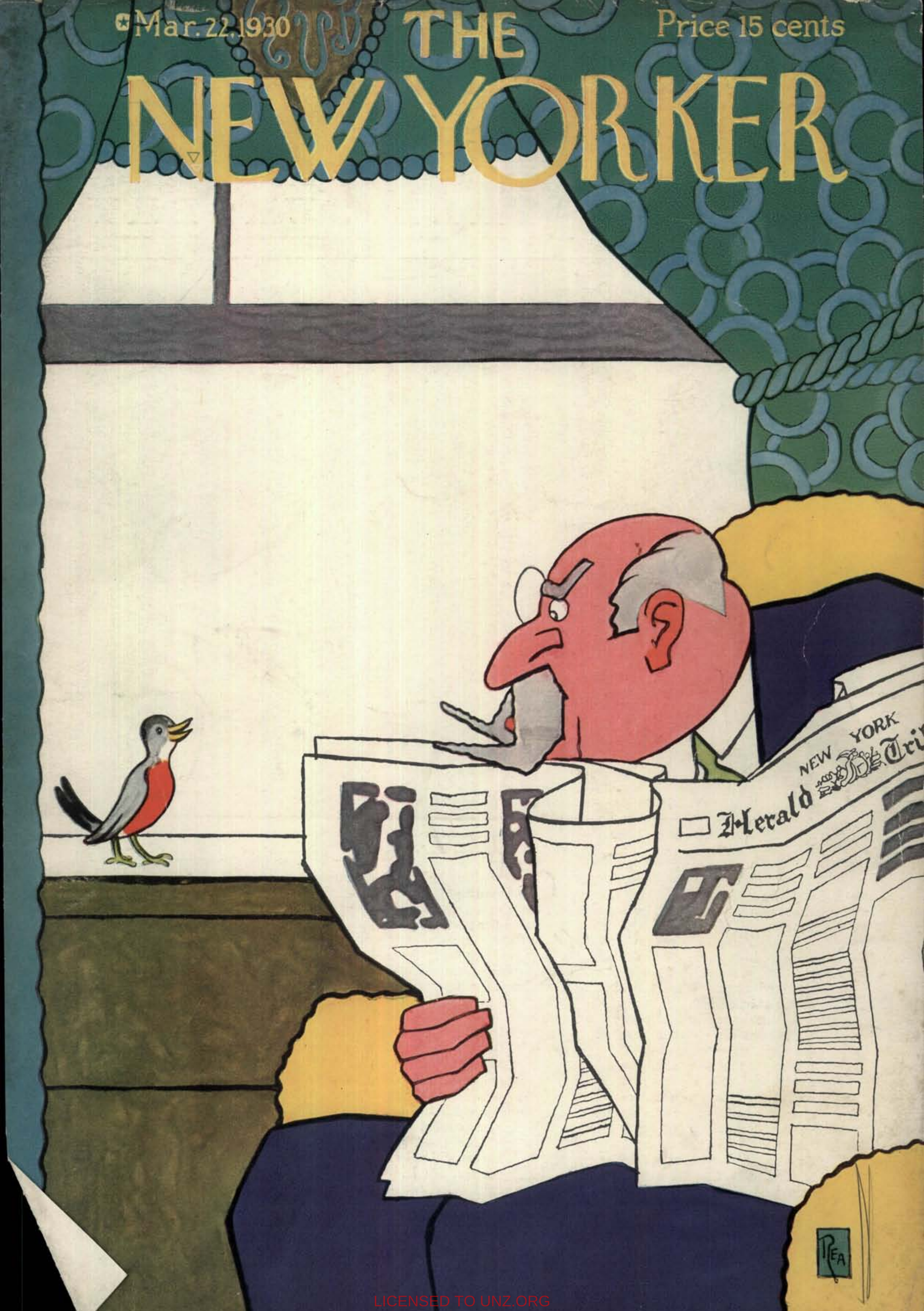
Mar. 22, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents


NEW YORK
Herald Tri
REA

1880 GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY YEAR 1930

DAVEY TREE SURGERY

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Half a century since John Davey originated the science of Tree Surgery

FIFTY YEARS ago John Davey began experimenting with his new theory that trees could be saved by curative processes. Were they not living things? Were they not subject to disease, injury and other ills? And yet to most men they were just trees, destined to die whenever circumstances took them.

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Like most geniuses John Davey did not care much for money. He had a profound love of nature and was not only thoroughly trained in horticulture, but was an eager student of the related sciences. He not only gave to the world a new idea, but he gave a fine philosophy also. To him the whole development became a great ideal of usefulness and constructive service. His spirit impressed itself indelibly and is a living force in the organization that he founded and inspired.

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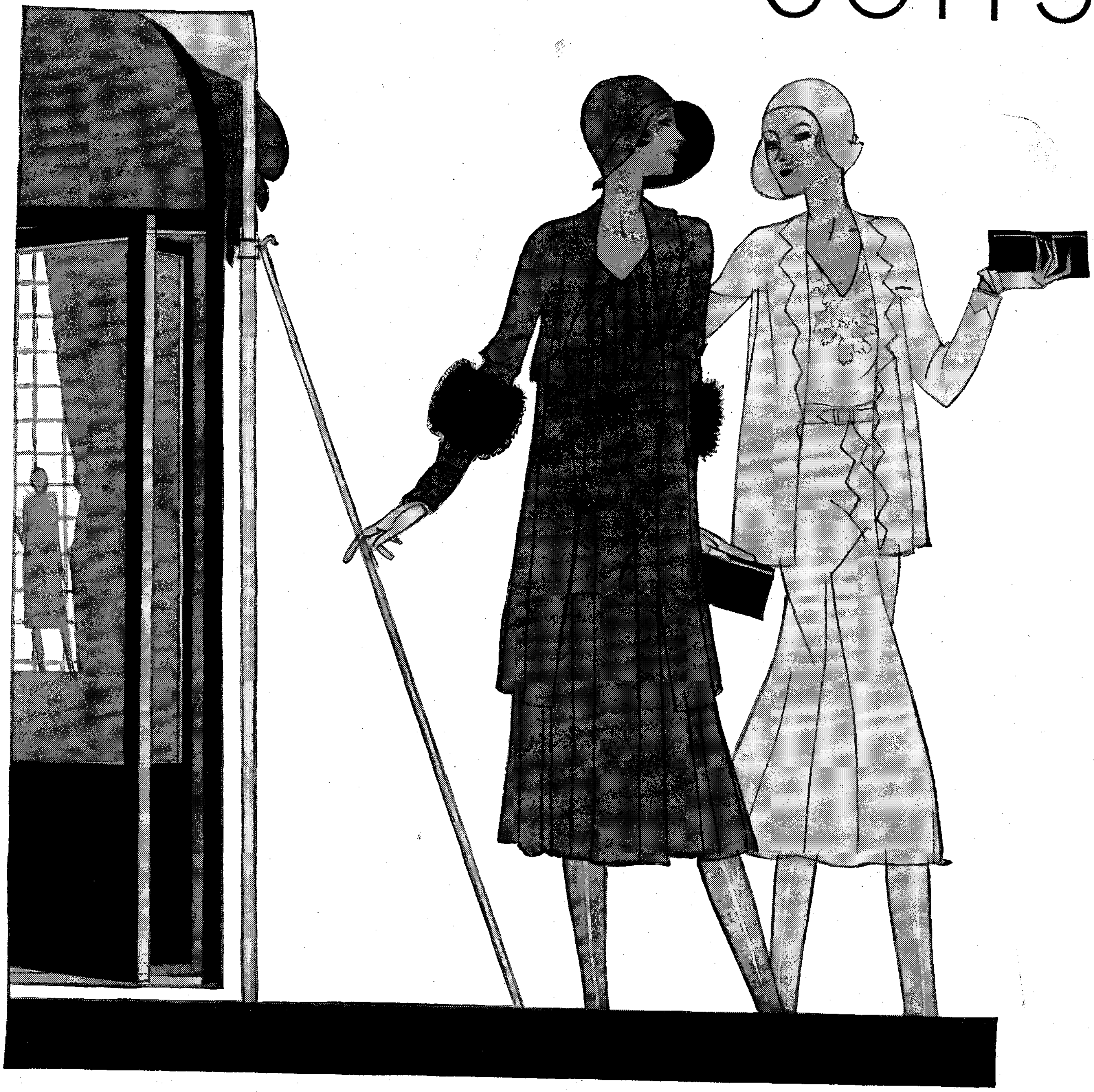

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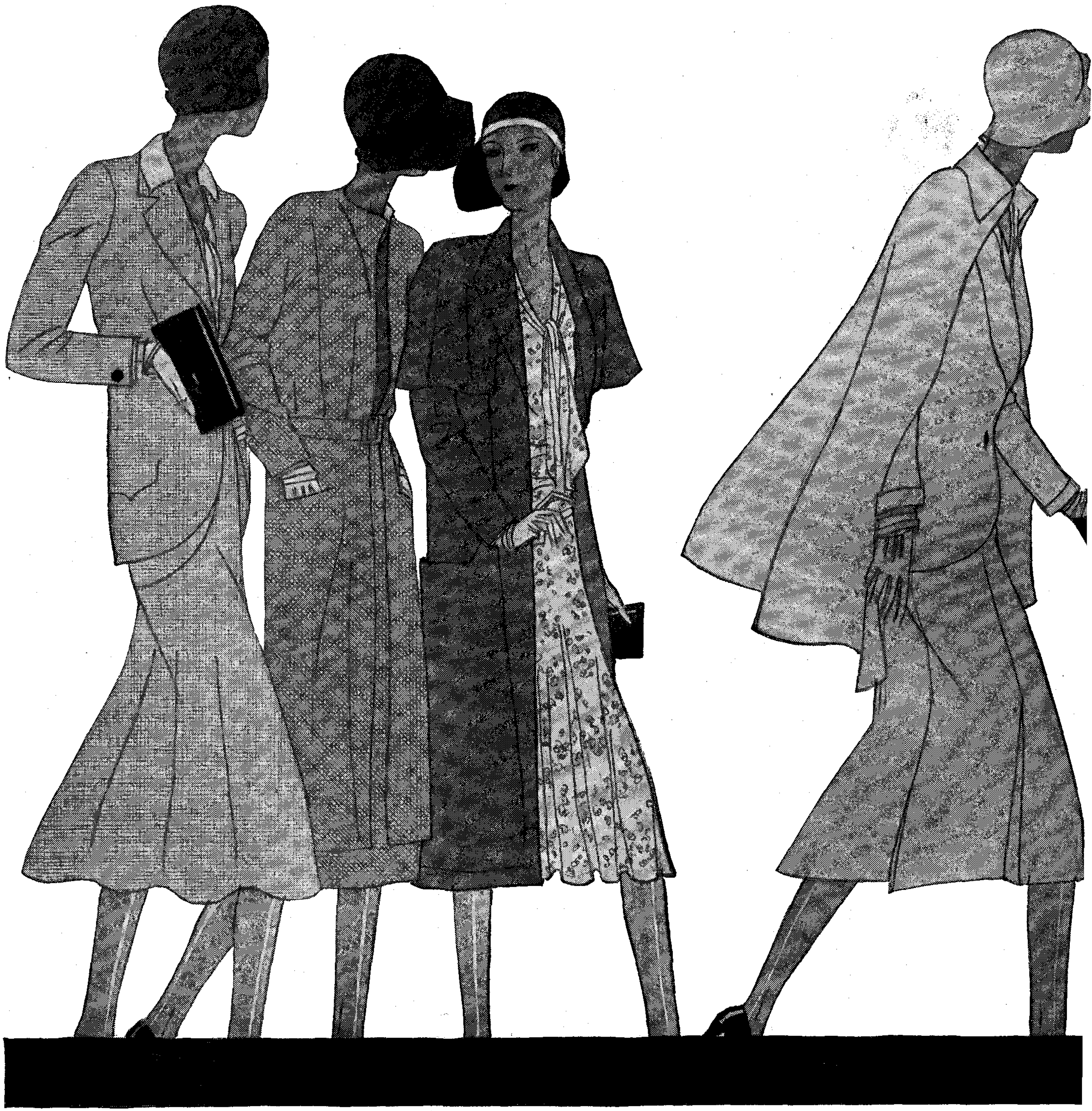

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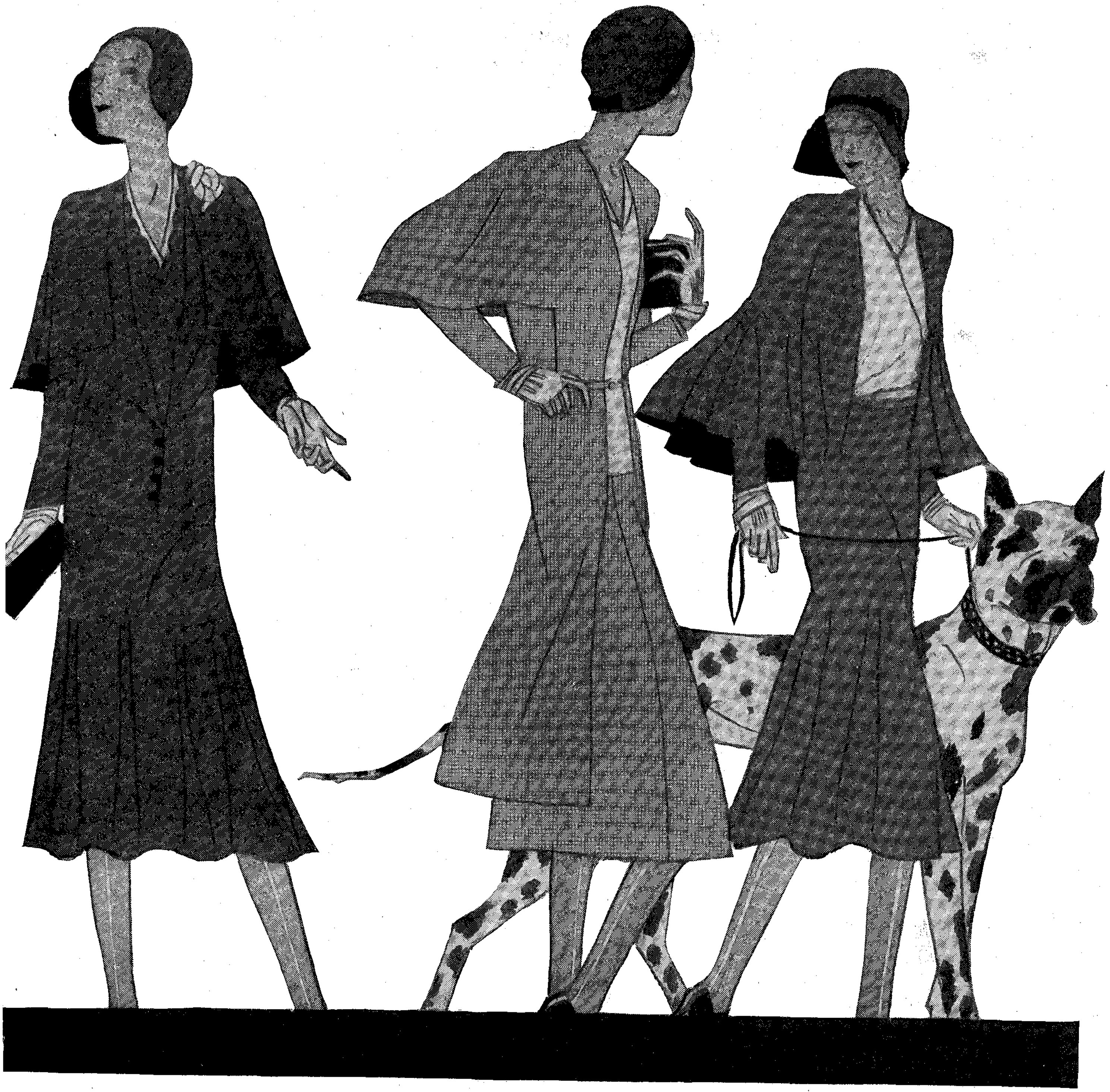

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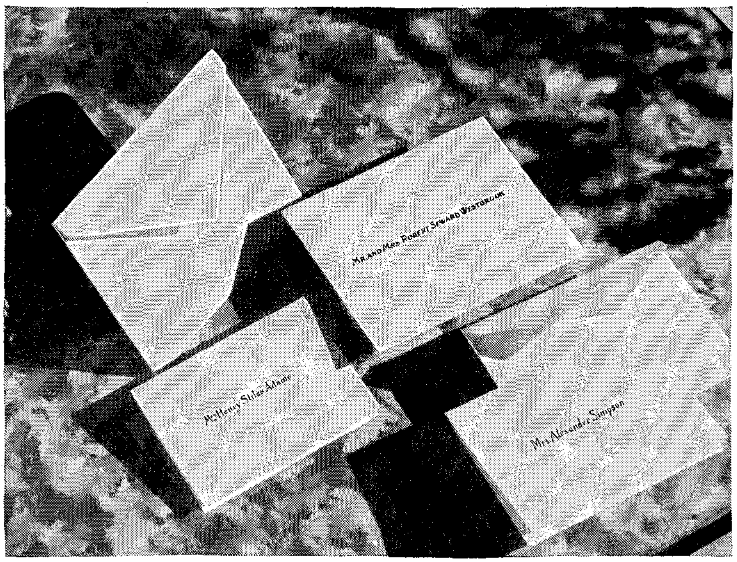
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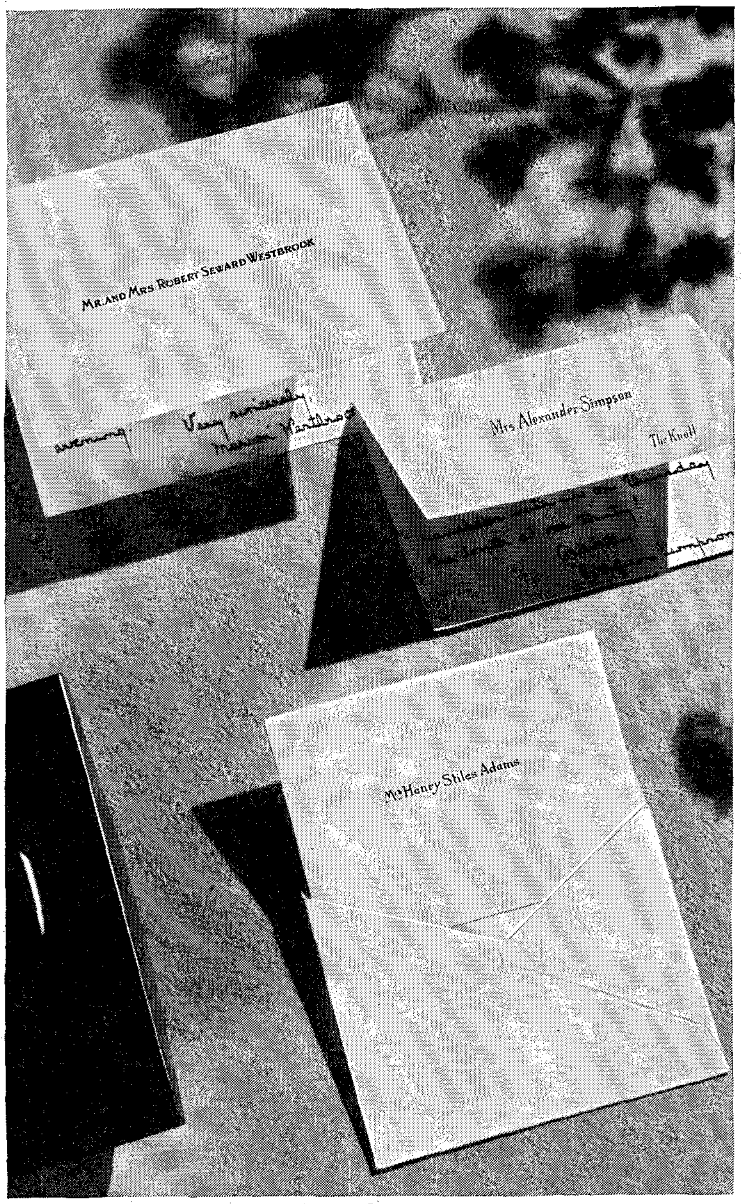
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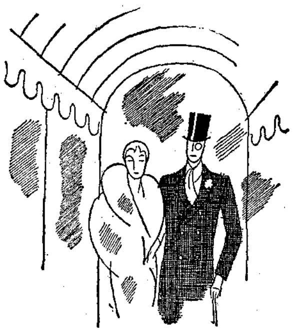

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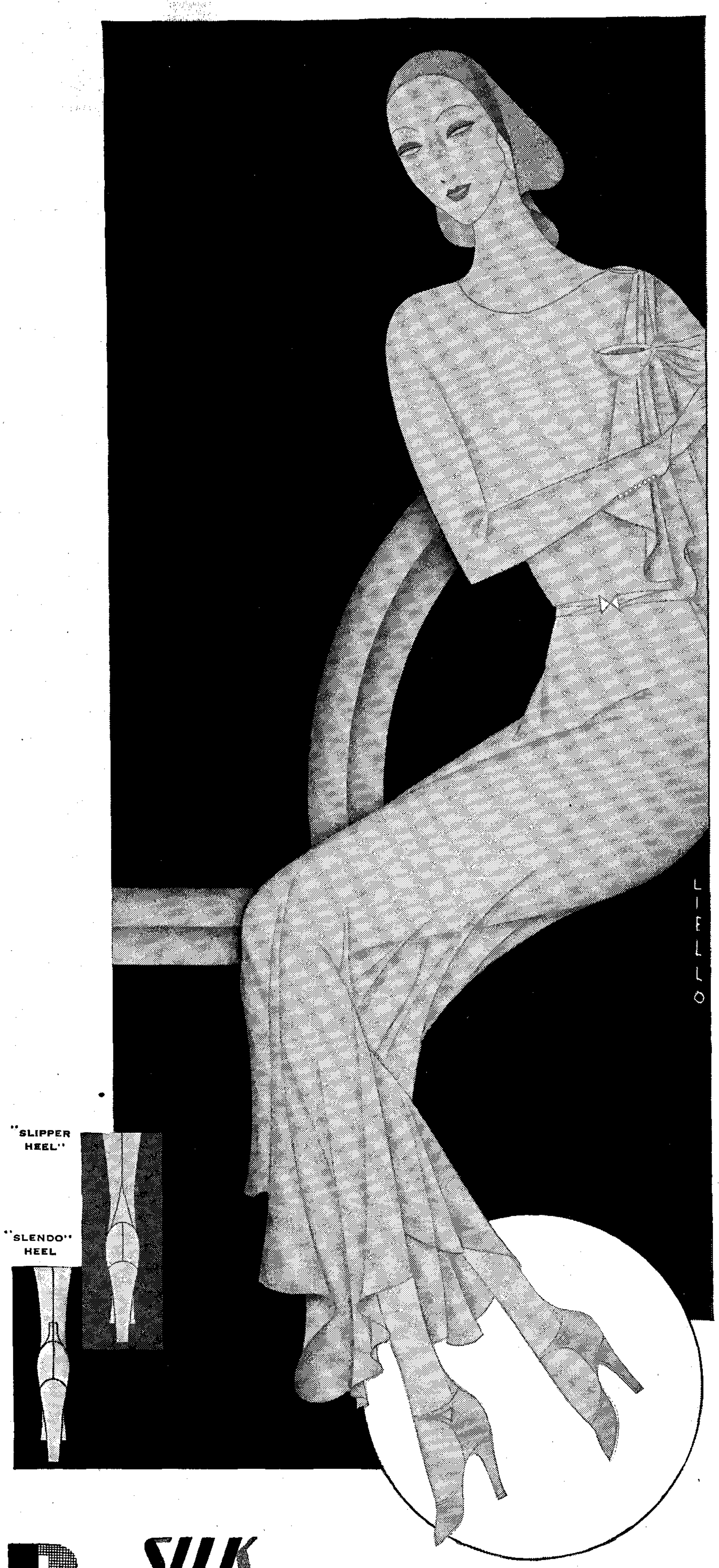

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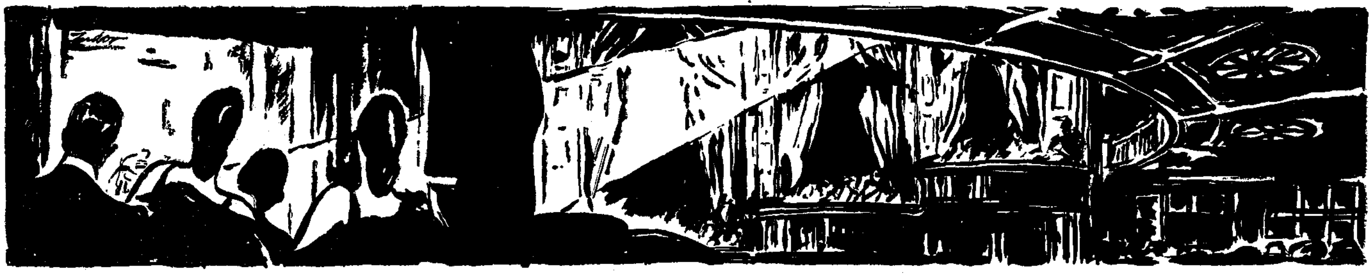

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE APPLE CART—Customary three-hour lecture by Bernard Shaw, with an intermission out for a little fun. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

APRON STRINGS—A young marriage which was almost upset by a posthumously managing mother. (Cort, 48, E.)

BERKELEY SQUARE—The London of George III through the eyes of a modern young man who plays ghost. A fine adventure in metaphysics which almost comes off. With Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's gently amusing comedy about an English inn and its occupants. (49th Street, 49, W.)

BROKEN DISHES—Donald Meek making the old part of the henpecked husband something fresh and touching. The play is fairly regulation, but it doesn't seem so. (Masque, 45, W.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Master Builder," Ibsen revival. (Fri. Eve., Mar. 21.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Mar. 22 and 29.) . . . "La Locandiera," eighteenth-century Italian comedy. (Sat. Eve., Mar. 22.) . . . "The Women Have Their Way," light comedy from the Spanish. (Mon. and Thurs. Eves., Mar. 24 and 27.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Tolstoi's play, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Tues. Eve., Mar. 25.) . . . "The Sea Gull," Tchekov's moving play. (Wed. Eve., Mar. 26.) . . . "The Cradle Song," smiles through the tears. (Thurs. Mat., Mar. 27.) . . . "John Gabriel Borkman," another Ibsen revival. (Fri. Eve., Mar. 28.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English, with Miss Le Gallienne. (Sat. Eve., Mar. 29.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Philip Merivale as Death, who spends a weekend in mufti among people who don't know who he is. Effective without being very important. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

DISHONORED LADY—A fast-moving progress from random love-making to murdering, with Katharine Cornell lending high distinction to what might otherwise be just a good melodrama. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:40 P.M.)

EVERYTHING'S JAKE!—Don Marquis' tale of an American bootlegger in Paris, which has at least two delightful scenes. (Bijou, 45, W. Closes Sat., Mar. 22.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith in St. John Ervine's entertaining treatment of the old story of the smart wife and the errant husband. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's beautiful Old Testament epic told in terms of an old Negro's imagination. The best thing of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Sparkling and popular comedy of small-town life. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Strained nerves, comradeship, and death on the British front, set forth with compassion and complete understanding. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—The kind of comedy you would expect from Ring Lardner and George Kaufman, which is to say one of the best on the market. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M. Extra Mat., Fri., Mar. 21.)

THE LAST MILE—An intensely interesting and finely depressing account of an attempted jail-break and the causes leading up to it. (Harris, 42, W.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—A highly satisfactory blending of A. A. Milne's more mature moods, involving a couple who might much better have told the truth to the police. Henry Hull and Edith Barrett head a good cast. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 29]

REBOUND—Hope Williams as a young lady whom men don't take seriously, supported by a good cast. Donald Ogden Stewart wrote it, which means that you will not only laugh, but perhaps cry a little. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE RIVALS—Well, you know what all-star casts are, and eighteenth-century comedies. This is a good sample of both. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

SHAKESPEAREAN REPERTOIRE—Fritz Leiber and his company: "Hamlet," Mon. Eve., Mar. 24, and Sat. Mat., Mar. 29; "Macbeth," Tues. and Fri. Eves., Mar. 25 and 28; "Twelfth Night," Wed. Mat., Mar. 26; "The Merchant of Venice," Wed. Eve., Mar. 26; "The Taming of the Shrew," Thurs. Eve., Mar. 27; "Richard III," Sat. Eve., Mar. 29. (Shubert, 44, W.)

STREET SCENE—Elmer Rice's exciting portrait of a New York tenement. Now in its second year. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Light comedy which might have been salacious if it weren't so nice and clean. The best of its class. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Murder in the subway. Ingenious, and fun to watch. (Republic, 42, W.)

THIS MAN'S TOWN—Underworld melodrama in a lunch-wagon that is well written and acted. (Ritz, 48, W.)

TOPAZE—Frank Morgan vastly aiding a translation from the French about a school teacher who overcomes an inferiority complex. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

DEPARTMENTS
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WITH MUSIC

BITTER SWEET—Noel Coward's pretty "operette" with no harm done to anyone. Evelyn Laye is in it and you have only two more days to see it. (Shubert, 44, W. Closes Sat., Mar. 22.)

EARL CARROLL SKETCH BOOK—Easily the best of Mr. Carroll's shows. Still a little off-color but very funny in spots. Will Mahoney, alone, is worth seeing. (46th Street, 46, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—A fast-moving trip through the American shrines in Paris, filled in with Cole Porter's songs and plenty of gags. The cast includes William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and especially, Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—That Bert Lahr is a card. (Apollo, 42, W.)

RIPPLES—Fred Stone, his wife, and children, in a good enough musical show. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

SIMPLE SIMON—Ed Wynn doing the magical trick of turning thin comedy into an evening of delight. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—The war in musical comedy and without offence. In fact, with a great deal of delight, especially through Jack Donahue. (Imperial, 45, W.)

STRIKE UP THE BAND—A musical comedy which is, believe it or not, genuinely satirical, with Bobby Clark at the top of his stride, Blanche Ring, Paul McCullough, and an excellent Gershwin score. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SWEET ADELINE—Helen Morgan, Charles Butterworth, and a Jerome Kern score are some of the reasons for not missing this. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. Closes Sat., Mar. 22.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—A very British revue which has no particular high spots but a very high average. Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, and Tilly Losch are in it. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

●

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman show of extraordinary character sketches. (Comedy, 41, E. Fri., Sun., Tues., and Wed. Eves., 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2:30 P.M.)

MEI LAN-FANG—Last chances to see the distinguished Chinese actor in selections from classical Chinese drama. (National, 41, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M. Engagement ends Sat., Mar. 22.)

DANCE RECITAL—Edward Strawbridge, in dance compositions: Sun. Eve., Mar. 23. (Booth, 45, W. 8:45 P.M.)

VAUDEVILLE—Fannie Brice and Ricardo Cortez are at the Palace Fri., Mar. 21. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—Bufano's Marionettes: Sat. Aft., Mar. 29, at 2:30. (Roerich Hall, Riverside Dr. at 103.) . . . The Juvenile Players in "A Midsummer Night's Dream:" Sat. Aft., Mar. 29, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

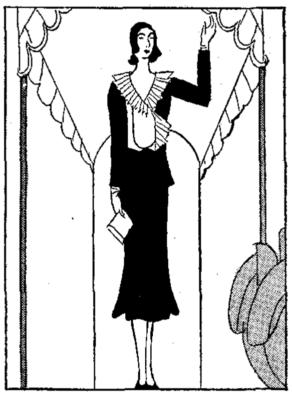
THE OLD RASCAL—A new comedy by and with William Hodge. Opens Mon., Mar. 24. (Bijou, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

THE MATRIARCH—A play by G. B. Stern and Frank Vernon based on Miss Stern's novel, with Constance Collier. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:50 P.M.)

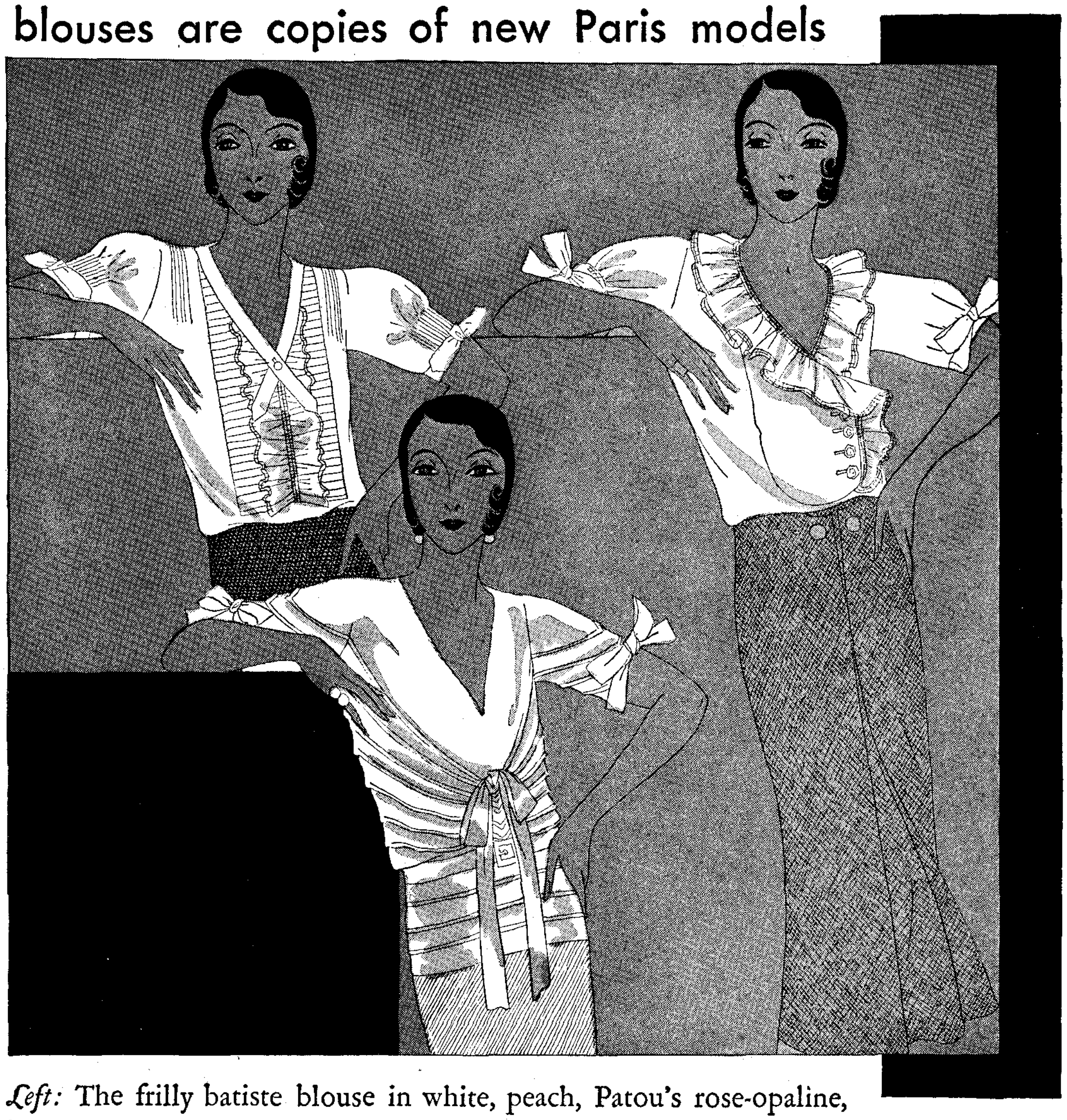
A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—The Theatre Guild's

(Continued on page 8)



The Question Is Not—"Shall I Wear A Blouse" but, "Which Blouse Shall I Wear?"

—All these blouses are copies of new Paris models



Left: The frilly batiste blouse in white, peach, Patou's rose-opaline, baby blue, eggshell or green 5.50

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 29]

(Continued from page 6)

production of Turgenev's play, with Alla Nazimova. (Guild, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's orchestra.*

Club Lido, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Frances May Maddox and the dancing of Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

Club Montmartre, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Sherbo's orchestra and a gay, civilized crowd. Dancing by Murphy and Johnson, and Moore and Revel. Must dress.

Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Harry Richman, in person. Also Ann Pennington and Norma Terriss.*

Seaglade, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

Villa Vallée, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's music.

Broadway Atmosphere—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type: Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893), featuring Fred Keating, Alice Boulden, and Mary Charles.* . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with no cover charge, and a rough and elaborate revue. . . . The Night Boat, 117 W. 48, with June Day. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence.

Greenwich Village—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an attractive place, with the California Collegians providing the music. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, is enlivened by Paxton, the mental wizard. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

Russian Motif—The Moscow Art, 216 W. 44, has an entertaining show, including Mme. Sahdoveskaya, who sings. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is an amusing place. . . . The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

Note—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking, unless otherwise noted.)

Across the World with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson—Some good pictures, especially of the happy peoples of the South Sea Islands and the Congo. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Fri., Mar. 21; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Anna Christie—Greta Garbo speaks at last in an excellent version of Eugene O'Neill's play. (Capitol, B'way at 51; performances continuous from noon.)

The Bishop Murder Case—The Van Dine mystery of murder and nursery rhymes very well handled. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Mar. 27 and 28; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Disraeli—George Arliss reproduces his famous characterization on the screen. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The Green Goddess—Mr. Arliss as a very polite and very ruthless rajah in a screen version of his stage success. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

Hit the Deck—The song "Hallelujah" and Jack Oakie make this fairly good entertainment. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Mar. 27 and 28; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The Love Parade—A comedy with music and Chevalier, and altogether very pleasant. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

Puttin' on the Ritz—Some nice bits of singing and dancing, with one of those usual backstage stories. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

The Rogue Song—Bandits, gypsies, and Lawrence Tibbett, in a Lehar operetta. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

Song o' My Heart—Laughter-and-tears and John McCormack's songs. Very well mounted and presented. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

The Vagabond King—Dennis King's voice and some good sets in color are the best things in this musical show. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

News Reel Theatre—A potpourri of current events, without the interruption of plots or song numbers. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Devil May Care," Ramon Novarro in a romance of Napoleon's day; "Roadhouse Nights," Helen Morgan, Jimmie Durante, and Charles Ruggles all doing well in an underworld story by Ben Hecht; "Street of Chance," stud poker and a shooting in a Broadway hotel, with William Powell as a cool-headed big-time gambler.

ART

African—Famous Guillaume collection of African sculpture which has done a lot for artists and tourists: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., starting Mon., Mar. 24.

Berlandina—Something good for stodgy Americans: a gay and happy attitude toward painting, with a fine understanding beneath: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Davies—Memorial exhibition of the works of Arthur B. Davies: Gallery D6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Dove—Annual showing of paintings by a very fine American: Stieglitz's American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; starting Sat., Mar. 22.

Havemeyer—The H. O. Havemeyer collection on view at last, and raising the Museum's batting average from .129 to .400: Galleries 20-25, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Independents—Big annual show: 4th floor, Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.

Kuniyoshi—A thrilling show of a great painter: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Max Weber—Retrospective exhibition of his works. Also paintings by Paul Klee, and sculpture by Maillol and Lehmbruck: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and 8 to 10 P.M.

Pascin—Superb paintings by a craftsman who can do one thing better than anyone else: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 22 only.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

Mischa Levitzki—Another recital by this constantly entertaining pianist. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 22.

Germaine Schnitzer and Ignace Hilsberg—A new two-piano team in mostly unorthodox music. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 23, at 3:30.

Maria Kurenko and Alexandre Gretchaninoff—An eminent soprano and composer-pianist in joint recital. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Mar. 24.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Mar. 21, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 22 at 8:45; Thurs. Eve., Mar. 27, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Mar. 28, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 29, at 8:45. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Mar. 22, at 11.

Museum Concert—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eve., Mar. 22, at 8. (No admission charge.)

Barrere Little Symphony—Barrere conducting: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Mar. 23.

Manhattan Symphony Orchestra—Hadley conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Eve., Mar. 23, at 9.

American Orchestral Society—Clifton conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Mar. 25.

Schola Cantorum—Ross conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 26.

Conductorless Symphony Orchestra—Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Mar. 28, at 8:45.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"Aïda," Fri. Aft., Mar. 21, at 2; "L'Elisir d'Amore," Fri. Eve., Mar. 21, at 8:15; "Lohengrin," Sat. Aft., Mar. 22, at 1:45; "Faust," Sat. Eve., Mar. 22, at 8:15; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Mar. 23, at 8:30; "Siegfried," Mon. Eve., Mar. 24, at 8; "Sadko," Wed. Aft., Mar. 25, at 2; "La Bohème," Wed. Eve., Mar. 25, at 8:30; "L'Elisir d'Amore," Thurs. Eve., Mar. 26, at 8:15; "Tristan und Isolde," Fri. Aft., Mar. 27, at 1:30.

Little Theatre Opera—"Fra Diavolo," by Auber: Fri. and Sat. Eves., Mar. 21 and 22, at 8:30; Sat. Aft., Mar. 22, at 2:30. Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

ON THE AIR

Walter Damrosch—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Mar. 21 and 28, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Mar. 22 and 29, at 9, over WEAF.

Boxing—Fights from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Mar. 21 and 28, at 9:30, over WMCA.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Mar. 22, at 11, over WOR. . . . Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Mar. 23, at 3:15, over WOR.

Opera—*Offenbach's "The Grand Duchess:"* Sun. Aft., Mar. 23, at 1, over WJZ. . . . Victor Herbert's "Natoma:" Thurs. Eve., Mar. 27, at 11, over WEAF.

Chicago Symphony—Stock conducting: Sun. Aft., Mar. 23, at 3, over WJZ.

Manhattan Symphony Orchestra—Hadley conducting: Sun. Eve., Mar. 23, at 9:30, over WOR.

Lawrence Tibbett—Baritone soloist: Sun. Eve., Mar. 23, at 9:15, over WEAF.

Lucrezia Bori—Soprano soloist: Thurs. Eve., Mar. 27, at 10, over WEAF.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square *Garden*: Kid Chocolate vs. Al Ridgeway, Fri. Eve., Mar. 21; Al Singer vs. Ignacio Fernandez, Fri. Eve., Mar. 28; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

Indoor Polo—National championship playoffs:

At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat., Mar. 22: New York City vs. New York State (Class C), at 5 P.M.; Harvard vs. Princeton, at 8 P.M.; Yale vs. West Point, at 9 P.M.; Riding Club vs. Optimists (Open), at 10 P.M. . . . Tues., Mar. 25: Class C eliminations, at 8 P.M.; Class B eliminations, at 9 P.M.; Yale vs. Winner B.R.&D.-N.Y.A.C. (Class A), at 10 P.M. . . . Thurs., Mar. 27: Class C eliminations, at 4 and 5 P.M.; Hun School vs. Culver Mil. Acad., at 8 P.M.; Andover vs. Lawrenceville, at 9 P.M.; Penn. Mil. Col. vs. Winner Harvard-Princeton, at 10 P.M. . . . Sat., Mar. 29: New York City vs. New York State (Class D), at 5 P.M.; Interscholastic finals, at 8:30 P.M.; Intercollegiate finals, at 9:30 P.M.

At 101st Cavalry Armory, Bedford Ave. and President St., Brooklyn—Sat., Mar. 22: Brooklyn vs. Pennsylvania, at 8:30 P.M.; Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. N.Y.A.C., at 9:30 P.M. . . . Sat., Mar. 29: Class C eliminations at 4 and 8 P.M.; Class D eliminations, at 5 and 6 P.M.; Brooklyn vs. Illinois (Class B), at 9 P.M.; Commonwealth vs. Riding Club (Class A), at 10 P.M. (Take B'way-7 Ave. or Lexington Ave. subway to Franklin Ave. Sta.)

OTHER EVENTS

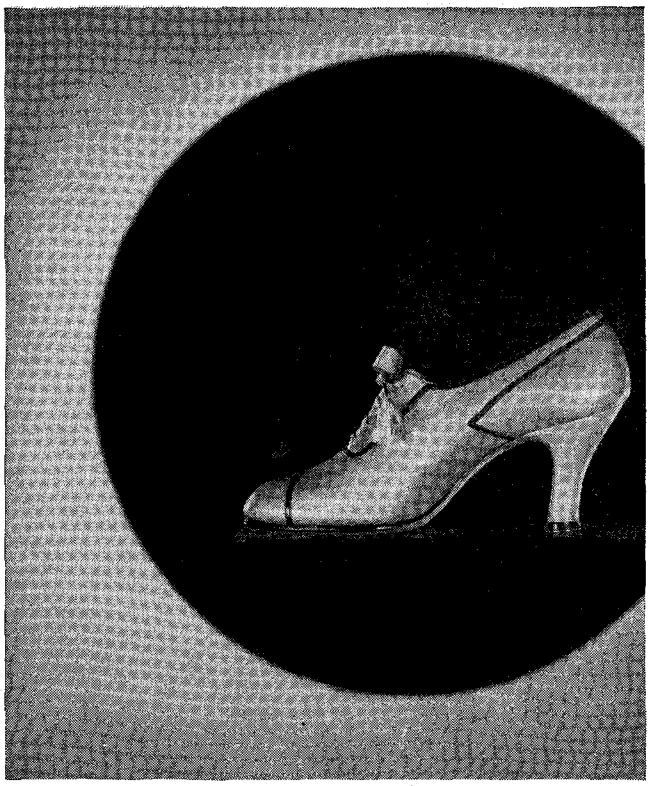
Flower Show—Last two days: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 22. . . . The Landscape Architects' show continues at the Arden Gallery, 460 Park, at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

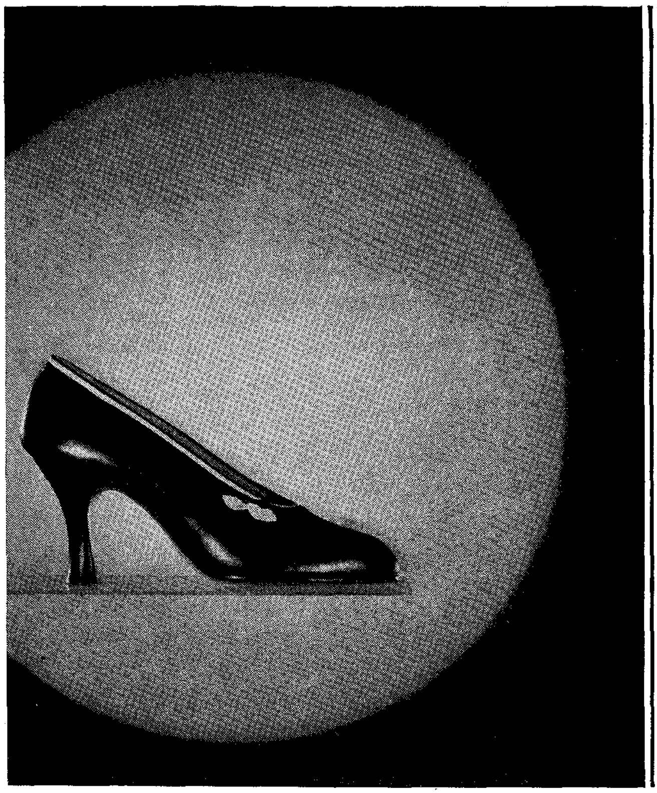
Public Ball—Radio Costume Ball, Beethoven Hall, 210 E. 5, Fri. Eve., Mar. 28, at 10.

Auctions—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—French and English furniture of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, early American furniture, and objets d'art: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Mar. 21 and 22, at 2:15. . . . Twentieth-century stamps of all countries: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Mar. 26 and 27, at 2:15. . . . Collections of important paintings from the Roerich Museum, including Italian, Flemish, and German Primitives, Dutch genre paintings, a fine El Greco, and eighteenth and nineteenth-century French paintings: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Mar. 27 and 28, at 8:15. . . . The Ercole Canessa collection of Gothic and Renaissance furniture, important Italian Renaissance bronze, stone, and marble sculptures, primitive paintings and wood carvings, rare Greek and Graeco-Roman sculptures and pottery: Sat. Aft., Mar. 29, at 2:15.

. . the new oxford

. . the new pump





The pump, first in the "Mercedes" series, has the modelled arch and the high Louis heel designed to fit beautifully. The underlay of suede can be tinted to match any color in the costume . . . The town oxford fits up into a high instep and the contrasting piping is especially designed to shorten the long foot. Both models are bench-made, of course, of kidskin in spring colors . . 18.50

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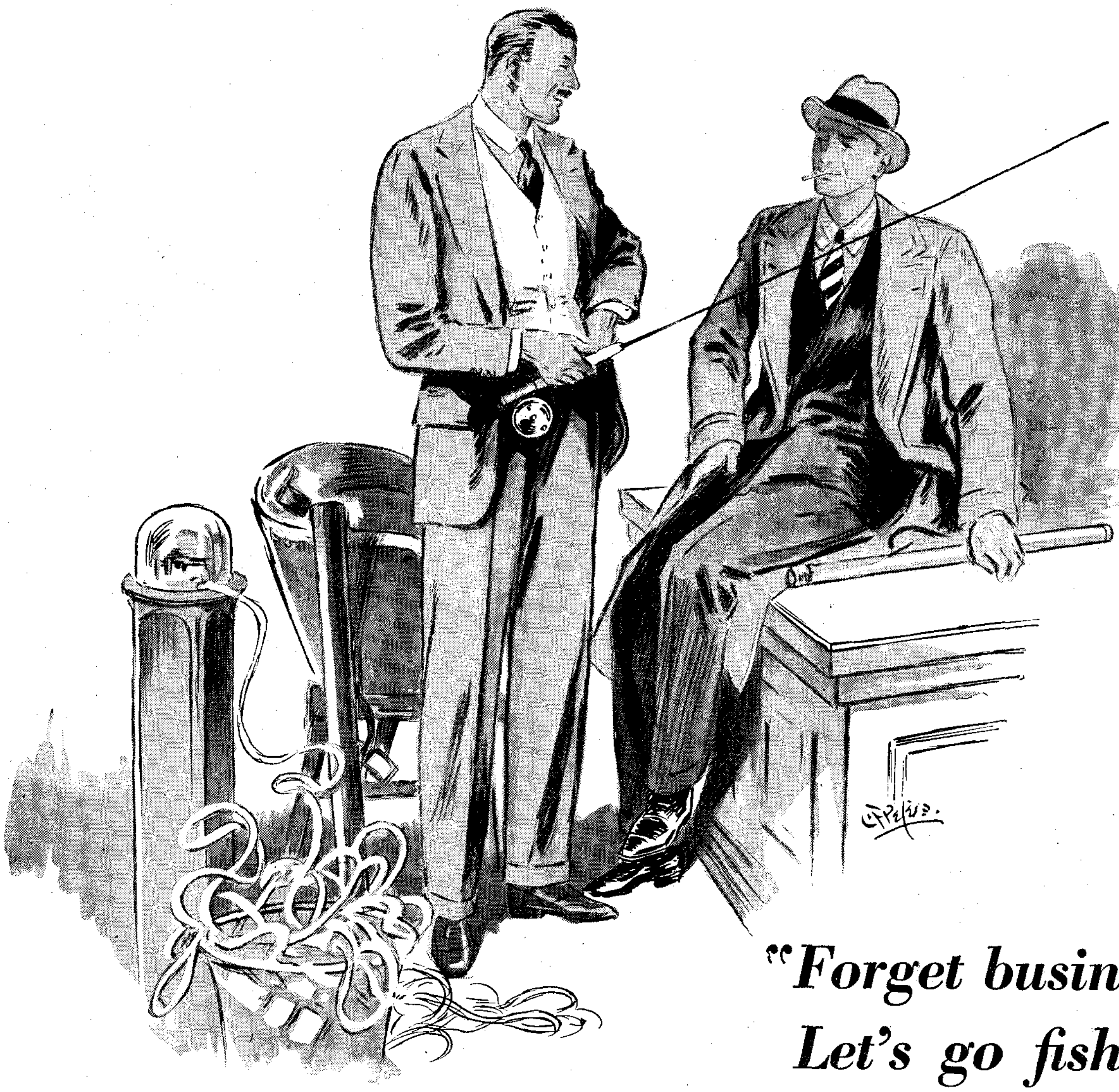

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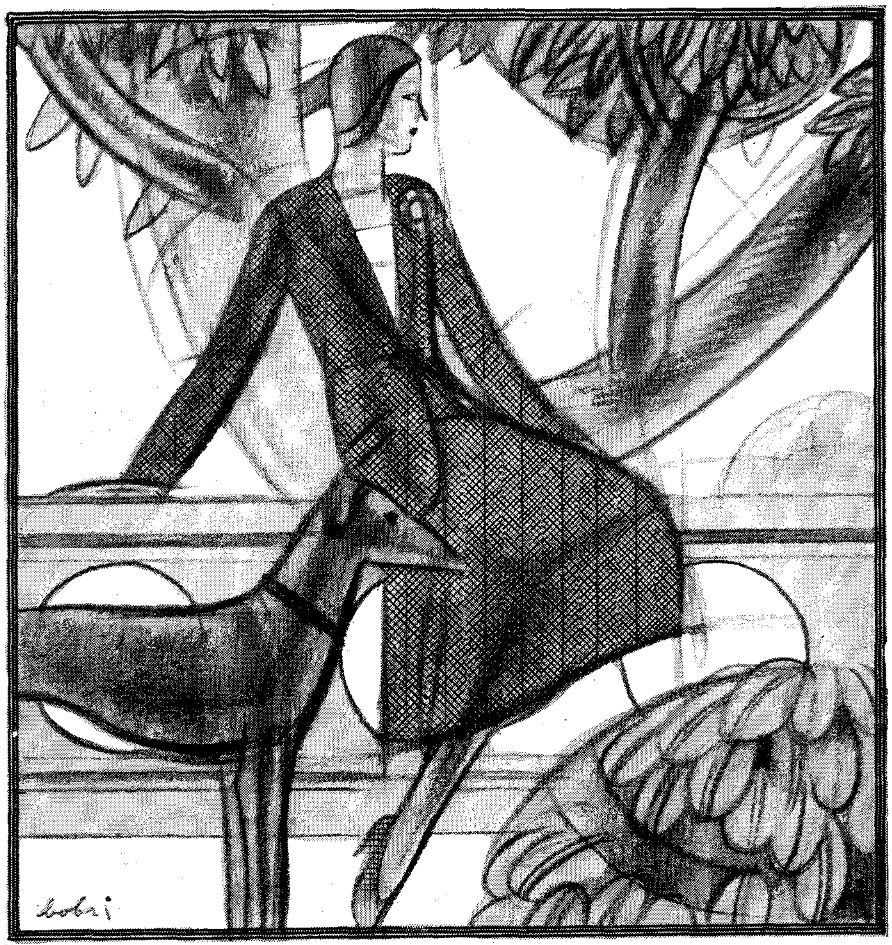
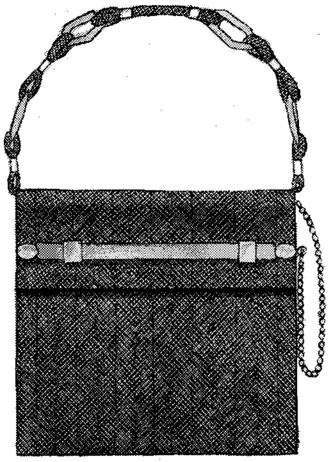


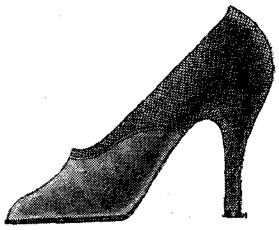
A New Saks-Fifth Avenue Service . . .

WE MATCH *YOUR* TWEEDS WITH A SHOE AND A BAG!



Because we know nine-tenths of the chic of your tweed costumes depends upon exactly matching accessories, Saks-Fifth Avenue has arranged to provide tweed shoes and bags with every tweed costume. The tweed and kid pump. 18.50

The tweed bag (trimmed with wood.) 27.50



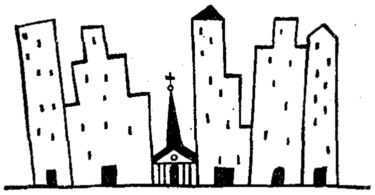
SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CHICAGO

THE NEW YORKER

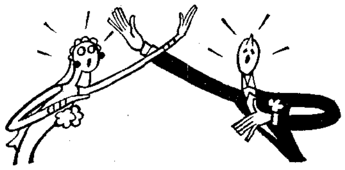
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

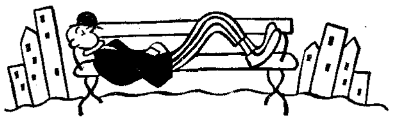
ONE can't help noticing, this Lenten season, what is happening to churches. The spires are becoming lost to view, buried in the deep ravines between the brick cliffs of industry. Church steeples were always looked up to, not down upon—that was part of their original significance and their ancient mystery. They were seen against a backdrop of blue, or of stars. Here they are an anachronism, and we lean out of a window and throw ticker tape down on Trinity. Even St. Patrick's twin towers fare little better, the stone walls of Mammon making a sound-box for their chimes. As the little spires topple, the congregations scurry to shelter in the great secular temples: everywhere they are digging themselves in to save themselves from spiritual frostbite. Calvary Baptist Church in West Fifty-seventh has taken refuge in a Christian hotel, and will shoot its spire up half for God and half for the stockholders. Dr. John Haynes Holmes is merging with the hotel business at the corner of Thirty-fourth and Park. Dr. Christian F. Reisner is raising his electric cross on a thirty-six-story hotel which will also house his church. A truce between the money-changers and the keepers of the Temple. St. John's, with its gallant trumpeter, and Fosdick's church in Riverside, press through alone toward the blue, their insistent and groping new spires challenging all others in an earth that is increasingly cold, toward a heaven that is increasingly high.



FREQUENTLY one hears of the attempts made by young couples to escape the embarrassments or the inadequacy or the vulgarity of a conventional wedding. Some resort to getting married in airplanes, or in bathing suits. Others try revamping the ritual, to make it more poetical, or less promissory, or both. A few weeks ago Elsie Benkard married Charles Clarke, using the Bahai rites. "Verily we are satisfied with the will of God," they said. "Verily," they should have added, "we are dissatisfied with the deputy city clerk's civil ceremony"—which they had just gone through with. The difficulty seems to be to invent rites that are both lyrical and binding. Our opinion is that the English church ceremony is probably more beautiful than the Persian. Certainly it contains some of the most lovely and extravagant vows; and we believe that people who get married should take the loveliest, the most extravagant vows they can find. For one thing, no matter what happens to the marriage, the parties involved should permit themselves the splendor of believing in its permanency. For another thing, suppose it doesn't last forever—only persons who have enjoyed the grandeur of high and lovely vows have the moral equipment to meet the high, extravagant, vulgar, and calumnious processes of the New York State divorce laws.



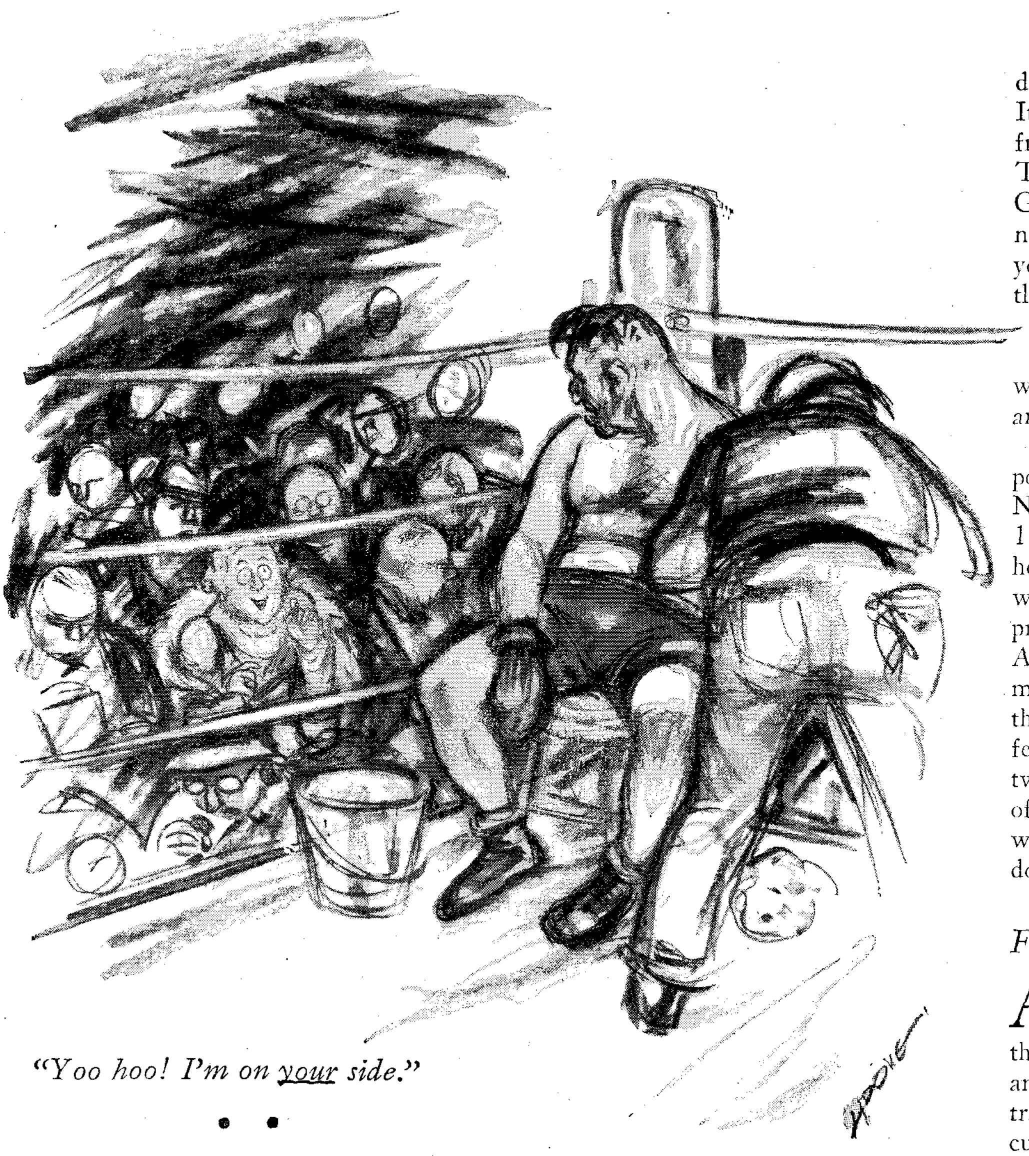
OVER in Bryant Park, where honeysuckle doesn't grow and never will, the idle ranks of jobless men lie around, reading newspapers and mulling over new systems of government. What they might well be doing is cultivating the very soil on which they spread their feet. Not necessarily honeysuckle—bean plants, maybe, but certainly they could be doing something to make the park look less like the athletic field of a state penitentiary.



Of course, the way to solve the unemployment situation throughout the nation would be to enforce the prohibition law. To do that would require about one dry agent to every three citizens, or approximately thirty million dry agents. There are thirty million jobs right there! Furthermore, this would necessitate immediate building programs: new ship canals for rum-runners, new jails for liquor-law violators, new highways and air fields for bootleggers. All this activity would mean jobs. Gradually a condition of civil war would come about, and war always means high wages. We can see nothing but prosperity ahead if the country goes on and really enforces this marvellous old law. That is our remedy for unemployment. We wish the government would pay some attention to us.

Old Bottles

MR. MAX S. GRIFENHAGEN sits in a dingy little office in an old brick building in Tenth Avenue and grosses about two hundred thousand dollars a year on the sale of empty bottles. He began in a small way when he was a young man back in 1880, gathering up



"Yoo hoo! I'm on your side."

old used bottles and reselling them to various bottling works. He did most of the work himself. Now he has three five-ton trucks which make the rounds of the city every day, loading bottles; twenty men in the "factory" are kept busy sorting them for shipment—sorting about seventy-five thousand a day.

Most of the restaurants and night clubs and all of the larger hotels except, for some reason, the Astor, deal with Mr. Grifenhagen. On an average, a big hotel has about two hundred bottles a day to get rid of. The Shelton sells all of its empties to Grifenhagen except Chili-sauce bottles, which it ships to the sauce factory itself, getting a credit of fifty cents a dozen. This shows how old bottles can run into money.

Naturally, a great part of Mr. Grifenhagen's business is in ginger-ale, White Rock, and liquor bottles. The Canada Dry company uses about a hundred and ten million bottles a year, and a lot of them are emptied here. As long ago as thirty-five years Mr. Grifenhagen was doing business with the White Rock bottling works on a carload basis. In the course of this he hit on a method (the Grifenhagen method) of stacking empty bottles in a car and shipping them in bulk. The White Rock people didn't think it could be done because breakage would be so great. Grifenhagen packed the bottles neck to neck, tightly, so that they dovetailed neatly, and out of four hundred and fifty gross shipped that way only a hundred bottles or so were broken. It was a historic moment. Since then every bottle company in America has shipped its bottles in bulk, saving the cost of crates and space.

Before prohibition, Mr. Grifenhagen says, only twenty per cent of the bottles his concern handled were liquor containers; now about thirty per cent of them are. The pint-flask type of bottle predominates, and Scotch and Rye are the labels most frequently encountered. Gin quarts are next. Naturally there's a good market for old liquor bottles. Sentimentalists fill them up with tears, and so forth.

Mr. Grifenhagen has a fine disdain for the ol'-clothes-man type of bottle dealer; there are a lot of them, mostly Italians, and they collect their bottles from city dumps, paying for the right. They don't have trucks. All Mr. Grifenhagen's bottles are clean and new-looking. A used bottle, he tells you, is better than a new one, and bottling companies prefer them. Breakage is considerable in new bottles whereas old ones are like soldiers who have been through battle. They are tested and true.

The bottle man has had quite a political career. He was register of New York County from 1910 to 1914, the only Republican to have held the job in ninety years, and he was sheriff in 1914 and 1915, the predecessor of Al Smith in that office. Al calls him "Sheriff" when they meet. Grifenhagen and Smith were the last two sheriffs who worked on a fee basis. The sheriff in those days got twelve thousand dollars a year and half of all fees for services. The job was worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a good year.

Futility

A FLUTTERY lady, pretty, in a small coupé, got mixed up about things on the Avenue on Wednesday and drove right past a red light. The traffic policeman motioned her into the curb and went over to her car. "Didn't you hear me blow my whistle?" he asked. "No," said the lady. "Didn't you see me hold up my hand to you?" "No," she said, and shook her head meekly. He stared at her a long moment, not angrily, really, just reproachfully. "Well," he said at last, "I guess I might just as well go home."

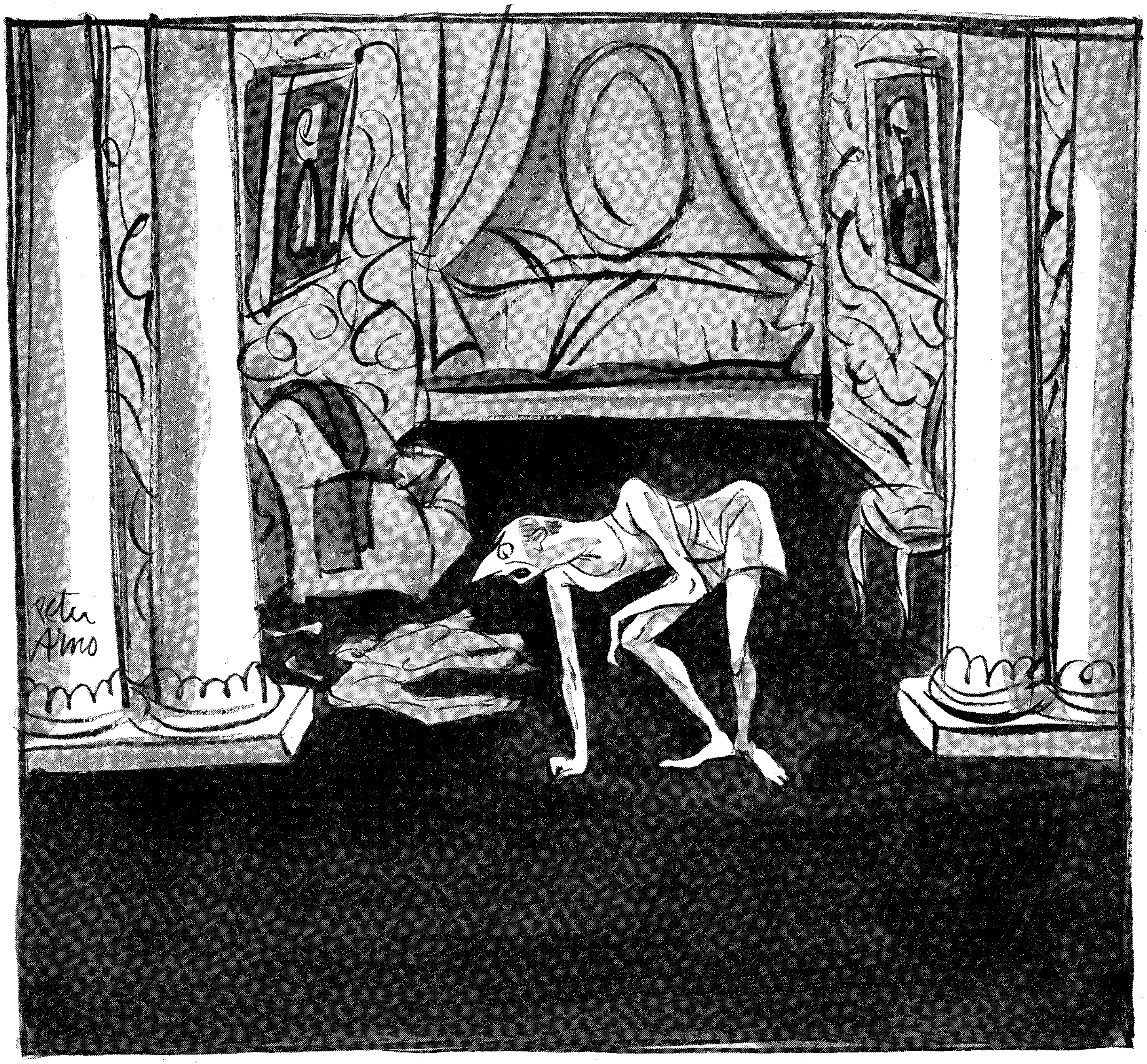
Painter in Town

FOR a few days last week, Henri Matisse was in town, but nobody much knew it. He is now sixty, handsome, and looks like a doctor. While here he spent most of his time walking up and down Park Avenue, or looking out of his window in the thirty-first floor of the Ritz Tower. He would like to be ten years younger so he could move to New York, which he describes as "majestic" and whose skyscrapers surprise him because they compose well. He dined at Childs, saw a show or two, sleeping through them, and was taken to the Paramount—that being the one thing in New York he asked to see. There, too, he slept. Once he awoke to see two terrible organs emerging out of the depths. "My God, what's that?" he asked. The Jesse Crawford family was explained to him, and he went quietly back to sleep.

Mostly, Matisse had a very grand time out of his visit, eating chicken and drinking cocktails, a pleasant relief from his home-life in Nice, where his wife makes him eat only vegetables, no drinks. He went to the Zoo, the Aquarium, and Wall Street, and was let into the Havemeyer collection before the public saw it. He liked the early Corots. He knows little of American artists; at any rate knows by name only two or three who called on him in Paris, but predicts that the great art of the future will be produced in this country, because we've got energy and great order.

Matisse came from the north of France, studied to be a lawyer, was admitted to the practice, and then got sick of it. Not having anything better to do for the moment, he bought some brushes and paint and started fooling around with color. His first picture was a study of law books. It was shown in New York last year, a perfectly staid academic thing. His early pictures were all signed Essitam (his name backwards) and soon began to bring eighty dollars each. He says the turning point in his career was the day he put his foot through a canvas instead of selling it for the four hundred francs he knew he could get, to feed the three children he knew he had. After that experience he took more pains with his work and never sent out a canvas that did not entirely please him. Lay people call him "sloppy," but one picture of his shown recently in the Valentine Gallery was the result of some twelve hundred preliminary sketches. A picture of his now would cost you about sixteen thousand dollars if you could buy it, which you can't, because he likes to have his pictures around. He is now the acknowledged leader of the French moderns, credited by artists generally as having the best color eye that has glanced at life these many, many years.

Matisse is on his way to the South Seas. He may paint a bit in California and elsewhere on the way. When put on the train for Chicago his friends explained to the porter that he could speak no English. Matisse said he would make out all right, that whenever he got into language difficulties anywhere he would take out his sketch pad and begin drawing. In a very few minutes



"Damn this black carpet! I never can find my socks."

some woman was certain to come up and speak to him in French.

Grandstand Seat

ACROSS from Union Square is a bootblack stand, one of those ancient ones in which the chair is raised on a thronelike dais above the sidewalk level. Just before the fracas started a couple of weeks ago its occupant was a gentleman from uptown, who rarely gets down that far, and who had no idea that the crowd all around him portended anything unusual. Consequently, he was a little surprised when, halfway through his shoeshine, the trouble began—surprised, but interested. He sat enthralled, surveying the riot from his elevated position, smoking a peaceful cigarette. At last the bootblack, with a twitch at his trouser-leg, intimated that the shine was finished. The gentleman glanced down at his shoes, then out across the Square. "Shine them again," he ordered and, with a ducal gesture, lit another cigarette.

"Nightingale"

THE Telephone Company doesn't just pick any old name when its officials want to christen a new telephone exchange. They have to take the whole matter very seriously. They have, in fact, a special department, called the Traffic Methods Department, where they do nothing but invent new names, weigh them, look at them from every angle, test them out. They test them by telephoning back and forth to each other, to see how the new word will work when the subscribers get hold of it—whether it is likely to be mispronounced, whether it can be mixed up with other exchange names. They haven't, as a matter of fact, a very high idea of the subscriber's capacities. "Avenue" was turned down a little while ago because it would be confused with "Ivanhoe," already in use. "Beveridge" was rejected, too: it would lead to a lot of joking about prohibition and take up the operators' time. "Eldorado" got shifted up to the East Fifties for a similar fear of jocosity: they had planned it for a downtown exchange, but were afraid of wisecracks about Wall Street. They toyed with the idea of using "Israel" as an exchange name, a little while ago, but gave it up because people would be sure to object to it on religious grounds. Subscribers, it seems, are sensitive about their exchange names, and the Telephone Company has to take all that into account. Even so, they slip up sometimes. "Volunteer," which seemed a good enough name, gave rise to objections after it had been adopted. Businessmen say it has a kind of amateurish flavor, which hurts their business.

The big problem now is with the dial phones. On the dials, twenty-four letters of the alphabet ("q" and "z" are omitted to make things come out even) are divided in eight groups of three letters each. Moreover, by the dial mechanism, any letter registers the same as either of the other two letters in its group. This, if you are any good at mathematics, means that there are only eight by eight by eight, or five hundred and twelve, possible three-letter combinations which will register differently on the dial phones, and of these—because of vowels, consonants, and so on—no more than two hundred and fifty can be used as the beginnings of words. The serious thing about all this is that there are already one hundred and ninety exchange names in use in the New York telephone system, and they are adding new ones at the rate of ten a year. This leaves the Telephone Company only about six years to go, before they run out of names. They will have to shut down then unless the Traffic Methods Department can figure some way out. At present they are studying a system of doubling up exchanges somewhat as if they were party lines in the country, thus: "Bryant–1" and "Bryant–2," and so on. Meanwhile they have indulged themselves in their first venture into the poetic. A recent exchange was christened "Nightingale." This being a success, they will probably open "Swinburne" this summer.

Clover Items

IMAGINE our hearing two stories about Clover Gardens in one week! The first is about the wife of a Methodist minister who came all the way in from Richmond Hill to attend the Flower Show at the Grand Central Palace. In a sketchy sort of way she knew where the Palace was located; but when she saw a big sign, "Clover Gardens," she turned in eagerly, paid the fee, and rode up in the elevator with people who didn't seem to be interested in flowers at all.

The second is about the Clover Gardens orchestra. During the recent six-day bike race, it was quite the customary thing for dance orchestras around town to repair, after their nightly chore, to Madison Square Garden, where they were admitted free in return for playing a tune or two. One night, when the Clover Gardens orchestra showed up there, several gate-crashers were hanging around at the door, trying to think of some way to get in. They immediately pounced on the orchestra men (many of whom carried more than one instrument) and managed to distribute the saxophones and things so that about forty men, each carrying one instrument, passed through the gate. The doorman, a trifle skeptical, stopped the last man—who proudly bore a clarinet. "Say, buddy, what orchestra is this?" he asked. "Indiana Five," replied the frightened and incompetent musician.

Bulgakov

STAGE people continually amaze us. One morning not so long ago we sneaked quietly up the stairs to the unheated mezzanine of the Waldorf Theatre and watched Leo Bulgakov rehearse "The Sea Gull." It was a dismal place at that hour. The room was cold. The only furnishings were some chairs and a piano. The actors wore their mufflers, to keep warm. Bulgakov sat on a davenport, in his overcoat and hat, a chubby little man. He never raised his voice in directing—spoke only in a rich, soft tone, hardly above a whisper. When he explained a bit of action to one of the cast, it was as though he were telling him a secret. His hat was pushed amiably back on his forehead, like a schoolboy's, and when he occasionally got up and moved about he reminded one of a small, good-natured storekeeper, trying to wait on several customers. He rarely told an actor how to say a line—only told him what the character was thinking, or how the character felt. In this he had endless patience, and would work doggedly on a single inflection, till he had it the way he wanted it.

More, almost, than any person we've ever seen, he gives the impression of simplicity, sincerity, and complete lack of hokum. He was born, as you probably know, in Moscow, and got most of his experience with the Moscow Art Theatre. He runs his own company along similar lines, that is, all the actors are part owners. He believes that it is possible to develop good actors for great parts, and has a particular aversion for plays that depend for their effect on mere rapid action.

In Russia, Bulgakov lived in the country, where he kept dogs. He used to hunt in Siberia, and even now, hunting and fishing amuse him almost as much as acting and directing. Living in town, however, he compromises with Nature by keeping a menagerie—dog, cat, several pigeons, garter snake, and parrot. The parrot speaks English with a Russian accent. The Bulgakov housemaid knows about all these animals except the garter snake, which Mr. Bulgakov hides whenever the maid is around. Hiding the snake takes up a lot of his time. The rest of the family consists of Madame Bulgakova (who played in "At the Bottom" and in "The Sea Gull" as well); Alexander, their son; and a guitar—which Mr. Bulgakov plays only when very greatly aroused.

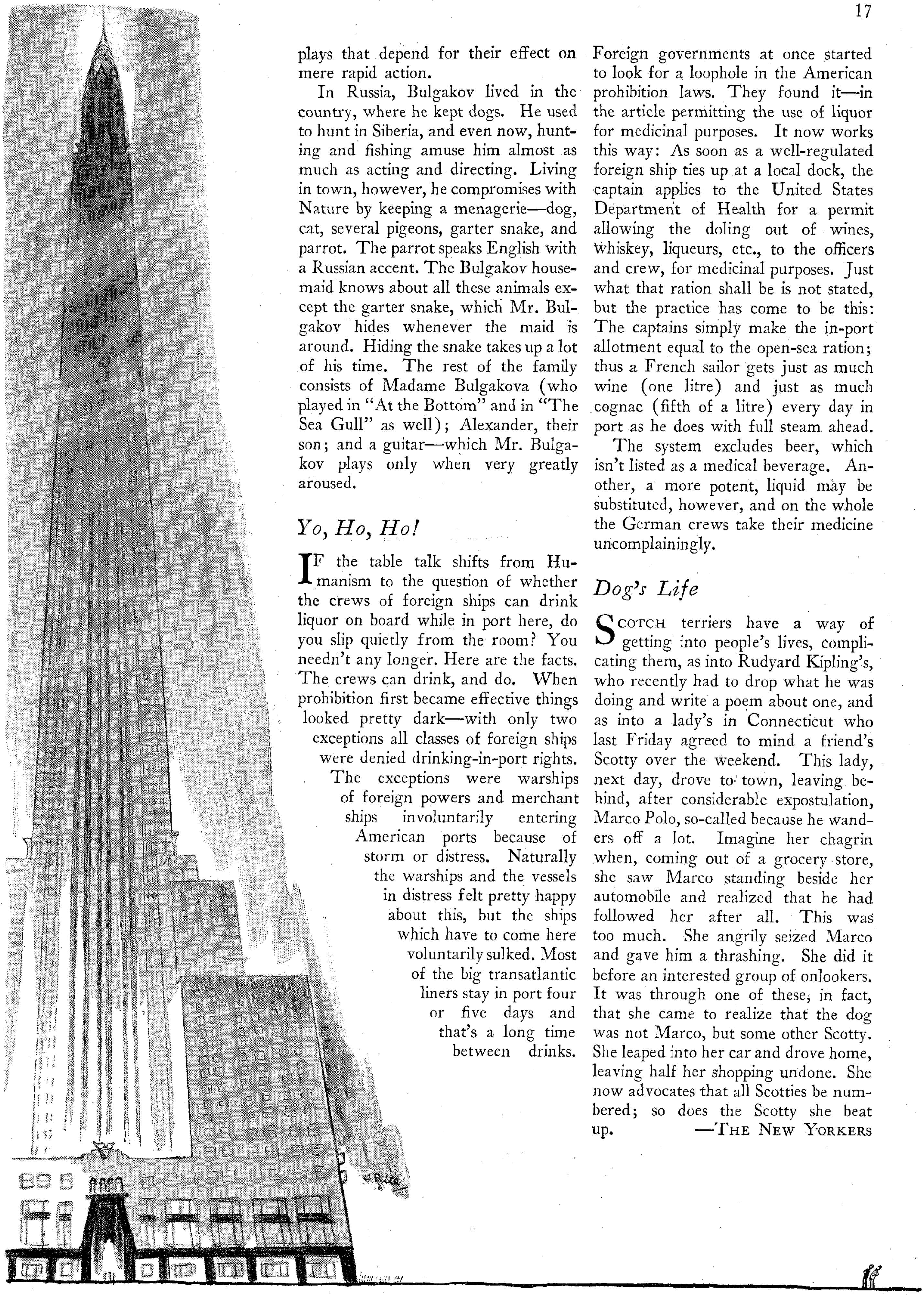
Yo, Ho, Ho!

IF the table talk shifts from Humanism to the question of whether the crews of foreign ships can drink liquor on board while in port here, do you slip quietly from the room? You needn't any longer. Here are the facts. The crews can drink, and do. When prohibition first became effective things looked pretty dark—with only two exceptions all classes of foreign ships were denied drinking-in-port rights. The exceptions were warships of foreign powers and merchant ships involuntarily entering American ports because of storm or distress. Naturally the warships and the vessels in distress felt pretty happy about this, but the ships which have to come here voluntarily sulked. Most of the big transatlantic liners stay in port four or five days and that's a long time between drinks. Foreign governments at once started to look for a loophole in the American prohibition laws. They found it—in the article permitting the use of liquor for medicinal purposes. It now works this way: As soon as a well-regulated foreign ship ties up at a local dock, the captain applies to the United States Department of Health for a permit allowing the doling out of wines, whiskey, liqueurs, etc., to the officers and crew, for medicinal purposes. Just what that ration shall be is not stated, but the practice has come to be this: The captains simply make the in-port allotment equal to the open-sea ration; thus a French sailor gets just as much wine (one litre) and just as much cognac (fifth of a litre) every day in port as he does with full steam ahead.

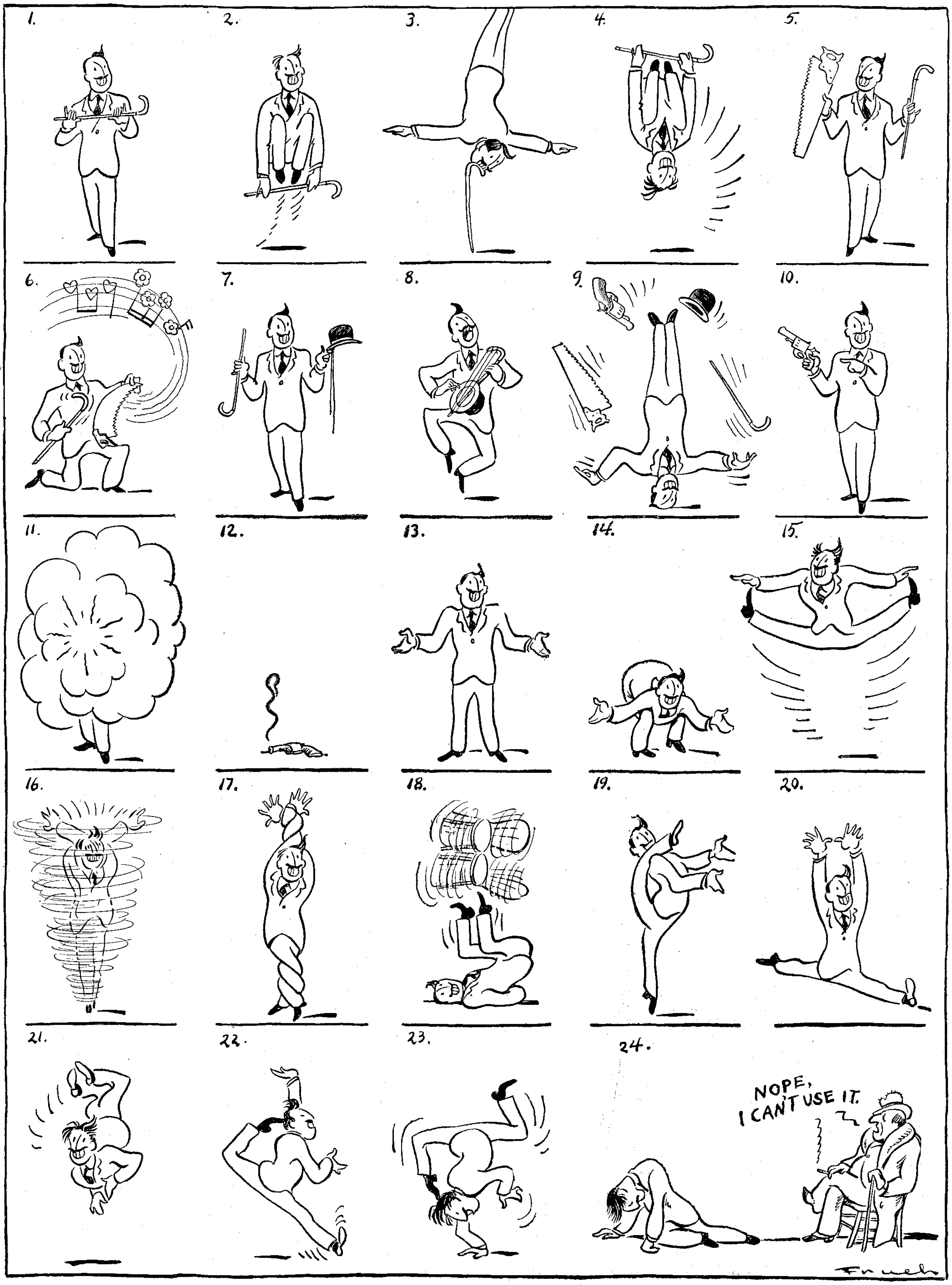
The system excludes beer, which isn't listed as a medical beverage. Another, a more potent, liquid may be substituted, however, and on the whole the German crews take their medicine uncomplainingly.

Dog's Life

SCOTCH terriers have a way of getting into people's lives, complicating them, as into Rudyard Kipling's, who recently had to drop what he was doing and write a poem about one, and as into a lady's in Connecticut who last Friday agreed to mind a friend's Scotty over the weekend. This lady, next day, drove to town, leaving behind, after considerable expostulation, Marco Polo, so-called because he wanders off a lot. Imagine her chagrin when, coming out of a grocery store, she saw Marco standing beside her automobile and realized that he had followed her after all. This was too much. She angrily seized Marco and gave him a thrashing. She did it before an interested group of onlookers. It was through one of these, in fact, that she came to realize that the dog was not Marco, but some other Scotty. She leaped into her car and drove home, leaving half her shopping undone. She now advocates that all Scotties be numbered; so does the Scotty she beat up. —THE NEW YORKERS



"Gives the impression of height, doesn't it?"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NOPE, I CAN'T USE IT.
Frueh

THE WEATHER WIT TAKES THE STAND

The District Attorney—Mr. Tattersall, you are an expert in weather repartee, are you not?

A.—I am.

Q.—Just tell the Court what you mean by "weather repartee."

A.—I make jokes about the weather.

Q.—How long have you been making jokes about the weather, Mr. Tattersall?

A.—Oh, since I was about eight or nine, I guess.

Q.—Tell the Court how you started.

A.—Must I tell, Judge?

The Court—You may refuse to answer if you think it will tend to incriminate or degrade you.

A.—We-ell, I don't know . . .

The Court—Oh, go ahead and answer. A little degradation won't hurt you.

A.—Well, one day when I was about eight or nine my grandfather said, "This is terrible weather we're having." So I replied, "Everybody is always complaining about the weather but nobody ever does anything about it."

(*There is laughter throughout the courtroom.*)

The Court—Order in the court!

Q.—How did you make that reply, Mr. Tattersall?

A.—I made that reply quick as a flash.

Q.—You always make your replies quick as a flash?

A.—I try to. Everybody has his off days, though. Sometimes it takes me two flashes. On rare occasions, three. It has never taken me four flashes. If it ever takes me four flashes, I shall know I am through as a weather wit and I shall then retire and let younger and more agile minds take up the burden.

Q.—What did your grandfather do?

A.—He chased me.

Q.—I mean, what was his occupation?

A.—Oh. He was an author. He was Mark Twain.

Q.—What was your next step as a weather wit, Mr. Tattersall?

A.—Well, that joke went so well I decided to make weather repartee my hobby. My Sunday-school teacher had told me that everybody ought to have a hobby, as Satan found work for idle hands to do.

The Court—That's very commendable. If more Americans had that spirit we wouldn't have so many Communists.

A.—And a hobby also keeps the mind free from cobwebs. So I divided the weather into several classes and set to work to fit each class up with a separate set of witty remarks.

Q.—What were the classes?

A.—Rain, snow, hail, wind, heat, and cold. Maybe hail ought to go under snow but I gave it the benefit of the doubt. Under wind I put zephyrs, breezes, gales, simooms, siroccos, mistrals, and tornadoes.

The Court—How about letting us hear one of your wisecracks?

Q.—Let His Honor hear one of your wisecracks, Mr. Tattersall.

A.—Well, I don't know. I'll try. But it's a kind of negative, ordinary day out. No special kind of weather worth joking about.

The Court—I tell you what let's do. Let's assume it's raining.

A.—What kind of rain, Your Honor?

The Court—Large, pear-shaped drops will do. But nothing fancy, you know. Just a good, hard rain.

(*Mr. Tattersall nods understandingly.*)

The Court—Now I am walking along in this rain and I meet you. What do you say?

(*A hush o'erspreads the courtroom.*)

A.—I'd say, "Good morning, Judge Oppendyke. Nice weather for ducks, isn't it?"

(*The courtroom dissolves in merriment.*)

The Court—Order! Order in the court! What is this, a shambles? Another peep out of you spectators and I'll have the courtroom cleaned—I mean, cleared.

Q.—I trust the Court took due notice of the fact that Mr. Tattersall made that retort quick as a flash.

The Court—Yes, I got that. He's good. He's good.

A.—Mr. District Attorney.

Q.—What is it, Mr. Tattersall?

A.—Ask the Judge to try me on another.

The Court—You mean you've got *another?*

A.—Mm-hmm.

The Court—On *rain?*

A.—Just try me.

The Court—All right. If you say so. You sure you can swing this one?

A.—You just go ahead and try me.

The Court—Well, it's raining. I meet you. Now what?

A.—I say to you, "Looks like rain, Judge, don't it?"

(*Guffaws of mirth from the spectators and the Judge.*)

Court Crier—Order! Order!

The Court—Let 'em alone. Let 'em laugh. You're only young once. . . . Tattersall!

A.—Yes, Your Honor.

The Court—Tattersall, you're a card. It's already raining, yet you say to me that it *looks* like rain, is that the idea?

A.—Yes, Your Honor.

The Court—Say, that's rich.

A.—I think the irony of it is rather good, Your Honor.

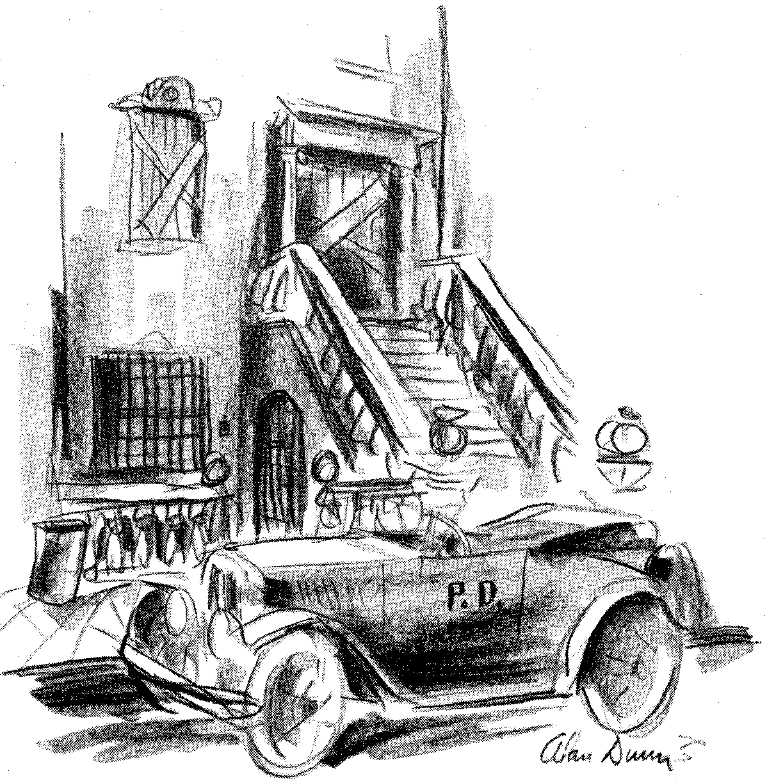
The Court—How are you on heat?

A.—Well, I can give you a rough idea of how I am on heat when I tell you that I am the man who first said, "It's not the heat, it's the humidity."

The Court—Are you the man who first said that?

A.—There have been imitators. I originated the crack, however.

The Court—Mr. Tattersall, allow



me to shake your hand. Folks, I want you all to stand for one minute as a tribute to Mr. Tattersall here. We all know, especially us city dwellers, just how hard it is to get through a hot day in the summer and we all know how much Mr. Tattersall's humidity joke has helped make life bearable on days when the mercury was at ninety.

Court Crier—*Hovered* at ninety, Your Honor.

The Court—My mistake. Hovered at ninety. All right, all stand, please. Mr. Tattersall, your hand.

A.—Why, Your Honor, I really . . . I scarcely . . . I'm quite over . . .

The Court—How'd you ever think of it, anyway?

A.—Oh, it just came to me. I met a fellow on a hot day. He said, "Hot, isn't it?" Quick as a flash, I said, "It's not the heat, it's the humidity."

A Society Woman in the Audience—Really, how too divine!

The Court—Gad, wish I'd said it.

A.—If you want to have more fun, you can vary it.

The Court—How?

A.—Well, you can say, "It's not the humidity, it's the heat."

The Court—Well, I'll be darned.

A.—Or, you can say, "It's not the heat, it's the *stupidity*."

The Court—The stupidity?

A.—You can ring any number of changes on it.

The Court—Of course it's all so wonderful to me because—and this is off the record—I really have no sense of humor. I suppose it's because of these long years of delving into ponderous legal tomes, but I never can think of funny remarks to say and what is more I never can remember good jokes. I'll probably go home tonight and tell the wife it was a hot day so you told the fellow it was nice weather for ducks . . . Order in the court!

The Court Crier—But Your Honor, there isn't any disorder.

The Court—Well, it does no harm to keep them in their place. Give 'em an inch and they'll take a foot. Neurotic, sensation-seeking, sex-starved women for the most part, anyhow. Look at that society woman in the front row. Say, you, Madam. You with the lorgnette. Why aren't you home tending to your babies?

Society Woman—I haven't got any babies.

The Court—Well, go out and get some. Get a reputation. Another interruption and I'll have the courtroom cleared. Proceed, Mr. District Attorney.

Q.—Mr. Tattersall, kindly tell us about sleet.

A.—Sleet is practically virgin soil in the field of weather repartee. I'm working on sleet now and we shall doubtless learn a great deal about sleet from the Byrd Expedition on its return. Rain and heat are commoner than sleet. You don't get much sleet.

Q.—But if you do get a sleet storm, you have to have a comeback, don't you?

A.—Oh, I've got a makeshift sleet comeback I'm using until I get a better one.

Q.—What is it?

A.—Well, if I meet a friend in a sleet storm, I shall say to him, "God bless the man who first invented sleet."

The Court—You mean "sleep," don't you?

A.—No, Your Honor. Sleet. Don't you see—sleet, sleep?

The Court—Oh, I get it now. And you call that a makeshift? Say, I'll use that as my Sunday-best sleet crack.

The Court Crier—Your Honor, it's twelve o'clock.

The Court—Just a second. Look, Tattersall, I've been thinking. You remember what you said about dividing the wind into zephyrs, simooms, mistrals, and so on?

A.—Yes, sir.

The Court—Mistral in particular.

A.—Yes, sir.

The Court—All right. Now, listen. . . . I declare this case a mistral.

(*Silence in the courtroom.*)

The Court—I said I declared this case a *mistral.*

(*Silence in the courtroom.*)

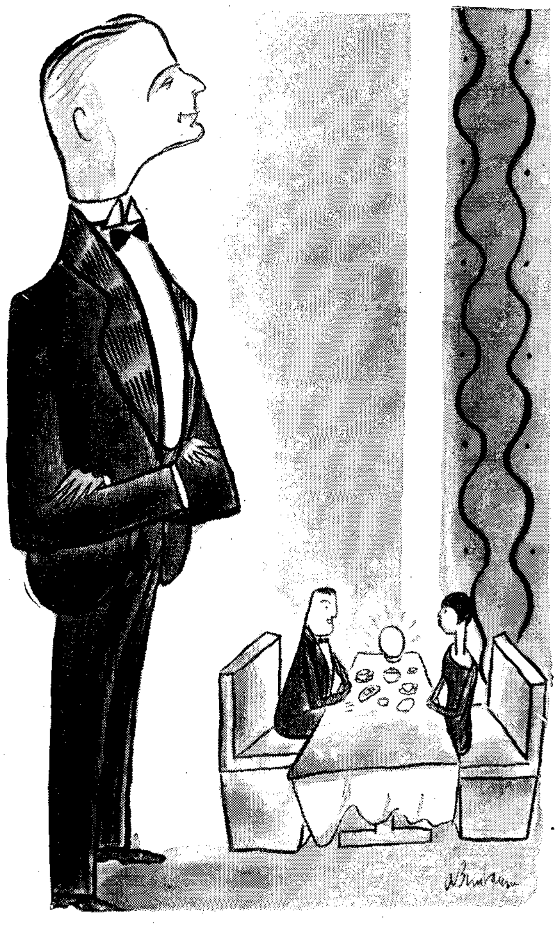
The Court—Oh, the hell with all of you. Court's adjourned. What's that?

(*A commotion in the rear of the courtroom.*)

Society Lady—Your Honor, you remember me, don't you? I'm the lady you told to go out and get a reputation. Well, here I am.

(*The Society Lady advances down the aisle, carrying four babies.*)

—Frank Sullivan



RESTAURANT ROYALTY

Military as a top sergeant with his waiters, gentle as a radio tenor with undecided diners, chatty with intimates, Robert darts about his Restaurant Robert seeing that food and service preserve a Continental perfection.

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AN IMPECUNIOUS LADY

The pattern of her poverty
  Is intricate and bright,
She polishes necessity
  Until it throws a light

On little ways of meagreness
  And frugal management,
Her gestures are all eagerness,
  Her careful days are spent

In fitting tiny gems of thrift
  Around her worried heart,
And thus does she contrive to lift
  An ageless craft to art.

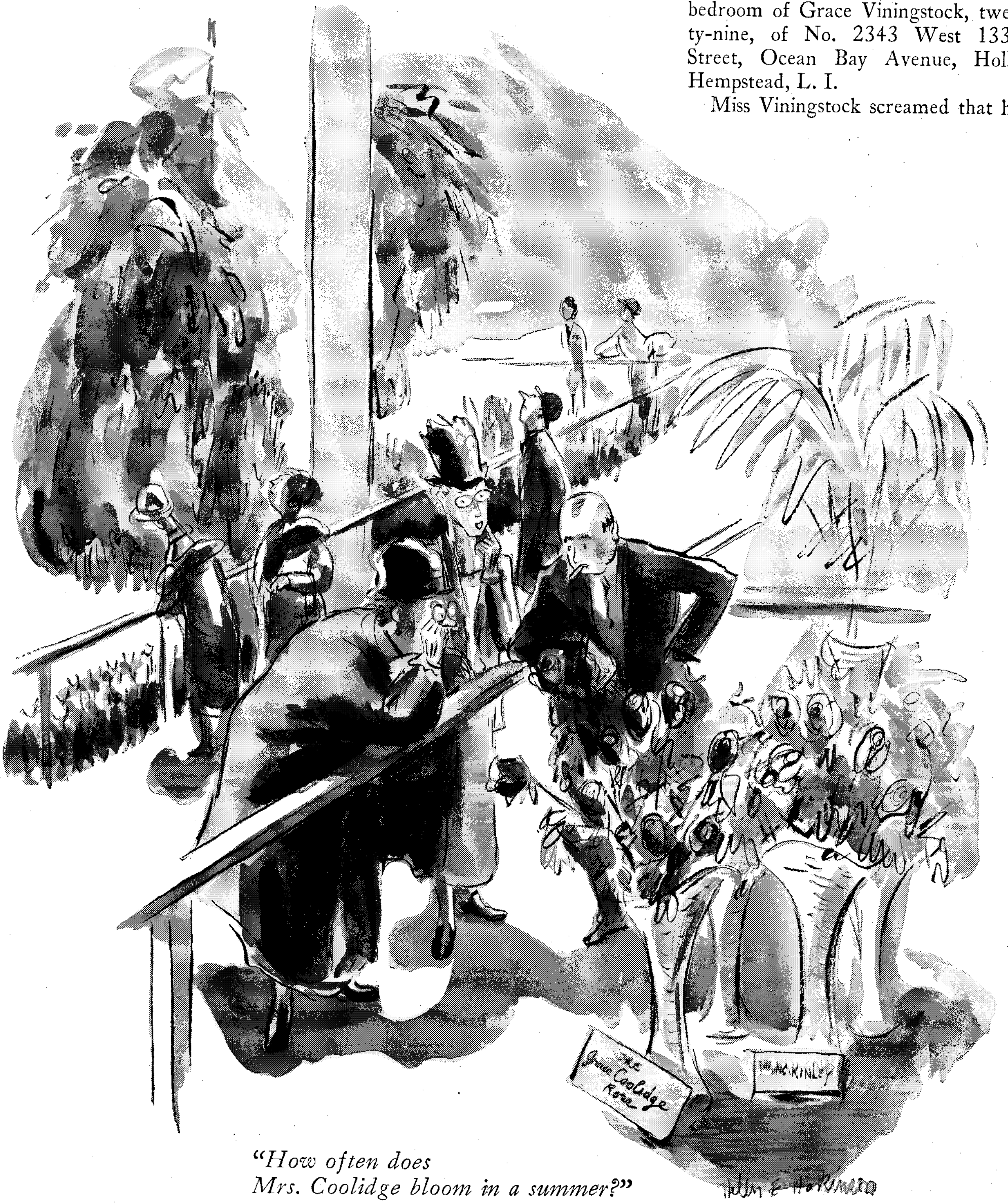
—Patience Eden

NEWS IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

[AN IMPRESSION, GAINED FROM READING THE MINOR CRIME-AND-DISASTER ITEMS IN A MORNING PAPER]

CHARLES EDDABUSH, a taxi-driver, of No. 234 West 133rd Street, and Burt Bushedda, twenty-four, of No. 242 West 224th Street, a taxidermist's assistant, stepped onto a southbound subway express, of No. 41-26 247th Street, Little Neck. The car was going north in 169th Street, Bay Shore Road, twenty-four, a plumber's helper, carrying two old swords and a loaded .22-calibre revolver, Friday night. Carl Oreo, a sailor, said he was going to the home of George West, an armorer, of No. 133 West 133rd Street, Queens, Brooklyn. Oreo asked the two men to accompany him, which they did. They were joined by James Finneragan, a fireman, fifty-two, an automobile dealer, residing in the Prince Weston Hotel, Easton, West Orange, N. J. Finneragan offered to carry one of the two swords, which it was later established had been stolen from the .22-calibre room of the Metropolitan Museum of the American History Natural Museum of the American Indian, aged five. Finneragan demanded that Oreo surrender the other sword, which he was examining, claiming that West, the armorer, thirty-four, could place a value on the old swords. In the scuffle that followed, Finneragan was thrown against an iron pole which had fallen in such a way that it flung him into the bedroom of Grace Viningstock, twenty-nine, of No. 2343 West 133rd Street, Ocean Bay Avenue, Hollis, Hempstead, L. I.

Miss Viningstock screamed that her



"How often does Mrs. Coolidge bloom in a summer?"

child had been kidnapped, although Eddabush claims that he saw no one else in the room, and Patrolman Michael O. Donovan, of the 133rd Street sub-station, P. S. 194, Kingsway Avenue and the Concourse, pursued the fleeing man, who threw the child from the machine in order to make good his escape. Donovan picked up the child, which had suffered contusions, of No. 198 West 134th Street, and discovered that it was his own daughter, who had been kidnapped two years ago, from in front of a Packard roadster, in which they were riding. Oreo, according to eye-witnesses, then accused Miss Viningstock of having kidnapped the child, but later claimed she was his wife and withdrew the charge, saying that he had done it without her knowledge, and that she did not know that the fur coats and jewels were stolen goods. The newcomer pulled a meat cleaver from under his coat. Ah Sing was the next attacked. George Monroe, of No. 197 calibre, Harry Frisbie, twenty-four, of No. 167 Arthur Pimmering, twenty-seven, of West Shore Avenue 7234, Teaneck, L. I., and Carl T. Watkins 0767. Oreo, however, claimed that the kidnapped child was Finneragan, who was badly injured. Mary Louise Brown, five, a nurse, twenty-five, employed in the Finneragan home, charged that she had married Oreo in St. Louis during the war. The Brown child was instantly hurled sixty-five feet, but was uninjured. "I want my mamma," she told police. Donovan phoned for the mother, Mrs. Harry Horton Brown, of the Hotel Ohioan, 45 West 45th West 145th Street. When police got no response they battered down the door and found Oreo and Mrs. Brown fully clothed. Oreo, who had previously boasted that he would never be taken alive, surrendered with a meek grin. "I am the Jersey Kid," he told police. Mrs. Brown was wearing seventy-five stolen fur coats, and could not be revived, although police worked over her for four hours with oxygen tanks. Moore lived at the Central Y.M.C.A., Brooklyn.

—James Thurber

•

The aerial and lead-in should be completely insulted.—*Denver Post.*

It's not as easy as it sounds, though.

ONSLAUGHT

What will I do on that spring night
When the apple orchard is weighed with white,
When a small pale moon runs down the sky,
And after a year, the frogs cry?

What will I do when the frogs shake
Silver voices out of the brake
Where the green brook cuts the meadow in two?
If they cry all night, what will I do?

I won't be afraid and stay in the house.
I'll walk in the orchard and smell the boughs,
And say: "There'll be plenty of moons in the sky
Before the day when I'll have to die;

And I might as well get used to knowing
The frogs will cry when a warm wind's blowing,
And I might as well get used to going
Alone, when the fields are ready for sowing."

The apple petals will stir and fall,
The moon will sleep on the mountain-wall,
And the grass will be heavy and wet with dew.
If they cry all night, what will I do?

—Frances M. Frost

• •

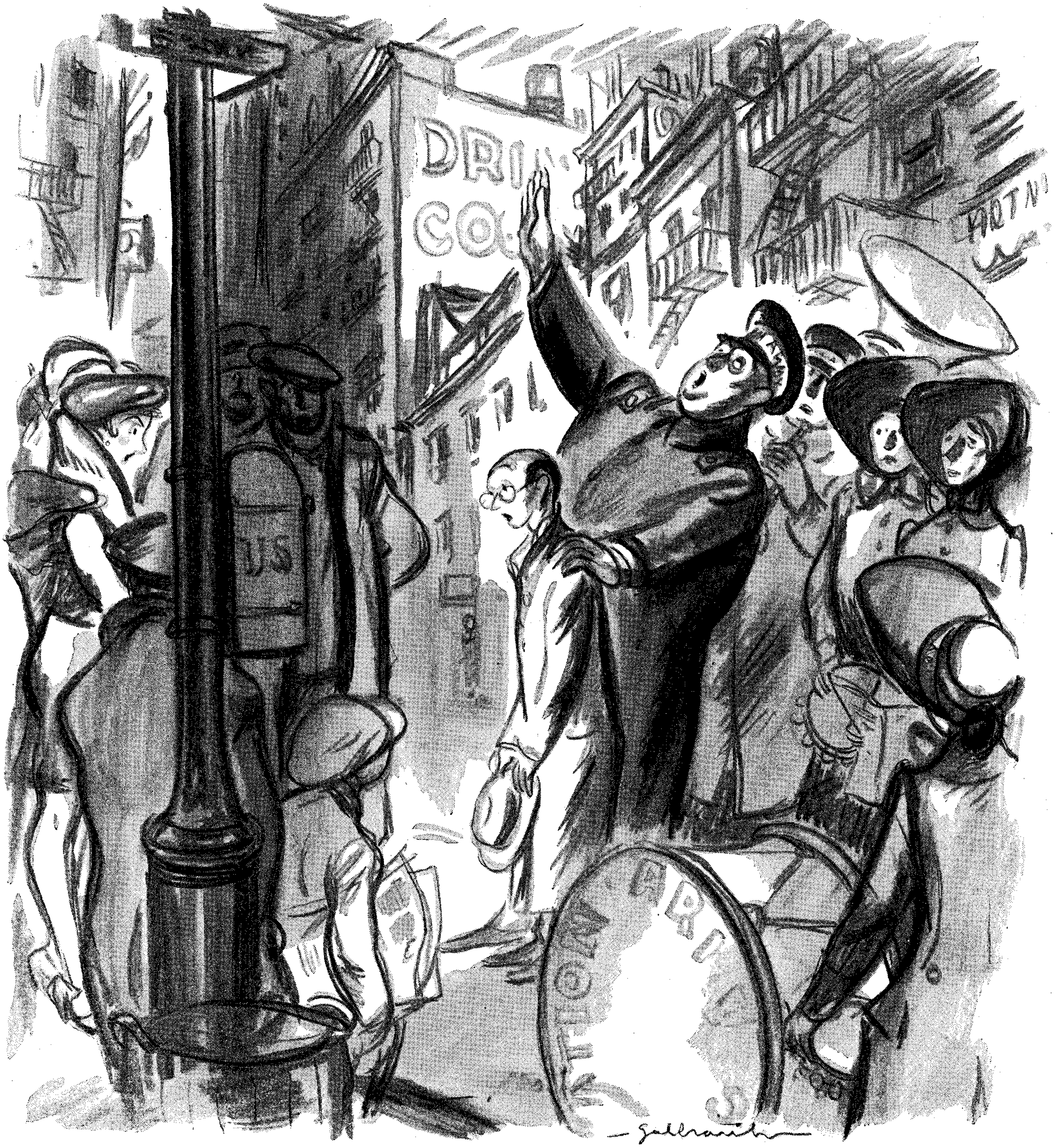
THE FLOWER SHOW

The bored policeman. The impressive stairway. Your vaguely sentimental mood induced by the smell, which reminds you of weddings, Easter Sunday, débutante teas, and your class play. The considerable number of people who don't look as though they were being reminded of anything. The lugubrious lady in black who says this always makes her think of the way things were when her Uncle Edward died.

The exhibition garden which contains large quantities of all flowers known to the retail trade and is about as accessible as an interesting street accident. The garden with the hemlocks and the little flowering cherry trees which fills you with anguish because it is there just to be looked at and you'd be arrested promptly if you stepped on the grass. The garden with the sundial. The garden with the goldfish pool. The three gardens in which the same small boy without any clothes stands among expensive spring blossoms, happily engaged in trying to strangle a large fish.

The rows of pink tulips. The red tulips. The mauve tulips. The magenta tulips which are fortunately very rare. The Darwin tulips. The cottage tulips. The striped and speckled tulips. Your determined search for a black tulip you read about in school and the exhibitor who says he has never seen a black one but he has some lovely whites. The lady who wants some nice, cheap bulbs for her garden in Scarsdale. The lady who thinks the little pink striped ones are cute and darling because they modestly refuse to open under electric light. The growing conviction that if all the tulips in the world were suddenly destroyed by plague you'd still manage somehow to get through the coming spring.

The sumptuous display of orchids. The spotted ones. The sinister ones. The frail, exotic white one faintly tinged with lavender. The long sprays which look, as you would be the first to admit, like flocks of butterflies. Your effort to imagine them poisoning the steamy darkness of the jungle with their weird beauty and your pathetic inability to think of their doing anything except repose behind expensive plate glass. The elderly businessman who voices your unspoken thought when he says that those flowers must be worth a lot of money. The lady who doesn't care for them because they never had them in her garden at home. The bland and trusting matron who wants to try growing



"We are going to hear from one who has sinned greatly."

one in her sun-parlor and the professional orchidist who is courteous but white with suppressed despair.

The man who is doing a thriving business selling small cactuses. The temptation to buy one because even if you forgot to water it nobody would ever know whether it was alive or dead. The poignant memory of the time you sat on a discarded cactus leaf in California. The reflection that, considering the odd places the chambermaid puts things, you'd never feel comfortable with one on the premises. The decision to slip away quietly and see what is going on upstairs.

THE roses still in bud and those which are already past their prime. The Lou Henry Hoover which is bright red and the Herbert Hoover which is pink and flame. The Grace Coolidge which looks a little jaded. The Easter lilies. The begonias. The small, red tiger lilies. The salpiglossis. The giant mignonette set far back so that people won't sniff it. The mimosas and lilacs which look perfectly normal but are entirely without scent. The Garden

Club exhibits with their delightful suggestion that in this feministic and mechanical age there are still charming ladies who spend a lot of time arranging flowers.

The nursery exhibit and the acrid smell of box. The booths which for some extraordinary reason are advertising electric refrigerators, hand-made rugs, bottled honey, and the Western Union Telegraph Company. The dank back stairway. The comatose policemen. The visitors who have managed to carry off small floral trophies. The return to the street.

THE flowerlessness of city life. The pleasant dream of living in a little house in the country and tending a fragrant, tangled garden. The realization that any garden you tended would be chiefly a tangle of the hardier type of pigweed. The visit to the florist and the purchase of six diminutive tulips which don't quite express your yearning for the beautiful but which seem to be about the best that you can do. —ALICE FRANKFORTER

OF ALL THINGS

WE have not yet found out why our Mayor is so touchy on the subject of the unemployed. Does he think, by any chance, that the orators are talking about him?

●

Whalen's attention must have wandered on the day of the Red meeting in Union Square. He got the impression somehow that the way to cure unemployment is to have a lot of fellows fired.

●

The last we heard, the London Conference was in a bad way. No other nation would meet us halfway and we weren't there either.

●

Washingtonians are entertaining the suggestion that the President might appoint Calvin Coolidge to the Supreme Court. This is a cheap and wholesome form of entertainment and there is no amusement tax.

●

The *World* finds that Ford's own Dearborn is sopping wet. The next model will probably be an amphibian.

●

Secretary ("Sunny Jim") Davis will run against Grundy in the Pennsylvania primaries. The Senate needs, he feels, a man who can paint clouds with sunshine.

●

Babe Ruth should not act upstage about that hundred-and-sixty-thousand-dollar contract. Another Bronx laborer, ex-Judge Vitale, made more than that while sitting on the bench.

●

The good dry ladies have announced a fourteen-point creed. This, as Clemenceau practically said to Wilson, is four strokes over the Decalogue. Moses made it in ten.

●

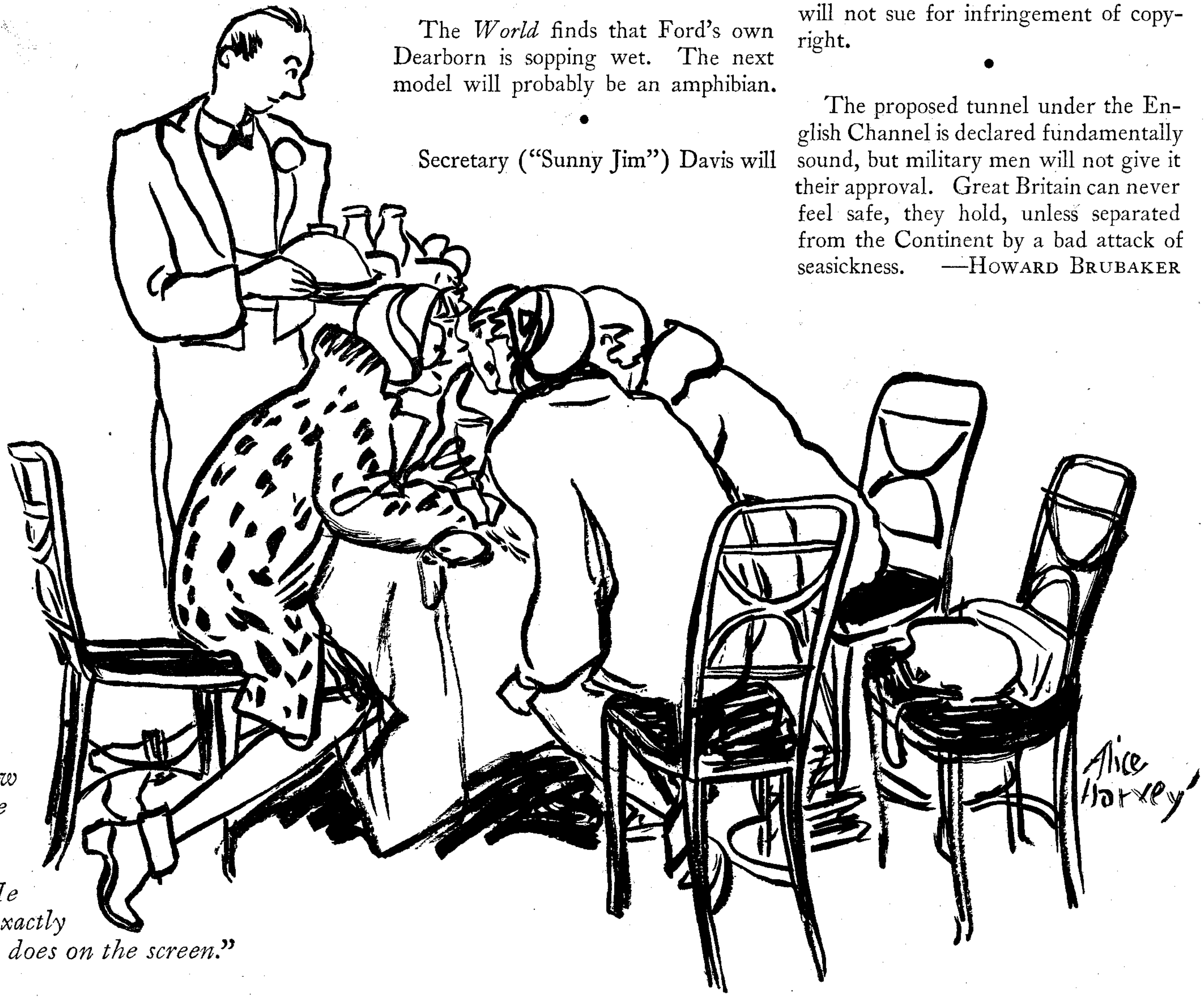
Gandhi's campaign of civic disobedience will be watched with interest here. If the Mahatma has any new ideas along that line, Americans are not too proud to learn.

●

By this time the news must have reached darkest Africa that Lindbergh fell off a horse. We hope that H.R.H. will not sue for infringement of copyright.

●

The proposed tunnel under the English Channel is declared fundamentally sound, but military men will not give it their approval. Great Britain can never feel safe, they hold, unless separated from the Continent by a bad attack of seasickness. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



"I knew him the minute I saw him. He looks exactly like he does on the screen."

PROFILES

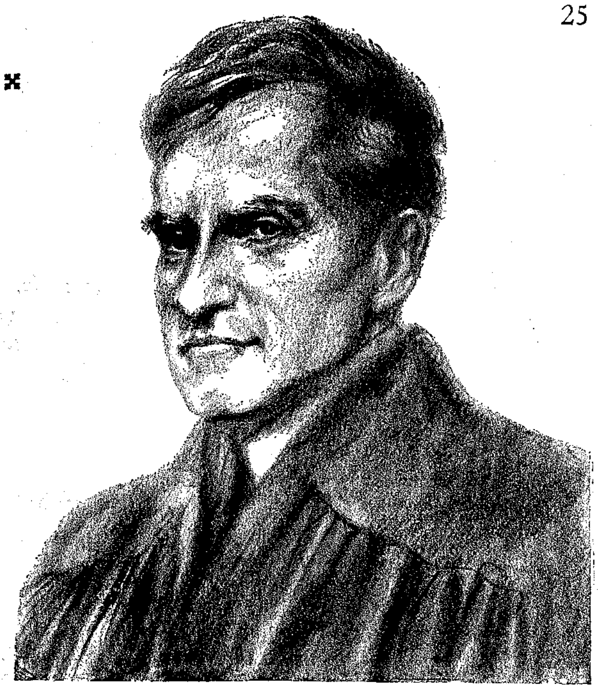
THE CLOISTER AND THE BENCH

AUTHOR'S NOTE: For the better understanding of this article the layman should be advised that the New York Supreme Court, which tries all important civil cases and some murder cases, is the highest general trial court in the State. The Supreme Court has an Appellate Division to which cases are referred when the law is in question, but final authority rests, not with this Division, but with the Court of Appeals, which is the New York court of highest jurisdiction. It is now next to the most important court in the United States, and in ninety-nine per cent of cases—all except those in which points of federal law or matters affecting the Constitution are in question—no further appeal is possible.

THE mauve decade was just beginning to take on its peculiar tinge—the blush of shame mingling with the violet of mourning over dead political scandals—when Cardozo was admitted to the New York Bar. He was then a shy boy barely come of age. He had not been a lawyer very long when he had to argue a case before the Court of Appeals. This court stands in the same relation to the State of New York as the Supreme Court does to the Federal Government. Young Cardozo was nervous. His diffidence was plain to the court. So, too, was his grasp of the law. When he sat down, the clerk handed him a note scribbled by the Chief Judge requesting his attendance later. Cardozo duly and timidly presented himself. "I just wanted to tell you, speaking for my associates as well as myself, how well you argued your case." But neither these encouraging words, nor the fact that since they were spoken Cardozo has himself become Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, have cured the man of his congenital modesty.

He did not attain this eminence by the usual route. As a matter of fact, he had been a justice of the Supreme Court only a few weeks, and then not in the Appellate Division, when he was called to serve in the Court of Appeals. Before he became a judge, Cardozo obtained a thorough acquaintance with this court as an appellate lawyer. He did some work as a trial lawyer, but his chief concern was the arguing of difficult points of the law. Other lawyers were in the habit of retaining him for this special purpose.

Benjamin Nathan Cardozo was first appointed to the Court of Appeals in 1914, to serve temporarily under the arrangement that allowed the appointment of three additional judges when the court calendar was overcrowded. Governor Glynn, with whom the designation of a judge lay, asked the court to name its choice. The unanimous request was for Cardozo. This was contrary to precedent, since he had never sat in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. Glynn, who knew the precedent better than he knew the qualifications of the judge, asked time to consider. Meanwhile, the names of other candidates were suggested by interested persons. He submitted these names to the Court of Appeals. They respectfully and unanimously repeated their request for Cardozo. It was granted.



Judge Benjamin Nathan Cardozo

It was not until 1917 that Cardozo was elected by both Democrats and Republicans to fill a regular term as judge, and in 1926, at the age of fifty-six, he was elected Chief Judge for the usual term of fourteen years, which will carry him to retirement. The deans of the three leading law schools requested President Harding to appoint him to the Supreme Court of the United States, but the request went unheeded. His position at present is scarcely less influential than it would have been had the request been granted. The New York Court of Appeals deals with more important questions of commercial law, including corporation law, than any other court in the country, and since we are living in a commercial age and, according to John Dewey, are increasingly corporate-minded, this fact is an index to the significance of its decisions. Incidentally, it is a matter of statistical record that the opinions of this court are cited more frequently than are those of any other, excepting only the Supreme Court of the United States. Charles Evans Hughes once said that Cardozo was the best-qualified man ever to be Chief Justice of the New York Supreme Court.

Cardozo's colleagues regard him with a mixture of awe and protective tenderness—his lean, slightly stooped figure makes him seem frailer than he is. He has been compared, by hardboiled lawyers, to a saint, a medieval scholar, and Abraham Lincoln. The layman sees in him not so much the religious or the rail-splitter as the philosopher. He shares with another famous member of his race, Baruch Spinoza, an interest in metaphysics, an aloofness from the ordinary affairs of life, and a capacity for holding the affections of people who have none of his detachment. He has, too, this philosopher's ardor for intellectual perfection. Hence his envy of engineers. A bridge-builder, he is fond of saying, can't guess. He must know. Cardozo's deepest grievance against his own profession is that by its nature it cannot be committed to the infallibility of engineering.

YEARS ago, when he was at Columbia, a professor said of him: "There goes the man who writes the most powerful English of any Columbia student since Alexander Hamilton." The lucidity of his style has affected the writing of opinions even more definitely and a good deal more happily than the style of Joyce has affected that of fiction writers. As a matter of fact he has written an essay on the style of judicial opinions. What his confreres seem most to admire in him is an ability to seize upon the essentials of a case, even when they are tangled in the windings of the law or hidden in the soiled cotton batting of thick oratory. To appreciate this gift of his one has to hear him, while some young

"You have steam heat, I suppose?"

• •

hopeful at the bar begins to practice the usual legal antics, as he leans forward from the bench, and, with a quiet question, nips the fine flower of irrelevancy in the bud. He is helped in his ability to bring advocates to book by his prodigious memory. When the son of the present Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court was Cardozo's secretary, someone observed to young Hughes that it must be an interesting job. "It's a swell job," was the reply, "but you might as well be secretary to an encyclopedia." Cardozo's skill in shortening procedure is tempered, but not blunted, by courtesy. He plucks out the thread of the argument as a magnet draws a steel wire from a heap of shavings, or, rather, from the wool that the poor lawyer's wits have been gathering. His soft-voiced interruptions do not make one feel, as with some other learned judges, the electric atmosphere of smothered fireworks. Indeed, there is little opportunity for a display of wit from this bench. What the court has to decide is a matter of legal technicalities. The layman, listening to the proceedings, feels much like a man watching a chess tournament without knowledge of the rules. Cardozo's manner on the bench is much that of a devotee of the ancient game, and as unexciting to the beholder. It is pleasant to see him puncture a legal windbag, but there is little drama. When it occurs, he does not encourage it. During the appeal of the Caruso case, in which an ignorant Italian had been convicted of the murder of the doctor whom he believed responsible for the death of his child, the lawyer for the defence read the record aloud. The court was deeply moved. One of the judges was crying openly. Cardozo leaned forward and stopped the reading, saying: "You don't need to go on. We'll read every word of the record ourselves." He did not want any emotion in the courtroom, but it is significant that the decision later reached by the court reversed the decision of the lower court, thus taking into account the natural human passions involved.

He has written a book entitled "Paradoxes of Legal Science." There is something slightly paradoxical about the man himself. How else could he count among his friends men of such diverse backgrounds, occupations, and ambitions as Nicholas Murray Butler, his quondam teacher in philosophy; Professor Morris R. Cohen, with whom he can discuss its latest involutions; Al Smith, who likes to refer to him as "my private counsel;" and Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is, in Cardozo's opinion, the most distinguished jurist America has produced, not forgetting John Marshall. To each of these, as indeed to all with whom he comes in contact, he shows the deference of a man who remembers the accomplishments of his companions more clearly than his own endowment.

MONKISH in his habits, he is as utterly dedicated to routine as a baby. The court sits from October to June, the sessions lasting about three weeks at a time. During that eight-month period the seven members of the court, the Chief Judge among them, live in Albany. Cardozo resides at the Ten Eyck. Rising around six, immediately after breakfast he goes to his desk, arriving there at seven-thirty. At nine the court goes into conference, to discuss the cases before it. At one the court, in a body, goes to lunch at the Ten Eyck. At two the court sits. Its entry into the spacious, oak-panelled courtroom is impressive. But the amount of general interest aroused by its sittings may be gauged by the fact that none but the lawyers who are to argue cases before the court, a walrus-faced crier, one or two austere clerks, and—only occasionally—an auditor in the shape of a stray litigant, is present in the great dignified empty room. At six the court rises. At seven it dines, in a body, at the Ten Eyck. At eight-thirty Cardozo is back at his desk in the courthouse. At ten-thirty he closes his books, lays down the typed sheets he has been marking, and returns to the Ten Eyck to bed. There is not a crowded hour of glorious life in the whole session, if one excepts the dinner tendered the court at the Governor's Mansion, and there are those who would not except that.

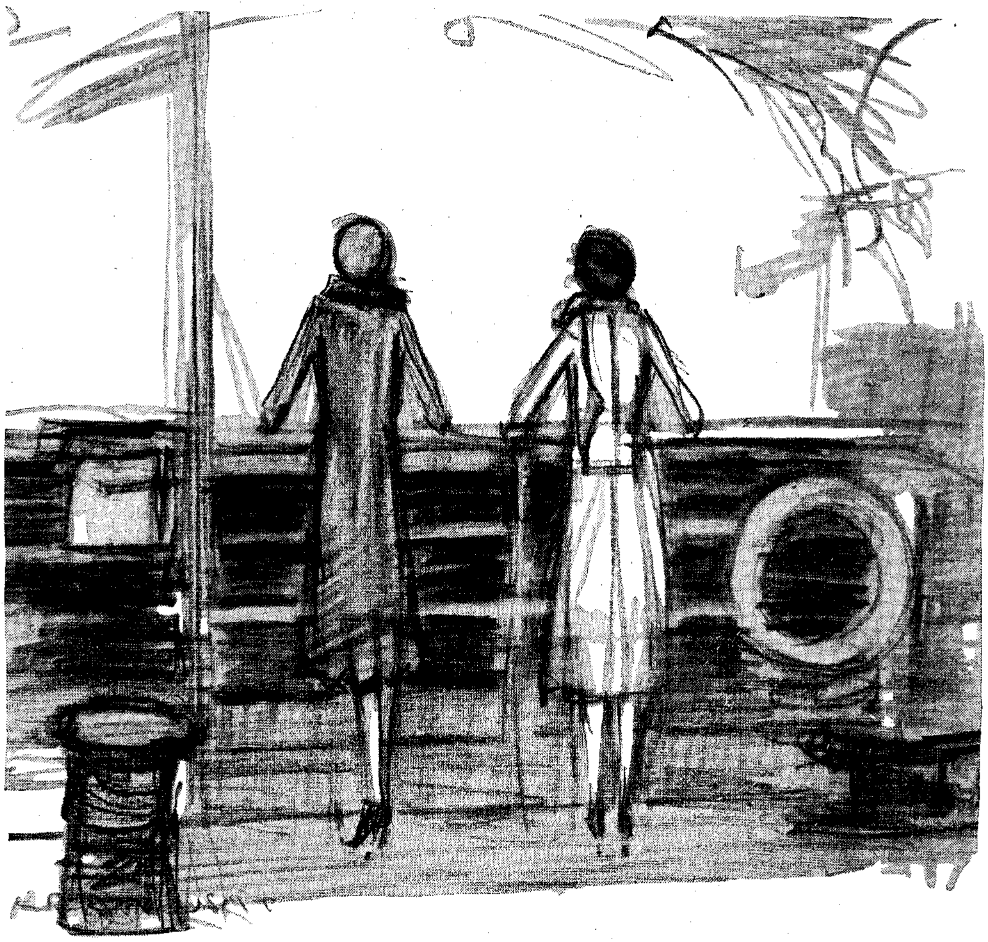
The summers afford a more varied but scarcely more exciting program. Judge Cardozo has for years been spending them on the Jersey coast. He rents a furnished house, so that there is no call to do the refurbishing, the landscaping, or the puttering about the gardens that commonly divert the owner of an estate. Exercise for its own sake he abhors. He will listen to stories of athletic prowess with a delight untainted by a drop of regret for a life that has passed with no similar thrill to remember. He is incapable of doing anything either useful or ornamental with his narrow, delicate, heavily veined hands. Under orders from his associates to learn golf or stay off the bench, he took up the game, but only to secure the reputation of being the worst player in his club. There are motor rides, but these become a bore. And of course there are books. There are Whitehead and Eddington and Russell and Dewey and Haldane and Hobhouse and Beard, to mention only a few and exclude all writers on the law proper. He reads Latin and Greek for pleasure. The question was asked of an intimate: "But what does Cardozo do when his eyes get tired?" The answer was simple: "They never *get* tired."

Without being a musician, he enjoys concerts, especially when Kreisler is playing, and will go to an occasional musical show if the tunes are good. He likes seeing an animal picture at the movies. The theatre interests him somewhat less than the concert hall, and when it comes to the art galleries, he denies an educated palate. Of late years he has forgone even these casual amusements, owing to the illness of a sister, recently deceased. Upon the death of their mother, when Benjamin was a boy of nine, this sister, who was somewhat his senior, stood to him in his mother's place. Later she shared his home and, so far as her frail health permitted, his interests. Indeed, Nellie Cardozo, a delightful and brilliant woman, led almost as completely cloistered an existence as Elizabeth Barrett or Emily Dickinson, never having passed a single night under any roof but her own.

This roof covers the house in West Seventy-fifth Street, where the judge still makes his home when he is in New York. It is a typically over-furnished mansion of the old type, which he knows to be ugly, and frequently jokes about, but only as a man knows and jokes about and forgives the ugliness of his own face. Cardozo's face, it may be said in passing, is long and lean, and white as the glossy mop of hair that falls across a fine brow above dark eyes and a strongly jutting jaw.

The room in the courthouse at Albany in which he spends so many of his working hours has the colorlessness and severity of his own features, but lacks the quality that renders them charming. It is a large room with pale walls, lined with tomes in calfskin, and with only two pictures: one an etching of the late Chief Justice Taft, the other an engraving of the first Court of Appeals, a group of gentlemen wearing facial decorations, wing collars, and elastic-sided boots, and looking far more ancient and less intelligent than the present court. There are heavy velvet hangings, the color of canned pea-soup, but none the less imposing, and the chief piece of furniture is an enormous oak desk, heavily carved, and—unlike the desks of so many executives—*not* cleared for action. There are open volumes, and papers, and periodicals, disposed in a workmanlike manner, and a telephone. In contrast with the dignity of the rest of the room, there is an old-fashioned piece near a window, in the shape of a wooden rocker with a cane back and seat. It lends the whole a human touch. Perhaps Judge Cardozo's room does somewhat resemble his face.

He has chambers in New York too,



"Something is stifling me—I think it's Mencken."

but, like his haberdashery, they are quiet and noncommittal. It is unthinkable that the Judge should indulge in a tweed suit, a colored shirt, or a remarkable tie. Such apparel fits a man who takes a hand at cards and likes a good cigar. The Judge does neither. Unlike some judges, since the Volstead Law was passed he has strictly obeyed it. It is recorded that no one has ever told him a smoking-room story. Yet he is known for an urbanity no prig could maintain and for a humanity no Puritan could simulate. He once confessed that he feels like a fool whenever he puts on his gown. His native bashfulness makes him chary of the most dignified theatricality.

THE lawyers who are warmest in their praise of his legal learning emphasize the humanistic trend of his thinking. Conservative in his habits, his dress, his manners, and in most of his opinions, he is a great liberalizer of the law. He knows where a case belongs in a legal card-index, but he also recognizes it as a piece of life. If a boy gets a shock while climbing a telegraph pole, Judge Cardozo is apt not to censure the boy for tampering with the company's property, but to blame the telegraph company for not realizing that boys will climb poles. When a crook won a wife with stolen goods, and when, after the marriage was annulled, his creditors tried to attach these gifts, Cardozo denied them this right, arguing that even an annulment can "not obliterate the past nor make events less real," and that the gains and losses in this intimate personal relation are "beyond the process of appraisal."

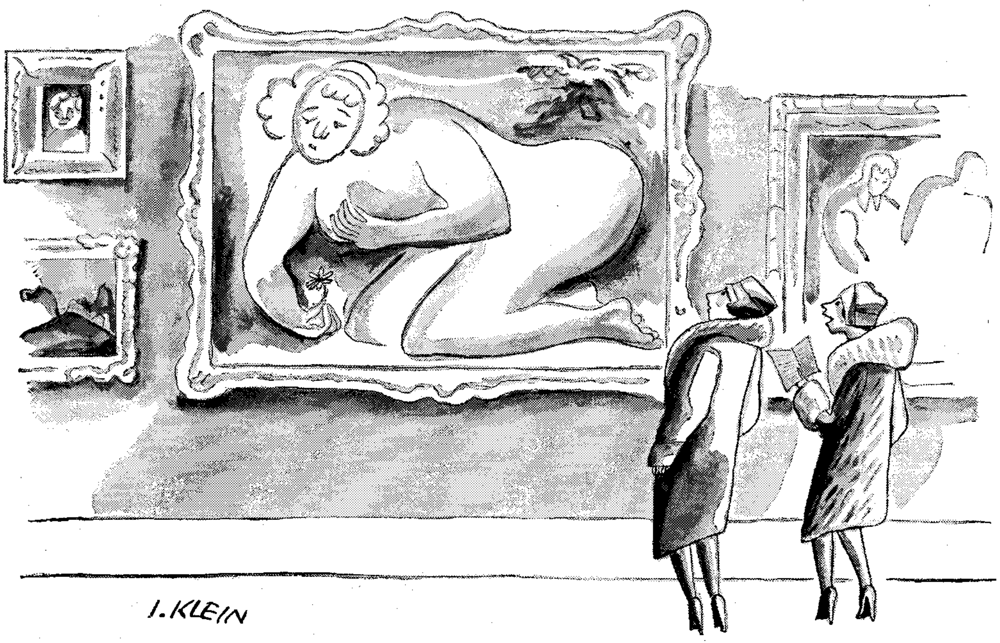
Cardozo is not, like the justice whom he so reverences, a confirmed dissenter. He is as shy of advancing an original doctrine as of entering a crowded drawing-room. Being of scholarly habits, however, he cannot avoid noticing the astigmatism of the law, and, leaning heavily upon the authority of more radically minded thinkers, he does his best to cure that weakness. He is constantly arguing for justice as against what he has called "a too conceptual jurisprudence." By couching his opinions in a suave and majestic style, rich in the orotundity so persuasive to the profession, he manages to expand the law in the very act of expounding it.

His interest in the growth of the law (he has written an often-cited volume with that very title) is responsible for his wish to establish in New York State a commission, composed partly of laymen instructed in the social sciences, which shall recommend reforms to the legislature. He is also interested in the American Law Institute, whose function is to simplify and unify the common law. He has been vice-president of the Institute since it was founded. Although in late years he has become a member of a few clubs, among them the Century, the Columbia University, and the Manhattan, generally speaking he is a non-joiner. He has never joined the Bar Association or the Lawyer's Club, although he has been elected an honorary member of both organizations. He has consented to be trustee of two universities. He is proud of the fact that a great-uncle of his, named Seixas, was the first Jew to be a trustee of Columbia College.

The first of the Cardozos to settle in this country was a London merchant who came to New York in the middle of the eighteenth century. The ancestors of the Seixases, who, like the Cardozos, belong to the élite of Jewry, being Portuguese, removed here from Lisbon precisely two hundred years ago. The most notable member of the family was this great-uncle of Judge Cardozo's who, as a rabbi, participated in the inauguration ceremonies for Washington. Curiously enough, his grandnephew, Benjamin Nathan Cardozo, is the second Jew to be a trustee of Columbia University. Cardozo is also a trustee of the Hebrew University in Palestine. He has the strong racial loyalty of the gentleman of the old school that he is, and, too, he rather relishes the knowledge that the blood of the aristocracy of Jewry flows in his veins.

A MAN without family ties, without personal hobbies, without one pet vice or one favorite hate, this shy, modest, lonely gentleman and scholar has channelled his emotional life into purely intellectual interests. He likes young people because they have a new viewpoint. He likes his contemporaries, perhaps for less reasonable reasons. Chiefly, he loves his chosen profession, because it demands, in the words of an ancient oath which he quotes with gusto, that "you shall present all things truly as they come to your knowledge, according to the best of your understanding. So help you God."

—Babette Deutsch



"It's called 'The Daisy.' See, there's the daisy."

ON THE VANITY OF EARTHLY GREATNESS

The tusks that clashed in mighty brawls
Of mastodons, are billiard balls.

The sword of Charlemagne the Just
Is ferric oxide, known as rust.

The grizzly bear whose potent hug
Was feared by all, is now a rug.

Great Caesar's bust is on the shelf,
And I don't feel so well myself!

—Arthur Guiterman

THE THEATRE

FADS AND FENCES

SHOW me an all-star cast and I'll show you something that looks an awful lot like a crowd of very talented amateurs. The current revival of "The Rivals," at Erlanger's, is no exception. With James T. Powers trying to make it a play about a strange little musical-comedy grotesque named Bob Acres, with Pedro de Cordoba trying to make it a drama about a dark Byronic figure named Faulkland, with Margery Maude trying to make it a romantic comedy about a pretty sentimentalist named Lydia Languish, with John Craig trying to make it a character study of a stormy old gentleman named Sir Anthony Absolute, with Mrs. Fiske trying to make it the farce of a pretentious female named Mrs. Malaprop (and succeeding while she's on the stage—I'm of that school and don't you forget it), well, what is the sum of all this competitive bravura? An ensemble with a haunting resemblance to the massed inexperience of the Baptist Sunday School plugging away at "Nothing But the Truth."

One feels a warm sense of gratitude toward the quiet cohesive people who must of necessity be in such conglomerations. Rollo Peters is one in this instance, and Andrew Mack, and Georgette Cohan, or perhaps they just haven't enough lines.

It is Mrs. Fiske's evening, of course, for even apart from the electricity which that lady generates the instant she steps on any stage, Mrs. Fiske has an advantage in "The Rivals" since by some "Berkeley Square" trick of circumstance Richard Brinsley Sheridan must have had her in mind when he wrote the play. One can't read Mrs. Malaprop and not visualize Mrs. Fiske, but the reality of her glinting about in the flashy finery of the part surpasses one's imagination.

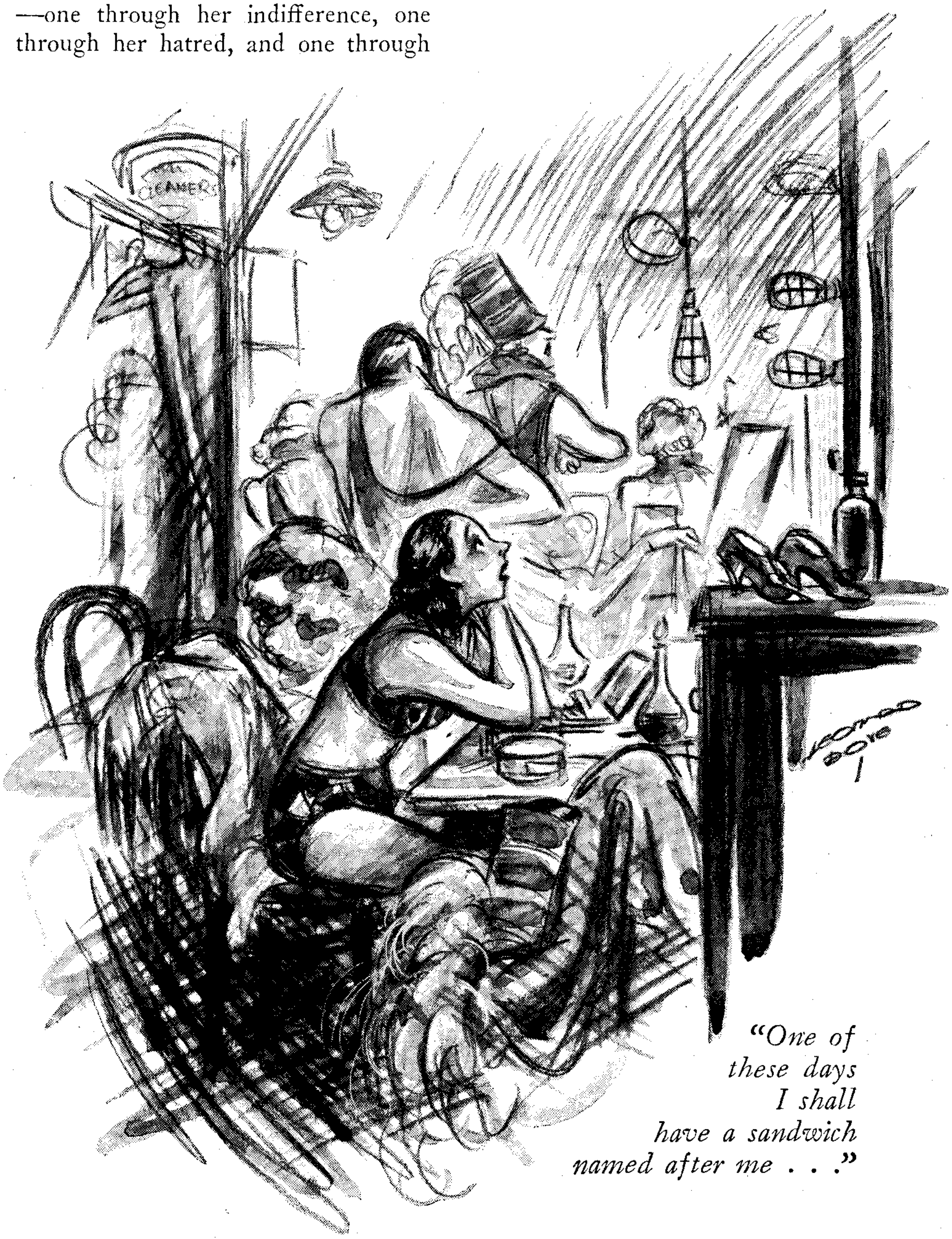
Of course you know the charming, spirited old comedy itself? Well, it's just as dull as you thought it when last you saw it, or as any other eighteenth-century comedy you've known since early youth. The trouble is that when a comedy is robbed of surprise it isn't comedy any more.

AT the Eltinge, "Love, Honor, and Betray," adapted from the French of André-Paul Antoine by Fred and Fanny Hatton, is a heavy-handed satire laid, for the most part, in a cemetery. The contented ghosts who live there speak, appropriately enough, in very dead jokes, and their colloquies open vistas of eternal boredom more dire than any recognized hell.

Their talk is all of one woman, because of whom all three men have died—one through her indifference, one through her hatred, and one through her love. Cutbacks reveal the heartless lady whose insatiability is the great, smacking joke of the entertainment, and the last act shows her coming to the cemetery to decorate their graves, and meeting with an amorous rebuff which is greeted with ghostly cackles.

Incidentally the last act, while not very droll, is far funnier than the other two, and I hazard a guess that it is closer to the original. The comedy of the earlier acts relies on that shock technique of a dozen years ago which the Hattons found so profitable at the time and have been using ever since, not realizing that a shock technique, when its first youth is gone, belongs in the closet with superannuated tennis balls.

One feels more resentment toward "Love, Honor, and Betray" than it may merit, because Alice Brady is



"One of these days I shall have a sandwich named after me . . ."

bogged in it. The problem of Miss Brady's vehicles should be taken up by a traffic commission.

THIS season we are getting the benefit of the "Street Scene" formula: the genre study of a group of people with very loose plot connections.

"This Man's Town," by Willard Robertson, at the Ritz, applies it to the crowd circling in and about a lunchwagon in the tough section of an unnamed city on New Year's Eve. The lunchwagon serves as a fence for a dealer in dope, and in departing from the commonplaceness of "Street Scene's" locale, the play loses importance immeasurably. It gains melodrama, however. Before the evening is over, three people have been murdered and a casual pickpocket has had his wrist broken by the object of his professional activity. Life is not quite like that, I think, but despite this concentration of violence the people in "This Man's Town" are convincing. I recommend it as a thriller with merits above the average thriller's.

To name a couple, the lovers who are the protagonists are likable human beings, and if a newspaperman hovers about them more like a guardian spirit than the usual newspaperman, the author has had the decency to provide him with a good, solid, mercenary motive for his final act of benevolence.

I wish I could pick from the almost interminable program the names of those who contributed especially good performances, particularly that of the cop with a cold, but it would be like checking over a city directory. Willard Robertson, the author, does himself proud in the rôle of Buck.

A LESS fortunate example of the "Street Scene" formula is "Penny Arcade," by Marie Baumer, at the Fulton. While it escapes the worst theatrical category and, for two and a half acts at least, is not an active bore, it is a pretty bad play.

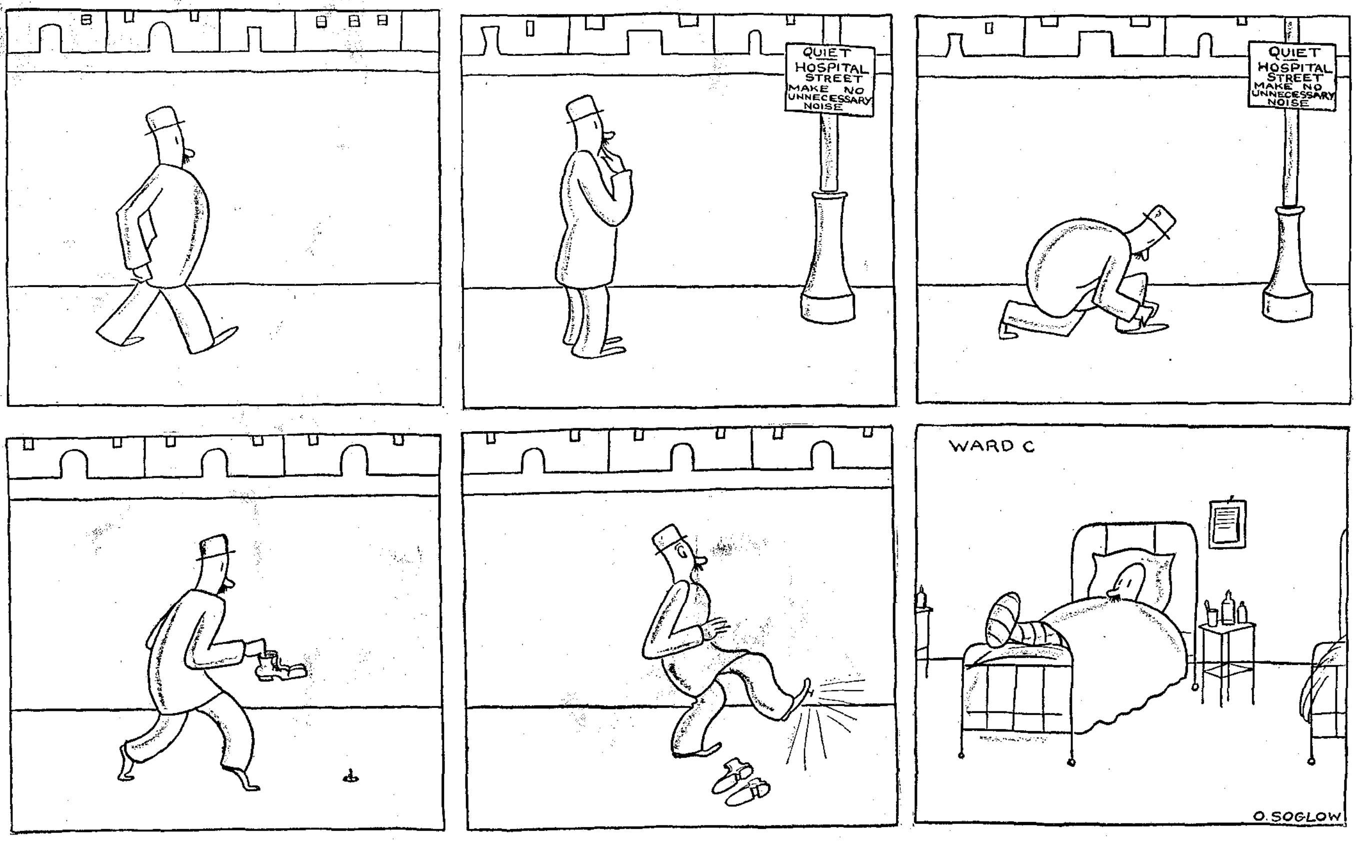
With the entertaining background of an arcade at an amusement park, its characters lack the reality or the verisimilitude which is requisite to excitement.

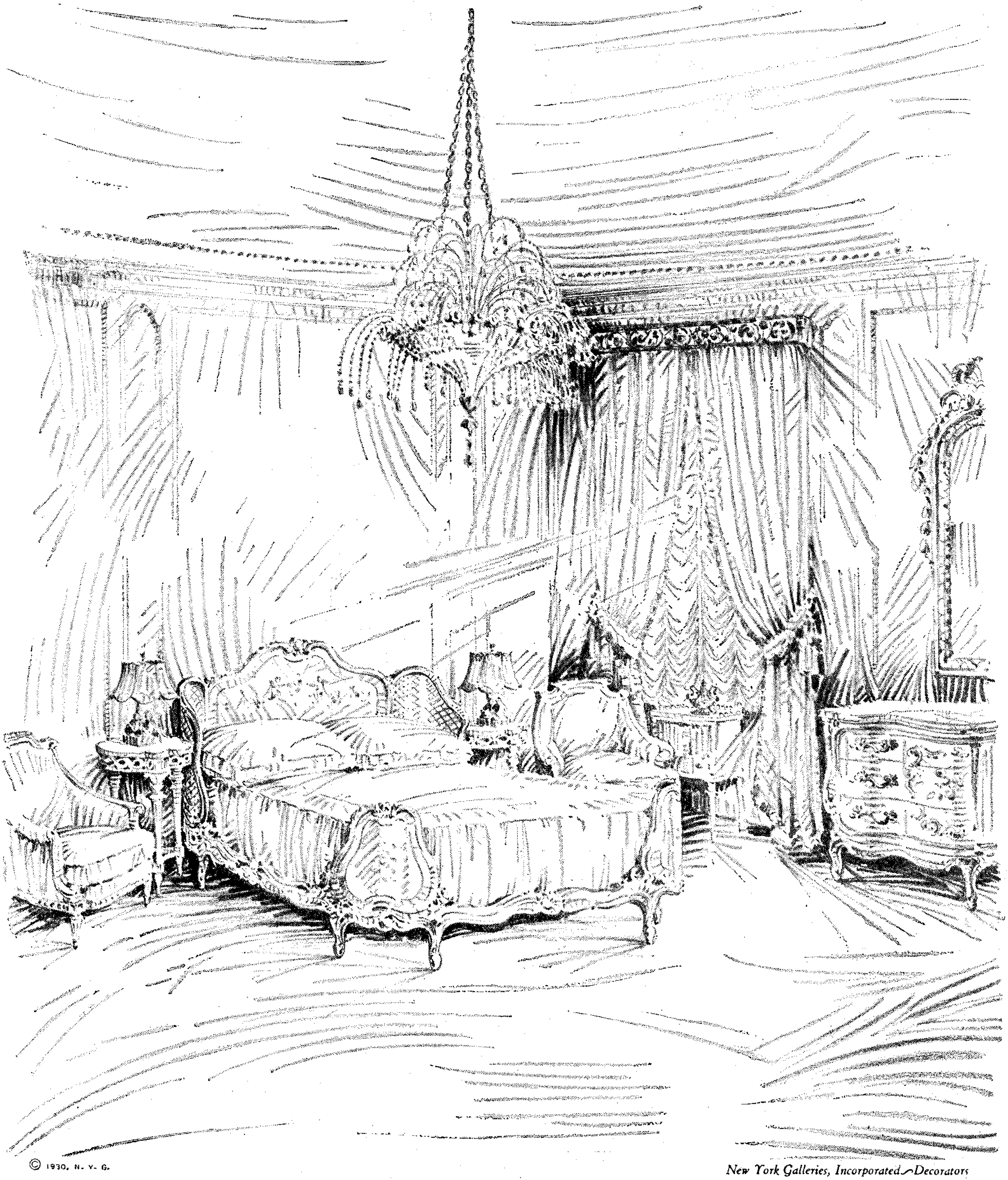
The arcade, too, is a fence, though that is unknown to Mrs. Delano, who runs it. Mrs. Delano lavishes all her affection on her wild son, Harry, at the expense of her other children, Joe and Jenny. Harry has been cutting into the bootleg trade of a gangster named Mitch while Mitch is in jail. On getting out Mitch goes for Harry and Harry shoots him, leaving his body in the penny pitch. Jenny, who has fallen in love with one of her mother's employees, an upstanding young ex-convict named Angel, sees the shooting from an upper window. When Harry is accused Mrs. Delano plants the crime on Angel, whom she detests for aspiring to her daughter. It all seems a reasonably serious tangle, but then the dénouement begins in the prettiest fashion. It turns out that the knots were just a mass of roses with which the characters can pelt each other till curtainfall. The murdered man was such a nasty fellow that the police are pleased with his death, and since they have the killer's sister's word that the deed was done in self-defence, feel really indebted to Harry, whom they promise to make happy and comfortable for the brief time he'll have to be in prison. Having failed to send her daughter's lover to the electric chair, Mrs. Delano raises his salary and gives her blessing, so that their happiness under her roof is practically guaranteed. In fact I don't see how the audience could be sent away more satisfied unless someone distributed ten-dollar gold pieces at the exit.

The dialect is all of the bogus tough variety which is so trying. I doubt if even the gangsters invariably refer to a man who has been shot as having been "rodded."

"Penny Arcade" is unfortunate in having Valerie Bergere play the pivotal rôle of Mrs. Delano. It requires raw strength, and she touches it with delicacy.

IN "The Blue Ghost," by Bernard J. McOwen and J. F. Riewerts, at the Forrest, one again finds a master


QUIET HOSPITAL STREET MAKE NO UNNECESSARY NOISE
QUIET HOSPITAL STREET MAKE NO UNNECESSARY NOISE
WARD C
O. SOGLOW



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criminal striving to drive the police from his lair by a lot of those novelties one buys for the children at Halloween. The Force is after what is referred to, with considerable explicitness, as a hidden cache of liquor, but its purpose almost weakens when, with an eerie "whoo," flapping figures swoop in the window, and electric eyes glare from the wall.

"The Blue Ghost" blasts a new level for the mystery play. For one thing it carries illiteracy farther than any of its predecessors, and that alone is quite a tote. For another it is not merely played full blast by the instruments customary in such forms of entertainment—steam whistles, sirens, and fog horns are used as well.

I can think of two things in its favor. It has vigor; and Nate Busby, who as a colored servant is called upon for three hours of uninterrupted terror, manages to be funny now and then.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

•

THAT PAST CONDITION CONTRARY TO FACT

There once was a woman
Who wanted to live;
Said God and the angels:
"What'll you give?"

"Twenty per cent
Of my social position
And a thousand dollars
For a good physician!"

Said God: "Very well
If you don't get in trouble,
In which case I warn you
The cost will be double—"

She went to bed
On an anecdote,
Her chilly toes
On a warm footnote,

She wrapped a sonnet
About her heart
With an eiderdown lyric
For the nether part—

She dreamed of a lion
With velvet paws
Whose clasp was a sentence
Of pointed clause,

To wit: "If we did
How it would delight us,"
And the lady died
Of subjunctivitis.

—ANGELA CYPHER

"Well, well! Good old Algy; answer to every maiden's prayer et cetera—and all alone. How come?"

"Competition too keen, these days — you don't rate a date without an eight."

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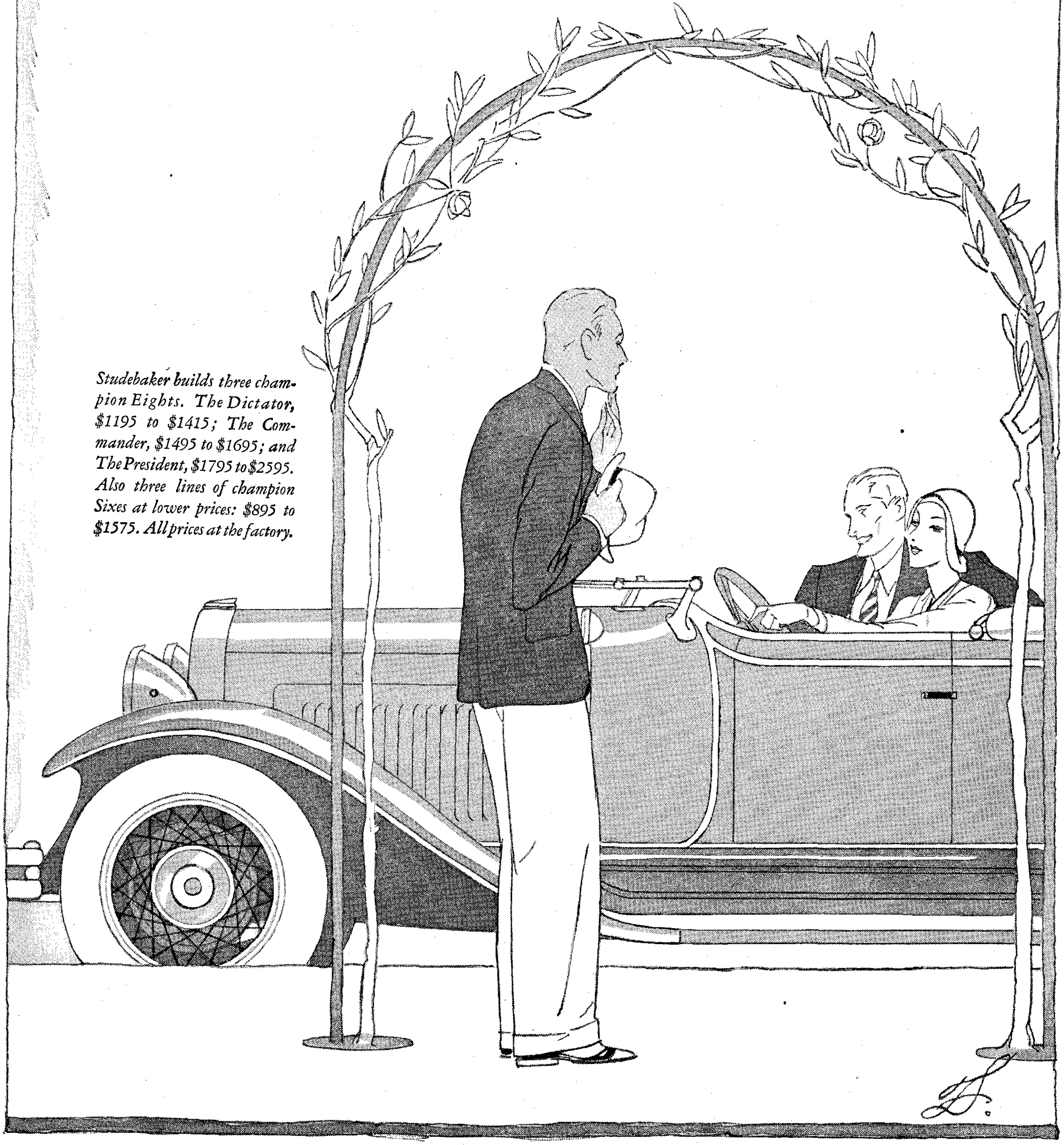

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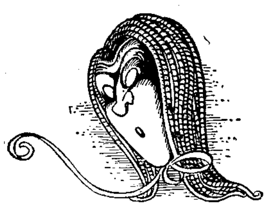
SHOUTS AND MURMURS



"THE GREEN PASTURES"

J. M. KERRIGAN, a strolling playactor from Dublin, used to tell the story of a play he had once seen in the English provinces wherein the ingénue, breaking free from the lecherous embraces of the villain, cried out "Nay, Sir, nay. I cannot yield to your entreaties, but instead I will give you my impression of Miss Edna May singing 'Follow On' in 'The Belle of New York.'"

Kerrigan himself never needed any such laborious music-cue for his own specialty. In any gathering of congenial souls around a fire, someone could always be counted on to ask him for a song. Like the mighty Robeson, he was one of those blessed singers who never protested prettily that he had not brought his music. He needed none, nor any accompanist either. He would just stand, glass in hand, with one arm resting on the mantel shelf, his head held back a little, his eyes closed. Then he would sing—so fondly, so caressingly. And there would be a peace and a quiet and warmth in the room. I find, in speaking of Kerrigan, that I am using the past tense. After all, he has merely gone to Hollywood.

Kerrigan would always sing his ballad of the Fireship, all about the girl whose hair hung down in ringalets. She was a nice girl, a decent girl, but one of the rakish kind. Then I am afraid he was rather given to "The Raggle Taggle Gypsy" number, which was, I admit, just a wee bit Hey-Nonny. But his dearest song he held back for most special occasions. It was an old English canticle, written in that age of sturdy faith when the peasants in any village thought of the Holy Family as plain folks much like themselves who had lived and died not unthinkably long before in some village on the other side of the hill. It was the age that invited the hearty, back-slapping, companionable jocosity of the first morality plays. For that matter, it was the age that flung to the startled stars that marvel of stone and glass called Chartres Cathedral. Well, Kerrigan's canticle had come down to us from that simple time and he so loved it that he was ever jealous in its behalf and would sing it only when the lights were soft, the mood of the room right, the listeners gentle and fit to hear it.

IN the ambling sequence of its verses, the old canticle recited a fable of Joseph and Mary moving through the mid-summer countryside. They come to the edge of an orchard and Mary asks Joseph to pick her some cherries. For a great hunger is upon her. The surly Joseph bids her pick them herself if she is so hungry. Meekly, she reminds him, then, that she is heavy with child. And he jeers at her. He, Joseph, had had nothing to do with that. Let whoever had got her with child fetch and carry for her now. Thus Joseph, the husband of Mary. At that, a wind runs through the trees, but it is the Child in the womb that makes answer. "Cherry trees, cherry trees." It is the voice of the Child, "My mother is hungry. Bow down that she may eat." And lo—how I wish I could reproduce in words the bated breath and the wonder in Kerrigan's voice as he sang this verse!—and lo, there is a mighty sound in the orchard and all the branches of all the trees bow down to the ground.

That was the end of the song. Our minstrel would stand for a moment with his eyes still closed as if loath to open them on the twentieth century. And his lashes would be wet with inexplicable tears. Then he would look about him sheepishly and go mooning on his way.

I have thought so often of that song and the heartstrings it touched so gently. Nowhere else have I felt quite the same emotion—nowhere else, that is, until one night a few weeks ago I came under the spell of that miracle play which works a nightly marvel in the puzzled year called 1930. For "The Green Pastures" is of that same emotion all compact. I have since heard old curmudgeons barking in surprise at their own susceptibility to it; wondering why "The Green Pastures" is so ineffably touching and what there is in this deeply humble play of Connelly's that brings such a lump to the throat and so fills the eyes with tears. Do you suppose we can be weeping for the lost innocence of the world?

THEY tell me that up in Harlem in front of Connie's Inn there is an umbrageous maple known locally as the Tree of Hope. On or around a milk can which stands beneath it, the dusky actor who wants a job is supposed to loiter of an afternoon as formal notice to all the world that he is what is technically known as "At Liberty." This plaisance is the dark Rialto. It is to Harlem what the sidewalk of Union Square was fifty years ago to the paler theatre. For some weeks past the Tree of Hope has been almost deserted. And still will be, I think, this time next year. For all the happy lot of them are downtown working for ole Massa Connelly.

At the tumultuous success of "The Green Pastures" there is, therefore, a great rejoicing in Harlem. But some there be downtown who must find that success annoying. It must, I should think, annoy all those who have cherished the legend that the Algonquin Round Table is a huddle of sneering sophisticates, their backs calloused from one another's slaps, their lips lame from wisecracking jeers at the rest of the world. Yet from that Table, of all places, has issued a play, lofty, simple, and so strong in its loving-kindness that it warms the heart. "The Green Pastures" has all the sneering sophistication of the Twenty-third Psalm.

Then its success must also annoy those remaining few who are still interested in the Pulitzer Prize. That sprig of laurel, they say, cannot be awarded to "The Green Pastures" because it must go to an "original" play, and Connelly it seems, derived his inspiration from a book by Roark Bradford, to say nothing of a somewhat earlier work called the Old Testament. Well, it's too bad. Of course with all America trying to get into the Mansfield at once, "The Green Pastures" does not need the Pulitzer Prize. But it fairly staggers one to think how much, for the sake of its lost prestige, the Pulitzer Prize needs "The Green Pastures."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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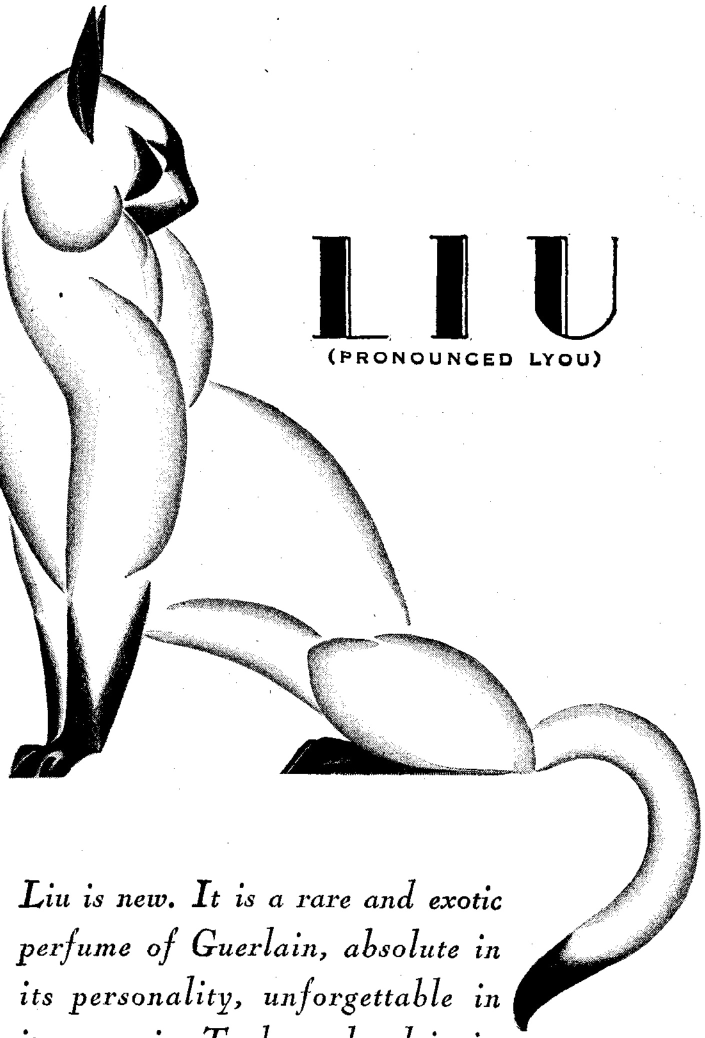

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PARI

PARIS, MARCH 12

LENT is here again, but little remains of the festival it used to be except the pancakes. From a season which even a few years ago was celebrated by alternating fits of Christian piety and masked heathen balls, the traditional luncheon dish served on Mardi Gras and Mi-Carême is almost all that is left—the famous fried *crêpes* which guarantee to the consumer good luck throughout the rest of the year and acute indigestion for the next half-hour. In the boulevards a few midinettes dressed in their brothers' clothes, and in the Luxembourg a few babies frightening each other with false faces, were the sole relics this year of what used to be streets full of clowns, musketeers, and Charlie Chaplins. King Mardi Gras, who once annually ruled for a day, is as dead as all the other kings of France. *Ci-gît le cœur.*

INDEED the only relatively gay festival has been the blessing of the codfish fleet at St. Malo by the Archbishop of Rennes. Ten thousand peasants and sightseers turned up for the Pardon de la Terre-Neuve, a rite that was instituted by pious fishermen bound for the Banks of Newfoundland, in the hope of being saved from the increasingly violent Atlantic storms that menace their industry and their lives. Hitherto the blessing of the boats (without which no Breton would think of putting to sea for six months) was done by the local clergy in a dinghy; this year His Archiepiscopal Worship bobbed around the basin in a motorboat blessing the sixty schooners, whose sailors stood reverently in the crosstrees. One from each ship, by the law of the sea, is doomed never to come back safe to land.

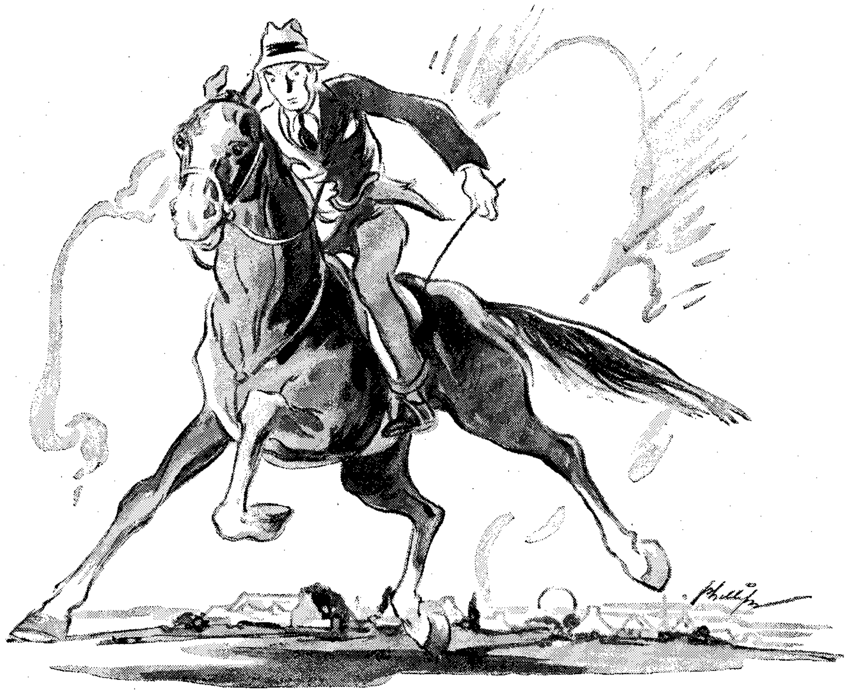
The town of St. Malo, with its magnificent medieval ramparts, was declared *en fête*. Its little streets were hung with fishing nets full of false flowers and with oars crossed like swords overhead; and a church procession marched through, its little altar-boys shouldering magnificent models of ships forever beyond the collectors' clutch. There was dancing in greased boots at the modest Casino, and in booths in the town square were sold rosaries, lollipops, and—oh, yes—fried codfish.

ETTER

Of late codfishing has been attempted from La Rochelle—a Protestant port and St. Malo's bitter rival—from big syndicate-owned steamships which can make the Grand Banks far more rapidly, with captains who are roving hired men like everyone else on board. In Brittany, however, syndicates and steam have not yet been admitted; the little boats have sails, and sailors who pray for wind. The captain is the owner, the crew are his wife's relatives, and the cabin boy is his youngest son. The cod have not changed their habits in the past hundreds of years and neither have the men from St. Malo.

THE death of D. H. Lawrence cuts short the actively influential position he was beginning to assume in the estimation of France's leading literary lights. Exiled by his malady from the fogs of his native land, he spent the better part of his maturity in Continental towns. He was one of the first of what later became a large colony of Britons in Taormina. He lived for a time in Florence, where his "Aaron's Rod" was considered a portrait gallery of his local friends, Norman Douglas and Reginald Turner among others. He was a brilliant talker but, despite his years of living among foreigners, no exceptional linguist. Ill most of his life, he by degrees developed the erratic psychology of the brilliant invalid to whom, living among natives in out-of-the-way corners, anything was permitted. He had, among other eccentricities, a fancy for removing his clothes and climbing mulberry trees.

At the last he also suffered actively from persecution mania; he thought Jung had stolen his theories of psychoanalysis from a reading of the earlier Lawrence works; he thought his writer friends stole his ideas. Owing to the peculiar quality of his later novels, he was constantly accusing printers everywhere, usually with justice, of stealing and pirating his works. A cheap edition of his much-discussed "Lady Chatterly's Lover" had, just before his death, been brought out by him in Paris for the express purpose, so his preface stated, of justifiably allowing him to reap some meagre royalties and, less justifiably, of permitting the book, because of its low price, to be within easy reach of every young boy and girl. The last work of Lawrence to be translated into French consisted of ex-



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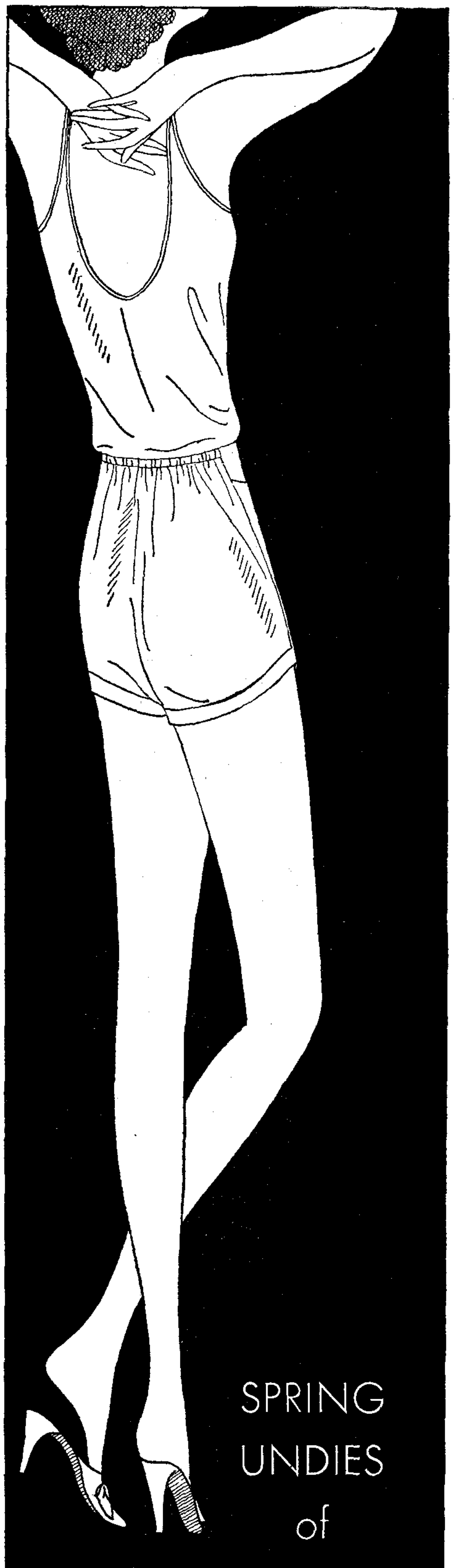

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cerpts from his Mexican novel, its title, unfortunately, being construed as "Serpent Dépouillé." Thus as "The Plucked Serpent," "The Plumed Serpent" enters, with the author's death, into the lexicon of French letters.

CONSIDERING the pleasantness of the precocious spring sunshine, indoor art shows have been agreeably few and excellent. One of two top-notchers was that of Les Peintres-Graveurs Indépendants, whose eighth annual exhibition the Galerie Bernheim was fortunate enough to house. (The show usually coincides with the May arrival of rich New Yorkers, on whom Bernheim is apparently not depending this spring.) This is the most important exposition of lithographs, engravings, and etchings of the year. It was significant that few new names were included and that the old ones should still hold up—de Segonzac, Picasso, Marchand, Hermine David, Gromaire, Goerg, Matisse, Moreau, Coubine. For the eighth time this show authenticates the drawing power, both financial and artistic, of the masters of modern French engraving.

The second important show, at the new Bonjean gallery in the Rue La Boëtie, displayed what are now called early Chiricos (dated from 1920 to 1925). Of this group a companion pair of lyrical still-lifes, featuring wine-glasses, fruits, and hills, came from the disbanded collection of Paul Poiret; others came from collectors oddly eager to exchange such rare individual romantic works for the classical fragmentism of Chirico's latest manner. Though he has taken to painting nothing but stallions, Chirico still remains one of the popular expensive foreign masters of Paris. Astute collectors, however, are proving unwilling to give their kingdom for a horse. —GENÊT

•

One very interesting suit, intended for country wear, will appear on the beaches of Florida right away and work its way north, reaching Maine about July.—*The World.*

We had a suit that worked its way north one summer, but it was washing in the wrong soap that did it.

•

"When you pay twenty-five dollars for a bottle of gin you are doing a lot more than breaking the Volstead Act."—*From an article in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

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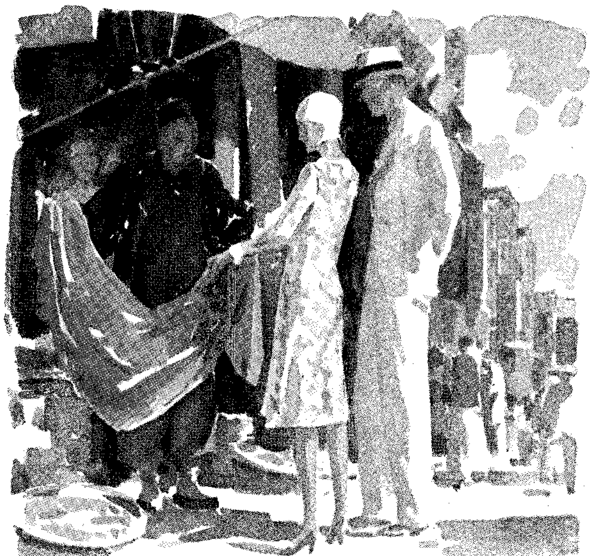
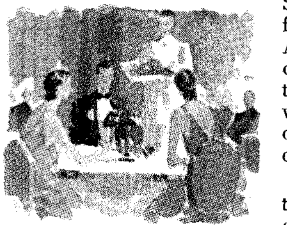
"EVER SHOP IN PIG ALLEY?"



Thursday—Landing day! What a revelation, is Shanghai! No wonder all the world is curious about it. It's as cosmopolitan as Vienna! Wide European streets—in the center of town—branching off into rabbit-lane by-ways. Chinese swarming the place. In brocaded coats—and coolie cottons. Ricksha bells clanging. Funny tram cars with no rails. Foreign motors. And the traffic cops!—they're giant Sikhs in khaki. With beards, and huge turbans on their heads.

It's frightfully *interesting!* Just to walk the streets here. For twenty coppers, we hired a ricksha this afternoon. Ambled along Nanking Road. Past ten thousand great shops. (We were searching for *bargains!*) Off to the edge of town—to a rag-tag-end of a street—called "Pig Alley." Here everything's antique. And hand-made. Even the pewter. And what ridiculous prices! Oh, such a *lovely* pewter boat, a junk model. What a stunning center-piece for red roses! And only five Mexs. (A Mex. is about 50c in our money. Ho, our shopping pin-money goes twice as far on this exchange.)

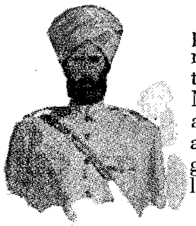
An antique lover would go *wild* in China! Old carved woods. Ming china. Cunning snuff bottles, once belonging to a Pekinese princess. We had to hire an extra ricksha to take our "vagabond loot" back to our ship.



On we went. To the Native City. Narrower and funnier streets. Music Lane and Bird Street. Chinese flutes playing. And food stalls cooking right on the street. Ate water-chestnuts on sticks for a copper.

We must have tea. So we wandered over a little zig-zag bridge. To the Willow Pattern Tea House (like the design on our plates at home.) Piping hot tea—poured out of a little pot, shaped like a bird. Jasmine buds in our thimble of a cup. As fragrant as a Chinese dream!

Five o'clock!—Dashed back to our President Liner to dress. Big dinner party tonight at the Majestic.



What a surprise—these gorgeous hotels in Shanghai. They'd make Manhattan sit up and stare! The Majestic used to be a private Chinese palace. There's an ivory room—a pearl room. And the royal suite was once a Mandarin's *harem!* It's really a museum. They served our appetizers in a rock garden grotto. All ferns and shaded lights. Talk about swank!

And a sunken dance floor (of course we danced during our lavish dinner. Twenty-piece American jazz.) Oh, what an evening!

I'd like to stay in Shanghai a whole year!

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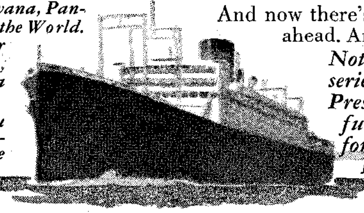

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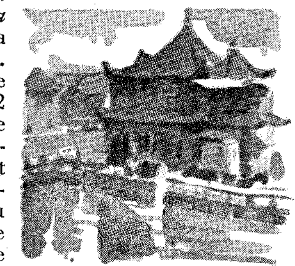
Friday—More new people on board. Bound for Hong Kong and India. Never get bored meeting different people in every port. That's the great advantage of the President Liners—always taking on new passengers. We meet globe-trotters who've done the world in every fashion. They say we're wise to do the Orient first. Then Europe will mean more.

This afternoon—out to the big Shanghai Sweepstakes! First purse a cool ¼ million. Whoops! I won—a little. Anyway, it was enough to buy my heart's desire. A mother-of-pearl make-up box with tiny secret drawers for jewelry. And a set of exquisite lingerie from Yates Road!

Can understand why the women dress so beautifully. With Chinese handiwork so cheap. And Frenchtown shops carry Paris models, as well. They say you can buy everything in the world in Shanghai. I believe it!

What do you think we ate at the Races? —*Eskimo Pies!*



In the evening to the New World. All of young China there. Can you imagine a Coney Island 10,000 miles from N. Y. *a la Chinese?* It's a roof garden. They charge the Chinese 2 coppers to ride up in the elevators. (It's part of the amusement, if you please). There are 4 Chinese vaudevilles going at once. Games and sideshows. We laughed till we were hungry. Then we tried a pair of chopsticks. Never knew fried prawns were so *delish!*

"Home" to the ship by midnight. Grand, comfortable, white bed!

Saturday—Today was a Russian Day! Could just as well have been Moscow. We met Stepanova. A Russian dancer, the idol of Shanghai. Our party grew and so, to the Russian Cafe in Range Road. Peasant music there. And what *hors d'oeuvres!* On a huge tray like a barge. I counted 24 kinds—Oh, what tempters! They're called "Sakushka."

All my life I've wanted to go these places. What a dream come true!

And now there's Hong Kong and Manila ahead. And Java and India . . .

Note: This is the second of a series from the travel diary of a President Liner passenger. The full set in attractive booklet form may be had by writing to Dept. 2-O of the nearest Passenger office listed below.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SNAKES' SUPPER

THE snakes in the Bronx Zoo are fed after dark, when the reptile house is silent and gloomy. Two or three unshaded electric lights shine at odd places around the wall, throwing small beams of light and casting shadows in the cages. At the far end, the alligator pool lies darkly under its bank of tropical trees and soft Spanish moss. The only sounds are the steady drip of water from a tap over the pool, and the occasional bang of a cage door, followed by the footsteps of John Toomey, the keeper, walking off down the corridor, trailing his stick. In the half light, one catches the gleam of a snake's long back, as it glides down from the branch of a tree into the gravel of its cage and slowly spells its shiny "S." Over by the cobras, the little mongoose scuttles aimlessly about his enclosure, nose to the ground, cheerful and spry amidst a deathly company. In a pot of earth, the great horned toad squats in his damp nest; and across the sandy yellow floor of their cage Gila monsters crawl, into the light and out again. Overhead are the tall palms, dim and menacing, and the whole room is hot with the special heat that snakes require.

Reptiles like the dark, and the snake house is more alive at night than in the daytime. Walking about, one has the feeling of being watched. The spitting cobra spreads his hood as you pause for a moment in front of the glass; you stare, and if you sway slightly to one side, the snake sways too, keeping his aim upon your eyes. Except for the python cage in the centre of the room, the cages all open into a corridor at the rear. Each cage has a hinged door of steel, equipped with a screened ventilator and a lock. Walls and floor and ceiling are as bare as the inside of a jail, and as carefully policed. There are no open seams. All joints are tight, almost hermetic.

THROUGH this strange and venomous jungle I walked the other night at feeding time, accompanied by the reassuring and somewhat incongruously tweedy figure of Dr. Ditmars, the curator, whose bald pate shone like a pleasant moon, guiding me. I had never seen snakes eat, and now I was going to. I knew that they ate mice, rats, guinea pigs, chickens, and pigs; but I knew nothing of their predatory moments—the flashing attack, the savage constriction, the slow and incredible gorge. Under natural conditions, snakes do not have to hunt far for their food: their prey comes to them. If they want it, they strike. If they don't want it, they lie smiling in its face. For them there is no chase, only occasional decisions to make. When they decide, the strike is like a bolt of lightning and the kill is horrible.

Before the feeding was begun, Dr. Ditmars took me round in the corridor behind the cages. "I want you to hear a cobra hiss," he said. "You can't hear them through the glass, so we'll open up the door. Stand here"

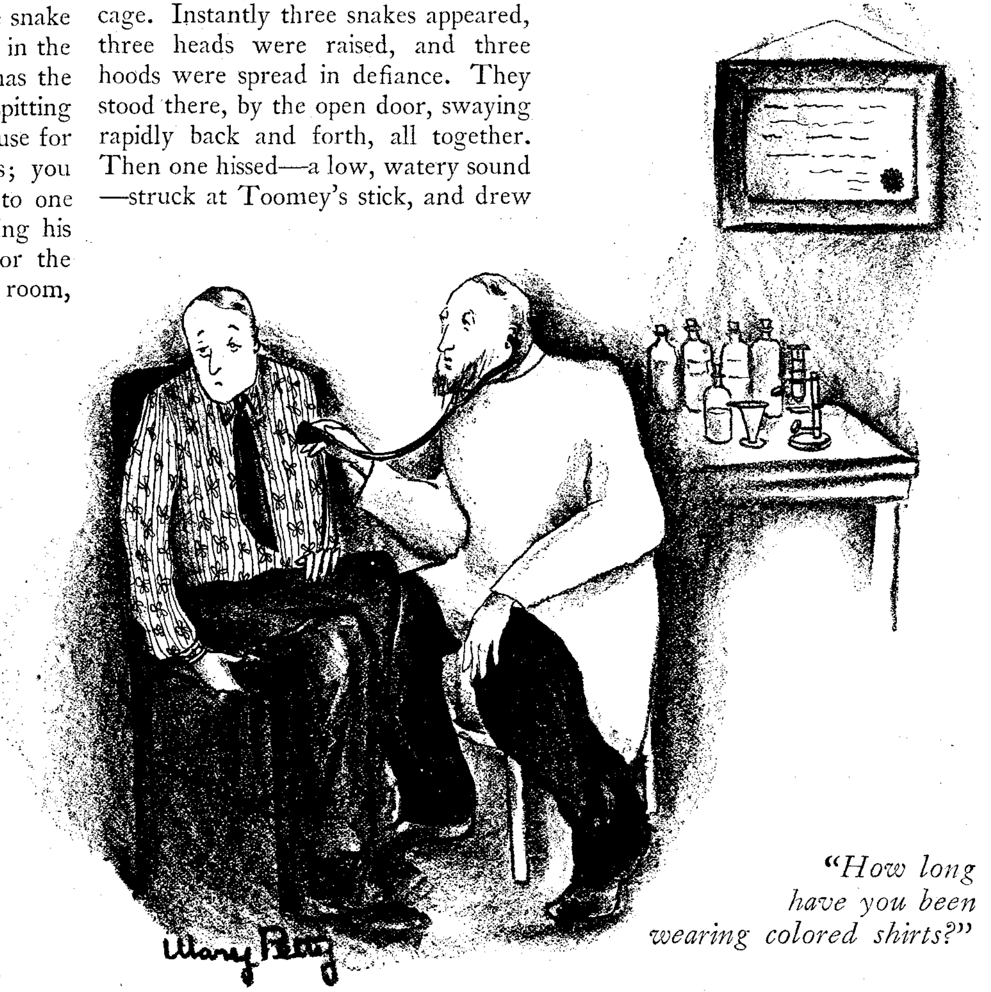
While we waited, Toomey went out front to ascertain the position of the snakes in the cage, which must be done before the steel door can be opened. When he returned, he opened the door a crack, peered in, and then opened it wide.

"Stir 'em up," said Dr. Ditmars.

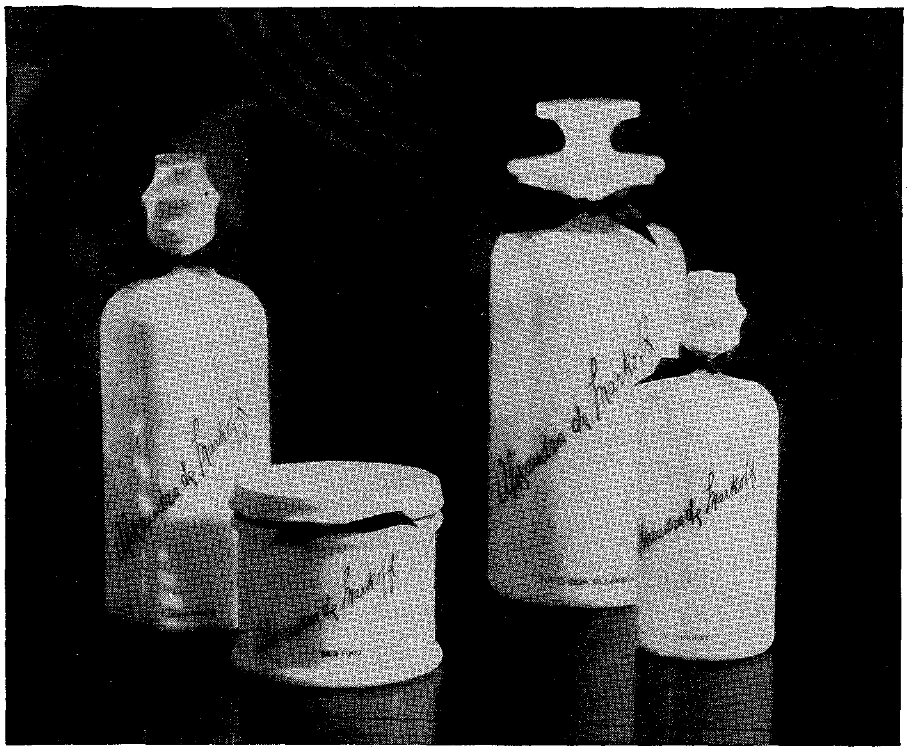
Toomey pushed his stick inside the cage. Instantly three snakes appeared, three heads were raised, and three hoods were spread in defiance. They stood there, by the open door, swaying rapidly back and forth, all together. Then one hissed—a low, watery sound—struck at Toomey's stick, and drew back. Death to the intruder. "Look out," said Dr. Ditmars. "The other one is coming round the corner!" Toomey shut the door.

"I just wanted you to hear a cobra hiss," added the Doctor quietly, as we walked away.

OUT in front again, we stopped in front of the gopher snakes' cage, while Toomey went round back, carrying two large white rats for their dinner. The rats were laid out neatly in a small pan, each rat with one drop of red blood at the tip of its nose. In the dim light I could see four or five snakes coiled up sluggishly on a ledge of rock. The door at the back opened. (These snakes are not venomous.) Toomey pushed his stick into the middle of the nest of snakes, as you would put a fork into a dish of macaroni, and brought up a long dangling gopher snake, which he pushed toward the front of the cage. Picking up a rat by the tail, he tossed it to the snake. I expected to see a flash, and a vanishing rat. Instead, the snake ignored the rat and made one or two passes at Toomey, which Toomey in turn ignored, being busy pushing the other snakes off the



"How long have you been wearing colored shirts?"



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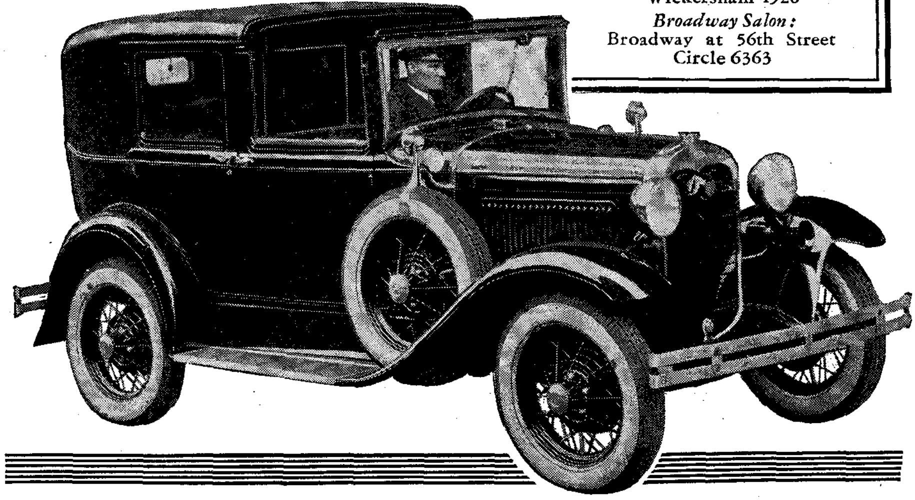


ledge of rock so he would have a place to sit down comfortably among them. When he had shoved all the snakes away, he did sit down on the rock, a fine shirt-sleeved figure of an Irishman, elbow on knee, chin in hand. The snakes disliked the light; they disliked Toomey; they were gliding slowly toward another corner. Suddenly Toomey poked the rat with his stick and wiggled it across in front of the first snake. The trick worked. Before I could blink, the snake had seized the rat by its nose and started gliding away with it. Toomey checked it with his stick, and the snake, content, paused in its tracks and began the slow process of drawing the rat into its throat.

To all appearances this would be an impossible thing to do, for the rat's body was fully twice as big as the snake's head; but the snake lay still and held on, its breath coming in occasional stifled gasps through a clogged windpipe. As I stared, fascinated, the rat seemed gradually to grow less. The jaws of the snake edged imperceptibly forward—not upper and lower, but side and side; the bones of the snake's head expanded; and the saliva began to flow. It was like a rubber tube being fitted tediously over a much larger pipe, and it was a grim, silent meal—Toomey sitting quietly on the rock, the other snakes shifting their long selves about in the corner, their winding trails throwing shadows in the gravel, the gopher snake hanging on to the rat, pulling it in until only the tail was protruding. The snake, with the rat's tail sticking from its mouth, looked as though it had a long pink tongue. Once the rat was inside the throat, the job began to be speeded up, and the voyage from the throat to the stomach was comparatively rapid and quite easy to trace—the peristaltic muscles pulling the rat down in a plain bulge to the stomach, which is practically in the middle of a snake.

“THE rat,” said Dr. Ditmars cheerfully, “will be completely dissolved in the snake's stomach—teeth, bones, legs, and all. And now,” he added, “you'll see something. We'll feed a python. Pythons are constrictors. They strangle their food before they eat it.”

A Regal python, seventeen feet long, lay in its drinking tank at the end of the row of cages. It lay there like Kaa, thinking over all the things it had ever known. It was not the largest python in the snake house, but it would be the most fun to feed because it would have a harder job getting a fat red hen in its mouth than would the immense

Travelling in MINUTES *where* HOURS *were once required*

How a Sikorsky Amphibion helps Bror G. Dahlberg to be in Chicago, New York and Florida in one week

●

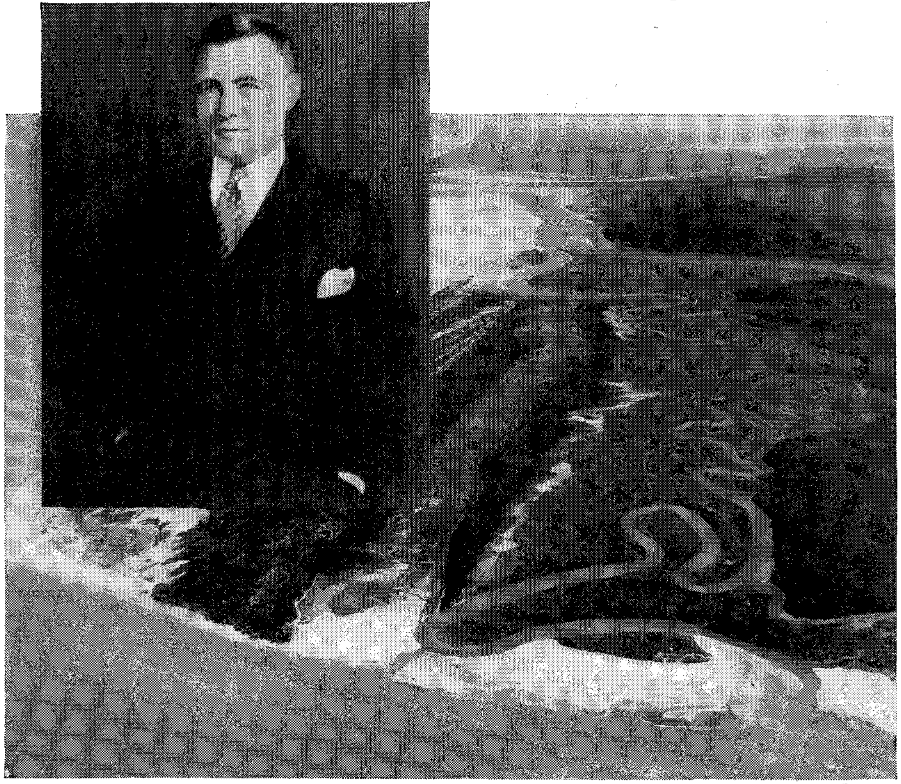


Photo Fairchild Aerial Surveys

How the Florida country looks from the comfortable cabin of a Sikorsky Amphibion

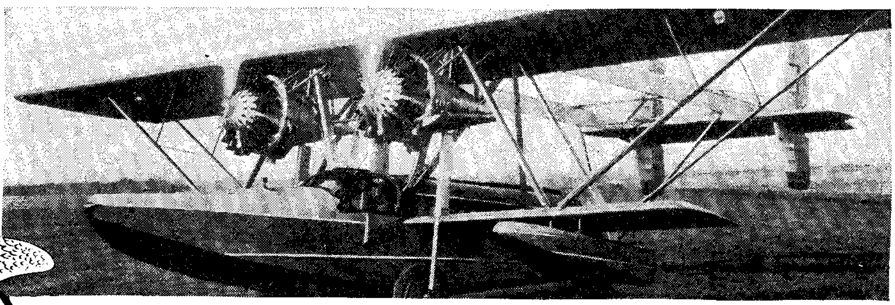
TIME and distance are twin factors that demand the attention of great executives in modern industry. The Celotex Company, for example, has its general offices at Chicago and its factory across the river from New Orleans. In Florida are the plantations and mills of the Southern Sugar Company, and the South Coast Company's properties are located in various parts of Louisiana.

The operation of these companies frequently requires Mr. Bror G. Dahlberg, their founder and executive head, to be in the North, East and South all in the same week. He travels almost entirely by air, using the comfort, speed and adaptability of his Sikorsky Amphibion to save him many invaluable hours each week.

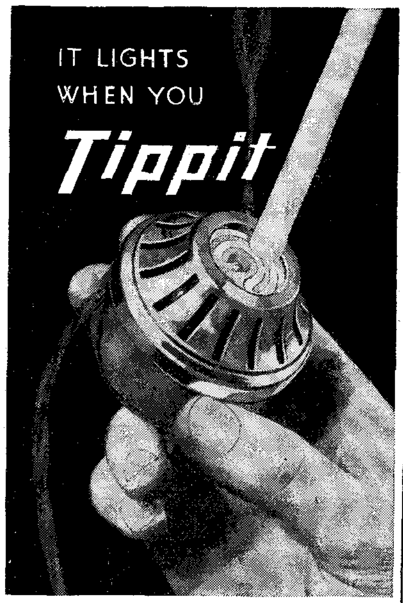
With a full load cruising speed of 110 miles an hour, the "S-38" Amphibion cuts ordinary travel time in half. Yet the ship is so stable and comfortable it gives one the sense of complete relaxation usually associated with a deep leather chair at the club. Two Pratt & Whitney "Wasp" engines of 420 H. P. each provide a wealth of reserve power. The ship can fly and maneuver on either engine.

Every bay, harbor and lake is a landing field for the "S-38," and it requires only a touch of a control to drop the wheels and convert her to a splendid landplane. Many executives in business and industry whose wide interests force them to spend many hours a week in travel have found the way to effect a 75% saving in time . . . and double their travel pleasure . . . by using the luxurious Sikorsky Amphibion. An unusually attractive folder has just been issued, describing this ship. May we send you a copy? Sikorsky Aviation Corporation, Bridgeport, Connecticut. Division of United Aircraft & Transport Corporation.

This 10-passenger Sikorsky Amphibion used by Mr. Dahlberg in keeping in touch with his widespread business interests, is powered with two 420 H.P. Pratt & Whitney "Wasp" engines, and can fly and maneuver on either engine



SIKORSKY AMPHIBION



TIPPIT, ladies and gentlemen, is the name of the new and improved automatic electric lighter—most appropriately named because TIPPIT lights only when you tip it! Simple, sensible, and safe. *After using, just put it down*—carelessly, if you are in a hurry. TIPPIT is so balanced that it automatically rights itself and shuts off the current.

. . . **TIPPIT** is a handsome piece of electrical equipment, a household necessity, and a valuable accessory in every well-appointed business office, club, and hotel. A novel gift, a wonderful bridge prize, and a welcome birthday present to any one. For your own use or for some one else, TIPPIT flatters your taste and discrimination.

. . . **TIPPIT** is made with a genuine Bakelite base in black, walnut, mahogany, or Chinese lacquer red . . . with caps of 14 karat goldplate, bronze, or chromium, and with an 8-ft. cord in colors to match. Just plug in on any ordinary electric socket, either AC or DC (110-125 volts) and it is ready for instant use when you tip it. On sale in the better department stores, specialty and gift shops, and electrical and tobacco shops—or directly from the manufacturers.

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pythons in the centre cage. This snake, the Doctor explained, arrived at the Zoo one day in a satchel, carried by a lady snake-charmer who said she wanted to get rid of it.

"What's the matter with it?" he had asked.

"It's in perfect health," the lady had replied, "but what about *me*? I can't lift it any more. My health is breaking down."

As the door at the rear of the cage opened, disclosing Toomey with his fat red hen, the python raised its head and began to climb slowly from the tank. Toomey chucked it under the chin with his stick, and the python, angry, lunged at the keeper, so that Toomey had to withdraw hastily and close the door for a minute. When he cautiously opened it again, the big snake, half in and half out of the tank, kept his eye fixed on the keeper. Toomey threw the hen to the floor. The python never winced or moved. It was watching Toomey and the door. Man was an enemy; doors were a way out.

Toomey was careful. If the python got out, it would be the devil's own job getting him back again. The red hen was touching the python's body. Toomey reached in with his stick. A sudden thrust, and he made the hen wiggle. The snake still watched Toomey, not the hen, and then began to make a long tedious circuit of his cage.

"Try him as he comes round again."

The snake inched along, menacing. Again Toomey wiggled the hen, tantalizingly. This time the python answered. There was a gleam of shining coils, a flash of savage fury, and then a terrible convulsion as the neck of the snake wound itself, with the speed of a lariat, around the prey. It was as though the snake had done a half somersault, but much quicker than any somersault could ever be turned. The snake's own head had gone out of sight under its neck coils, and the chicken had gone almost out of sight in the knotted loop.

"There," said the Doctor, with a tone of satisfaction. "It'll constrict the hen that way for five or ten minutes, then it'll start to search for the hen's head. It has to eat a hen head first, otherwise everything would go wrong—wings would stick, legs would stick, get all mixed up."

WE returned in ten minutes to see the banquet. The snake's head was now visible. It was weaving about slowly, seeking the head of the chicken

Colored broadcloth

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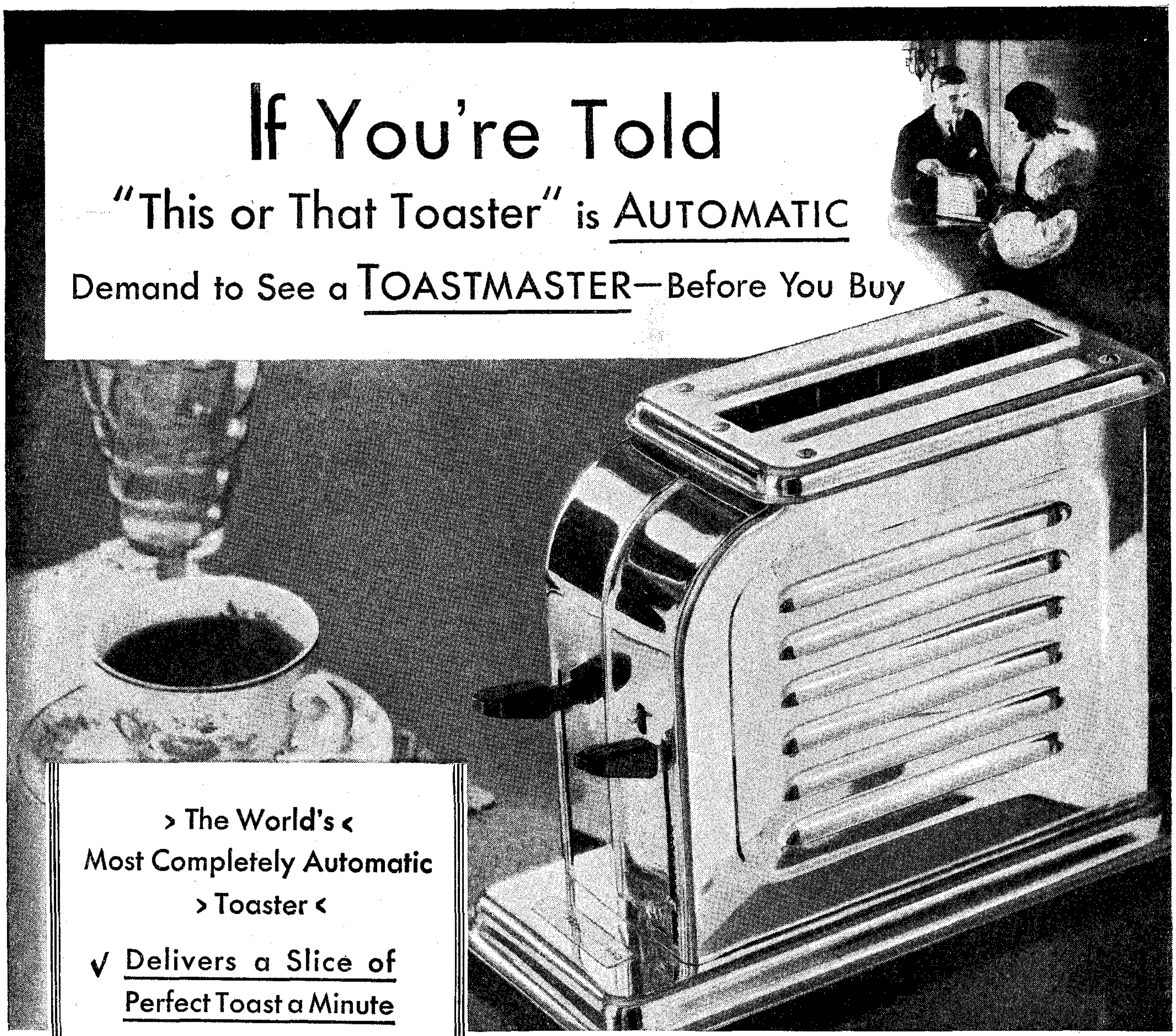

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Demand to See a TOASTMASTER—Before You Buy

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✓ Delivers a Slice of Perfect Toast a Minute

✓ No Watching, Turning or Burning . . .

ALL TOASTMASTERS NOW CHROMIUM-PLATED—NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

TOASTMASTER is its name and it is the most completely automatic toaster in the world. More are bought on *direct comparison,* every day, than all other quality toasters combined. Please remember this.

In justice to yourself, before you buy a toaster, find out how the Toastmaster works. Compare it with any other toaster claiming "automatic" features. It will change your previous ideas of what a toaster should be.

Protected by rigid U. S. Patents, there is no other toaster like it. It is so *completely automatic* that it even discharges the toast when done—and then shuts off its own current.

No Watching—Can't Burn

You read or leave the room while it toasts. You don't watch it. You don't turn it. It won't burn. It makes toasting as quick and easy as turning on an electric switch.

All you do is slip in a piece of bread, set a lever at the precise shade of toast you want—and leave the room if you like. In a few seconds there's a POP!—and a perfect piece of toast *automatically* discharged from the toaster.

It's a revelation in speedy toasting. And, too, by toasting both sides at once, all the flavor is sealed in. Deliciously moist and tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside.

Go to any store or electrical supply company throughout the United States and Canada and see how the Toastmaster works. You will understand why in three years Toastmaster has outsold all less modern toasters. Today over 500,000 homes are using it.

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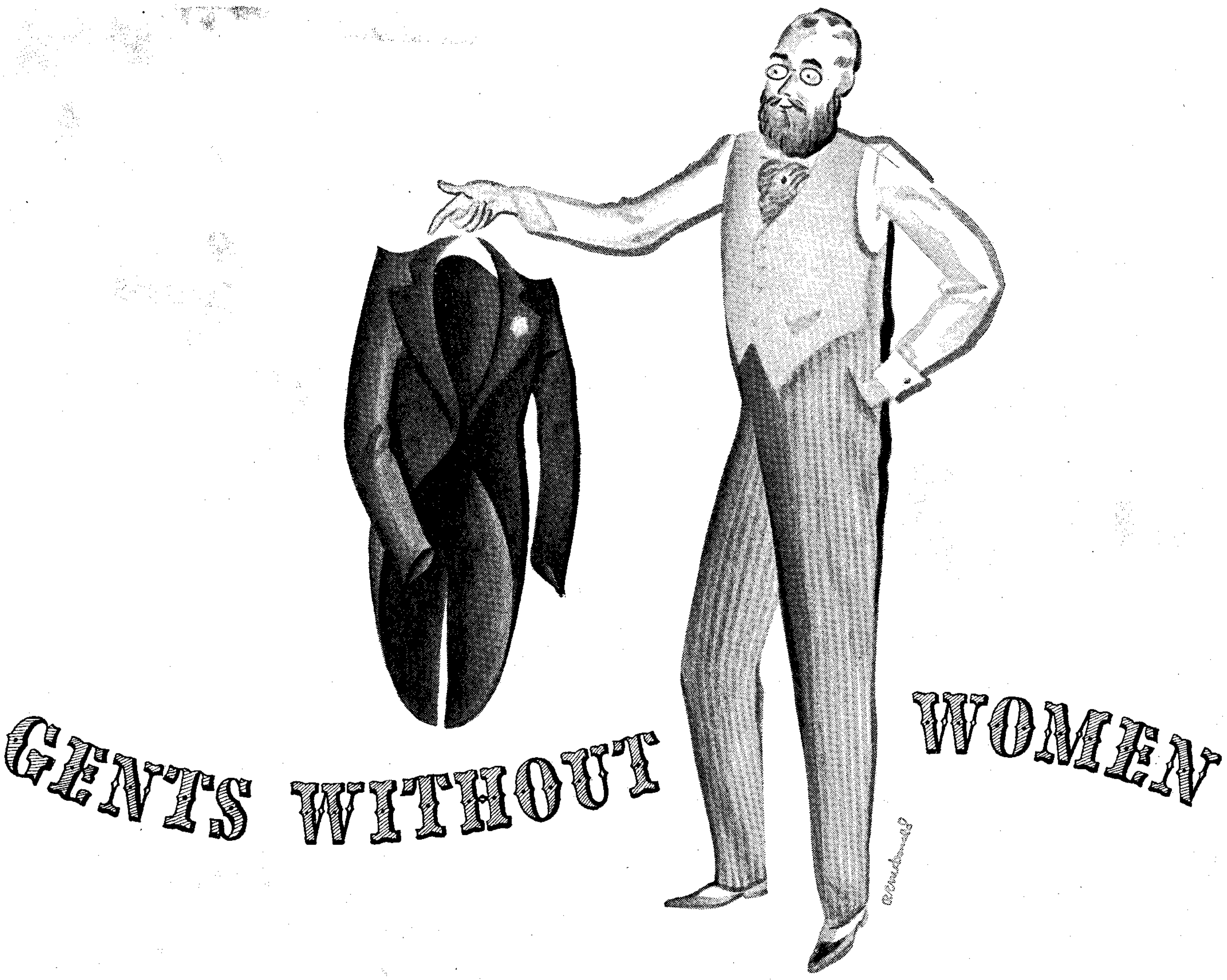

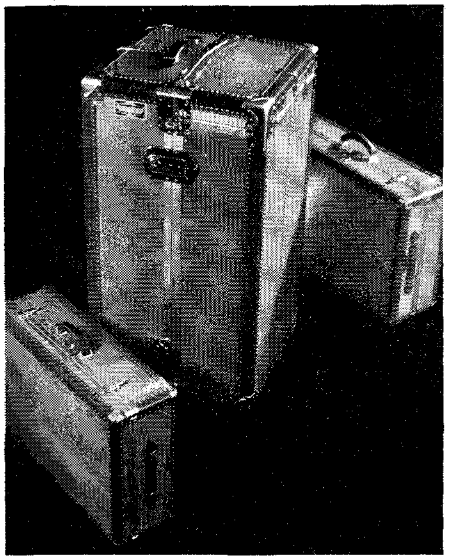

The "Dust-proof" Wardrobe Trunk is in Scotch tweed duck and Tomahawk-red identification striping. All sizes from $85 to $120. Others from $40 to $400.

Cases to match hold 4 suits or 12 costumes on hangers and accessories in trays. Fit under Pullman seat. Priced at $45. Others from $15 to $135.

are getting on very nicely, thank you, in their traveling these days. And manage to come down to tiffin—two hours, two weeks or two months away from home—quite as impeccable as though their wives or valets or what-not had just given a last solicitous look to their braces and gardenias. Sans wrinkles in their morning coats and bosoms—feeling ineffably well groomed and fit for any drawing-room diversion—as every gent away from home should feel . . . And the reason for all this felicity is so near to seek—Mendel Luggage, nothing more—that paragon of luggage which is so ingeniously contrived for the wardrobes of Vagabondia. It is the *dust-proof* and *warp-proof* luggage whose refreshingly dapper appearance has attracted you as you have passed it in the better department stores and shops. Ask about it the next time you are in.

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MENDEL TRUNX
DUST-PROOF WARP-PROOF

which it held so tightly in its own vice. Soon it found what it wanted, opened its mouth, and began the long process of working its jaws around its victim. As it made progress on the chicken's body, its great cheeks swelling and heaving, it never relinquished the grip of constriction. Occasionally, however, with great care it would release another section of the hen from its coils, and then, when that had been enveloped in its mouth, would release some more.

SNAKES, on the whole, eat very little. The three great pythons in the centre cage will eat two or three chickens each, or one small pig, and then not eat again for ten days. The smaller snakes are fed every two or three days, according to their size and habits. Toomey keeps as careful a record of what he feeds his charges as a hospital nurse might. Feeding can't be done in a hit-or-miss fashion, because snakes in captivity sometimes starve themselves if they are left to their own whims. Naturally inactive, they are fairly happy on an empty stomach. Toomey also keeps a chart of the snakes' sheddings. This is far more important, even, than eating. Snakes die immediately if they fail to shed their skin when the time comes. As the time for shedding approaches, the snake's eyes become smoky, then they turn blue and look like pearls. Suddenly, with almost no warning, the eyes clear, and an oily secretion comes out all over the snake's body. This is when Toomey begins to watch. Unless the snake starts to shed—which it accomplishes by rubbing itself along the ground and pushing the old dead skin back—drastic measures are taken. The snake is removed from its cage and soaked overnight in an ashcan containing water. If this fails to loosen the skin and start the shedding operation, then Toomey begins to poke the skin off with a small bristly rod, which, in the case of a deadly snake like the Fer de Lance, is presumably a very amusing pastime. Dr. Ditmars says, however, that the snake usually rather likes to be rubbed, when in this state, and sometimes even thrusts its head gently back and forth, helpfully, as a dog does when you stroke its neck. The skin comes off all in a piece, inside out—like pulling off a stocking.

Because snakes eat so little, the cost of keeping them is comparatively small. White rats and mice, guinea pigs and rabbits, are obtained from experimental laboratories. An occasional pig is

Dobbs

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A costume to keep pace with modern femininity . . . A coat dress whose combined smartness results in individual chic. The cape coat in an unusual basket weave wool crepe, lined in the fine flat crepe of the frock, is so beautifully tailored that you will immediately claim its possibilities for variation with other smart dresses.

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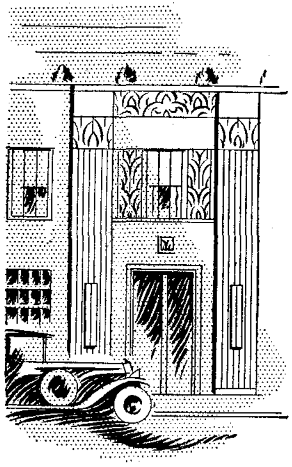

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bought from a piggery in Eastchester, dirt cheap. (Pigs are nice for snakes because they are shaped like torpedoes, and slide down easily.) The chickens used are tough old birds from street markets, costing almost nothing. Common rats and mice, trapped in other houses in the Zoo, are also used.

THERE have been great nights in the snake house. There was the night when the mysterious attempt was made to steal a cobra: the thieves, working very cleverly and with evident preparation, bored a hole in the glass front of the cage and tried, by means of a specially jointed stick, to seize the deadly snake and stow it in a violin case. No one knows what they wanted with it. Cobras are not particularly valuable, and the presumption is that the reptile was wanted by someone who contemplated murder. And there was the night when the two biggest pythons in the centre cage got out. They glided through the door, when the keeper entered to feed them, and began fighting over a chicken, right in the middle of the floor. The keeper was all alone. Each python was about twenty feet long, and together they weighed hundreds of pounds. Either could have strangled the life out of the man. Not wanting his boss to come down in the morning and find the two biggest pythons out, the keeper set to work and tried to push the snakes back in. It was a pretty lonely fight—lonely and uphill. Literally uphill, because the cage was two feet higher than the floor. After he had pushed for a while, in the fearful reptilian gloom, he gave that up, fetched planks, and tried prying. Always he had to be on guard lest one of the snakes strike. He would get them almost inside, when a great shining coil that he had delicately balanced over the door sill would lose its balance and flop down again, carrying another twelve or fourteen feet of snake with it. Finally he had the idea of moving the chicken and not the snakes. He threw the chicken back in, and as dawn came into the sky, the snakes went home. —E. B. W.

•

THE VOICE THAT BREATHED O'ER EDEN

[*Adv. in the Nashville Tennesseean*]

AN ARCHITECT will build you a house, an interior decorator will make of it a joy to behold, a landscape gardener will build a miniature park around it but for the final touch that makes of it a home—let us furnish that—A baby milk goat.—MC'S EDEN KENNELS, Franklin, Tenn.

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As Reported by ALVIN AUSTIN

Reuben Reuben I've Been Thinking
How I Love your Sandwiches-
Willie Howard

willie howard:

Mr. Howard could, if the melody permitted, add a dithyramb or two about our chef's Haricot of Spring Lamb Printanière, of different tempo, but equally worthy of a roundelay from the pastoral Mr. Howard.

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Gertrude Lawrence

Versatile, talented Miss Lawrence, who does everything except the adagio numbers, finds that oven baked mushrooms and chopped chicken livers, done in the inimitable Reuben manner, are munificent compensation for the strenuous labors of a hard working International star.

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"Sonny Boy" was a bad song
but it made me money enough
to be able to afford to eat in
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Buddy DeSylva

This member of that outstanding team, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, writers of the world's best musical comedies and songs, will have his little joke. He knows, as well as you do, that New York's biggest buy is Reuben's celebrated One Dollar luncheon, a complete course meal. (Pardon the adv.)

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HOCKEY

Johnson's Jaw—Vail for Boucher—First Hints of Spring—By Default

WHEN hockey players get a day off they go and hang around a rink. The whole Rangers team was in the promenade the other day at noon when Hoosac School played Storm King. They called suggestions to the kids on the ice, shook their heads over bad tactics, pointed out bits of comedy, applauded goals, leaned forward in their seats when it looked as though someone were going to score. They got a great laugh when a substitute goalie came out wearing an enormous nose-guard and a helmet. That kid was the first goalie who ever wore a nose-guard in the Garden.

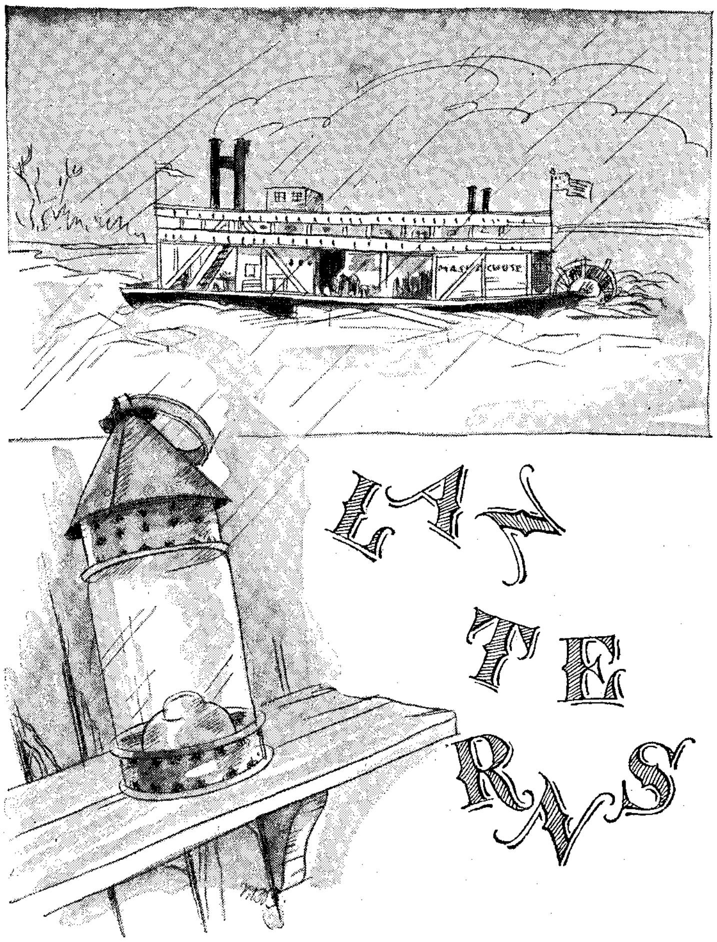
Not that we deplore his caution. Sporting-goods firms have been trying for years to get goalies to use head-protection, but the pros disdain such effeminate devices. When old Clint Benedict, veteran Maroon goalie recently replaced by Flat Walsh, had a mask made in hope of keeping from further punishment a nose which has been broken half a dozen times, opposing teams tried to kick his mask off whenever they caught him in a jam in front of his net. One evening, after a jam in which seven or eight players took spills, the referee cleared the ice and found Benedict lying on the puck. The mask had been kicked flat against the goalie's face, and underneath it Benedict's nose was broken once more.

THE memory of what happened to Benedict made Ching Johnson a little selfconscious when he posed in the Rangers' dressing-room to be photographed in the jaw-protector he wore Sunday night. The photograph was lying on Jersey Jones' desk in the Garden, and Johnson studied it for several seconds in silence. Paul Thompson took a look at it over his shoulder, and appeared to be frightened.

"What's the matter?" demanded Johnson.

"It scared me, Ching, until I recognized you, that's all. You looked something like Father Time—you can see it yourself, around the jawline there. What's that you got in your hand—a scythe?"

Johnson ignored further comments



The quaint but gallant old lantern you see here was perched on a cabin shelf of the good packet Massachusetts which carried that never-to-be-forgotten author, Charles Dickens, from Springfield to Hartford on the Connecticut River when he visited America years and years ago. And, no doubt, in years to come, our children will have recourse to the old files of The Sun to gain the delight which we of today experience in reading of old associations and rare objects in the Saturday Antiques and Interior Decorations pages. Incomparable chronicles of undying interest.

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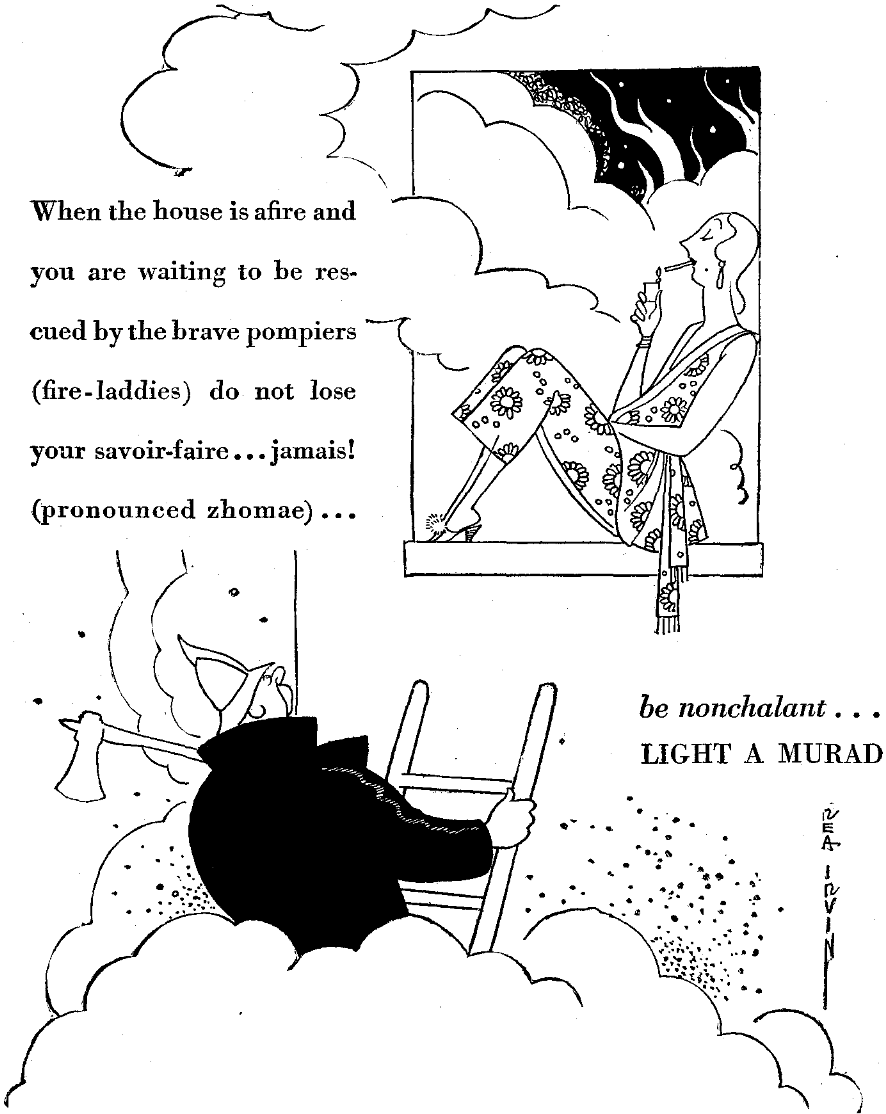
on the photograph. He sat around quietly, letting others do the talking; now and then his eyes closed and he appeared to be dozing. It is said in the Rangers' camp that when Johnson starts to take catnaps in public he is feeling in good shape.

THE worst luck of the year for the Rangers was Frank Boucher's getting hurt against the Canadiens. Burke, who upset him, thought his own shoulder was gone and skated over to the bench; Frank stood up as though nothing had happened, explaining afterwards that his arm only seemed a little numb. He went through two more plays, and finding the arm still lifeless and hard to move went out and let Doc Claus look at it. There is no possibility now of his being in the playoffs. He will be lucky to get the torn muscles and ligaments back to their full strength in time for practice in the fall.

Sparky Vail will replace Boucher in the first line. Lester Patrick doesn't want to break up the second line, which has been working together so well all season: taking Vail out of the third is the best he can do. Vail has plenty of nerve and speed. With his long, wide, pale face, his long, loose-jointed legs and arms, his tough yet spindling body, he made a hit with the local crowd the first night he played on the team. He looked absurd—apparently a typical rookie, built in the worst possible way for a hockey player and fated accordingly to go back to the minors after a brief tryout; but Vail got hold of the puck that night and skated the length of the rink to score the winning goal of a tough game.

DOPING the Rangers as Stanley Cup winners seems less reasonable now that they are without Boucher's generalship, but you never can tell about that team. They were a joke when Hammond organized them in the summer of 1926. Now they are in the playoffs for the fourth consecutive time, and they have won a Stanley Cup. We will avoid comparing them with the Americans, yet it is a fact that Dwyer's bunch, after a terrible start, put on in the last month of the season—and in last place—better hockey than any other team in the league. They couldn't get anywhere, but they could build up a public for next year, make people respect them, wipe out the stigma of their defeats in the early season. Always at their best against strong teams, and apt to be shiftless



LE MOMENT TENDU
[THE TENSE MOMENT]

When the house is afire and you are waiting to be rescued by the brave pompiers (fire-laddies) do not lose your savoir-faire . . . jamais! (pronounced zhomae) . . .

be nonchalant . . .
LIGHT A MURAD

pronounced perfect by discriminating smokers

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against weak ones, they can be counted on to beat Boston any time they want. They did it in the Garden, at very long odds, and last week in Boston, after beating the Blackhawks here on Sunday, they did it again—this time with an overtime goal, after one questionable score had irritated Eddie Shore so much that he took a poke at the goal judge and was fined twenty-five dollars.

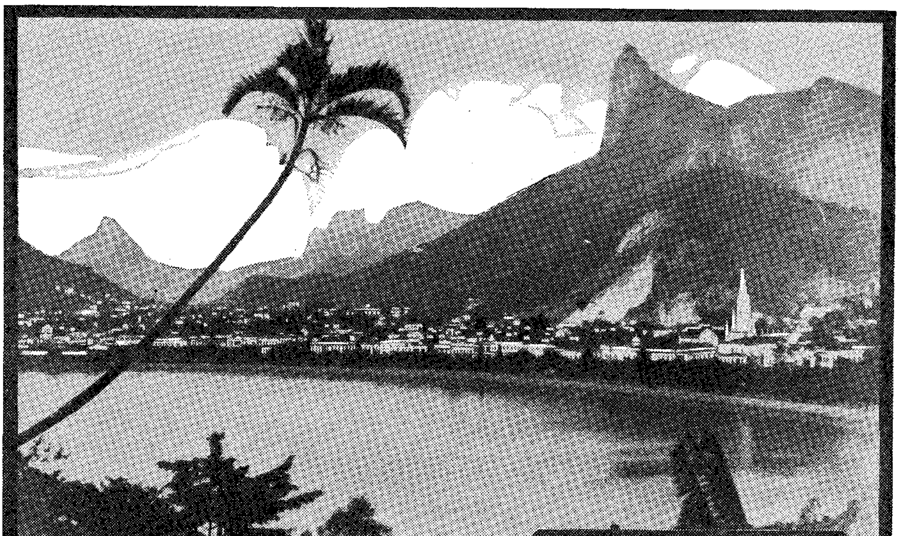
SHORE'S flurry of temper was a hint of spring. This is the season when spare wingers suddenly develop into scorers, and win games that seemed lost—when brown spots like mildew push through the ice of the rinks, brought out by the heat; and when star players, usually imperturbable, start swinging their fists. Like Shore, Howie Morenz of the Canadiens got sore with everyone the other night. He played a great game, as he always does when he gets excited enough: it was the old Morenz, the fastest skater in hockey, a little heavier now, but more dangerous and reckless than ever. His work put the Canadiens in position for the tying goal they got over in the last minute of the last period, in spite of the way Vail skated him off. Morenz was wild to get Vail. He socked him with his knee and elbow along the Eighth Avenue boards, and risked a fine by offering an unsolicited résumé of the referee's ancestry as he skated toward the penalty box.

Minor-league players show the strain of the late season more than the big-timers. In the International and Can-Am leagues, where even the quietest nights are fairly turbulent, policemen get on the ice in game after game to straighten out minor points of refereeing. In Canada the Calgary Juniors won the kid championship of Alberta because, when they played off against the Kenora Thistles of Thunder Bay, the Thistles demanded a hometown referee and forfeited a game, with a big crowd waiting to see it, rather than play under the referee assigned by the league. With no one against them, the Calgary Juniors skated down the ice and pushed two goals into the unguarded net, claiming the game by default. —N. B., JR.

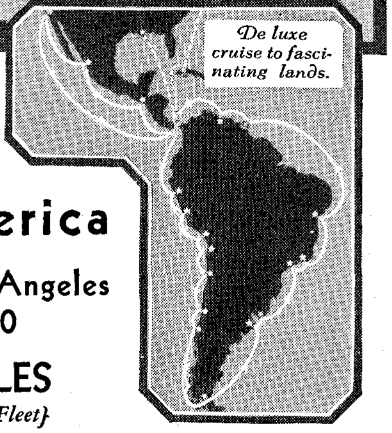
•

WHALEN RETURNS IN COAT OF TAN
READY TO DEAL WITH ANY COMMUNIST
TROUBLE-MAKERS ON THURSDAY
—SHOT A SHARK
—*Headline in the Sun.*

Sounds overtrained to us.



Ocean Front View of Rio de Janeiro



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Greta Garbo Speaking— Tears and Laughter

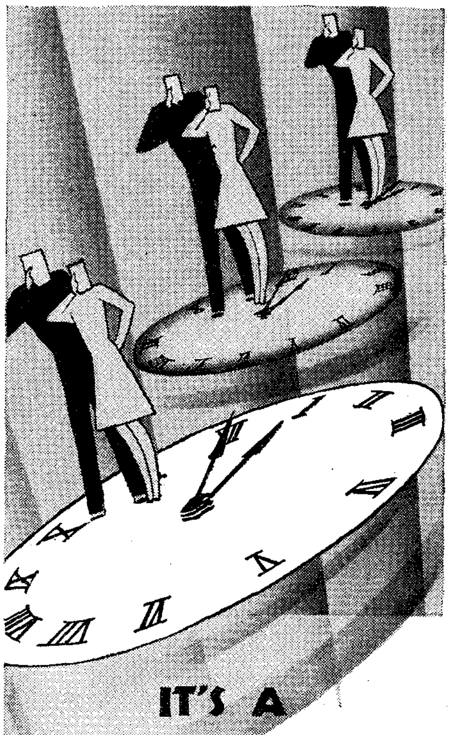
ABOUT Greta Garbo there appears to be growing a special kind of glamour. The legend spreads, uncanny in the career of a movie star, that she avoids publicity. She is even said to have refused an interview.

This phenomenal character has just appeared in her first talkie, which happens to be a screen version of Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie."

HER voice comes, I think, somewhat as a surprise. It's a deep, low voice, a boy's voice really, rather flat, rather toneless, yet growing more attractive as the picture advances and you become somewhat accustomed to it. Of course in this part—the part of a miserable Swedish girl, daughter of the captain of a coal barge—this voice is suitable, as is the Swedish accent, which may well be Greta Garbo's own natural accent.

Like her voice her performance is subdued, which is in its way effective. She doesn't give Anna the reality and force that Pauline Lord did on the stage, nor does she improve on Blanche Sweet's interpretation in the silent film of some years ago. Miss Garbo's conspicuous asset on the screen is a drawback to the reality of this story. It is implausible that a woman so markedly beautiful should have had such an extraordinarily difficult time. The social system as we know it offers women of flawless appearance and definite charm havens more attractive than coal barges.

The sombre outline of the story depends for relief on Marie Dressler as Marthy, the sodden tramp, in her worn navy sweater and her grotesque hat with its nodding bluets, who has been the old sea captain's light o' love. Miss Dressler is gorgeous in the part, too extravagant possibly, yet the rowdy humor is welcome in a picture so fundamentally grim. The need for this livelier note must have been felt by the directors, I think, as almost the first half hour of the film is given up to her, before Greta Garbo's appearance.



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THE ROOSEVELT

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET

UNITED HOTELS

Charles Bickford, as Matt, and George Marion, as Chris, are both excellent, and the settings on the barge and along the waterfront of the East River are done with taste, the emphasis being retained upon the characters and the plot, not upon the pictorial commonplace possibilities of a storm at sea. It is a picture of his play that Eugene O'Neill, I should think, would approve.

THE John McCormack public, more susceptible to the tears-and-laughter of life than Greta Garbo's, will no doubt be ravished by "Song o' My Heart," at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. Even more acid temperaments, moreover, will be surprised to find that they like the picture. It's the conventional story of a little Irish village, and of a benevolent musical genius there who suddenly gets an engagement on the concert stage in America, thus securing the funds needed to save the situation back home. The photography and the direction are unusually good, and Mr. McCormack's songs come pleasantly over the movietone. There are charming children in the film, and scenes of the Irish village which might be used to divert tourist trade toward this slighted island.

IN the new Ruth Chatterton picture, "Sarah and Son," the emoluments of a musical career also help to save the situation. The story is fairly interesting, lacking the vitality, though, to be really worthy of Miss Chatterton's ability. It sags a little, possibly because the action is sprawled over too many years, and because the climax at the end is not convincing. It deals with a woman whose son is taken from her by her husband, and adopted by people of wealth. It is her search for her boy that makes the plot; and the climax, when the child instinctively turns from his foster mother to this woman whom he does not remember, seems romantic.

I THOUGHT for a moment that "Mamba," at the Gaiety, was going to be good drama, but suddenly in the middle it went all to pieces and nothing was left but a lot of claptrap involving the war, a revolt of savages in Africa, and heroics, in this case tedious—as heroics can be. —J. C. M.

•

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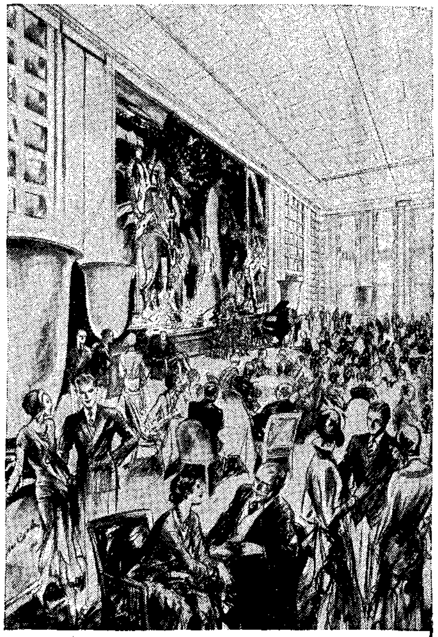

Salon Mixte of the "Ile de France" at tea hour

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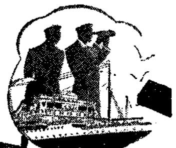

French Line

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ON HIS HANDS

SLOANE slouched back in his chair and regarded his demi-tasse, the while he paused in his narrative. He was pensive. He bit his lower lip and slowly shook his head.

"So I think the poor kid liked me pretty much," said Sloane.

His companion was impressed and sympathetic. "It certainly sounds that way, Tod," said Blakely. "I think I know how you feel. I know I—"

Sloane disregarded Blakely's comment. "She said she'd resign from college and marry me right away," Sloane went on. "She told me that when I had her down for the Navy game. Yep. Even then she wanted to quit college. Which, of course, would have meant my quitting too. But I'm not the kind of a guy to wreck two lives that way. I mean to say, what would we have lived on? If the family stopped my allowance now, why I wouldn't have a cent till I'm twenty-one, see?"

"Yeah," said Blakely, "that's the hell of it. I know I practically had—"

"So I didn't want to get off on the wrong foot about this thing and wreck two lives. This love-in-a-cottage stuff is swell—if you have the cottage. But for God's sake, I owe Wetzel four hundred dollars, and around college I owe another four hundred dollars or five hundred dollars. See, it wouldn't have been fair to myself, and it wouldn't have been fair to this poor kid. I couldn't earn my living right off the bat. There wasn't any use making us both unhappy on account of money. So I figured out, why not take a look at her family? Get the dope on what kind of people she comes from. Then if they looked O.K., why I could talk to my Old Man and maybe they'd let us get married and give us something to start on."

"That was sensible," said Blakely.

"Uh-huh," conceded Sloane. "So at Christmas I told the Old Man I was going out to Chicago to visit the Tuckers."

"Oh, yes. Elinor Tucker. Sure, I know Elinor. Swell girl."

SLOANE glared. "Well, yes. Not only Elinor, though. The whole family. My Old Man and Mr. Tucker went to college together, and I went to prep school with Brick Tucker. So I said I was going out there and I wired Brick all about what I was going to do, so he wouldn't spill the beans, and off I went to Dayton,

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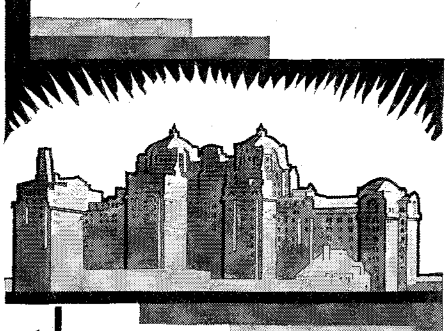

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Ohio." Sloane smiled reminiscently and shook his head.

"Well, she met me at the station, in a 1921 Pierce limousine. That was a pretty good start, because no damn *nouveau-riche* family has a 1921 Pierce limousine. They'd have a brand-new shiny wagon, all brass. So that old Pierce was a good sign. But still there was that unfortunate name. You couldn't tell if she was one of the real old German families or just a pork-packer's daughter.

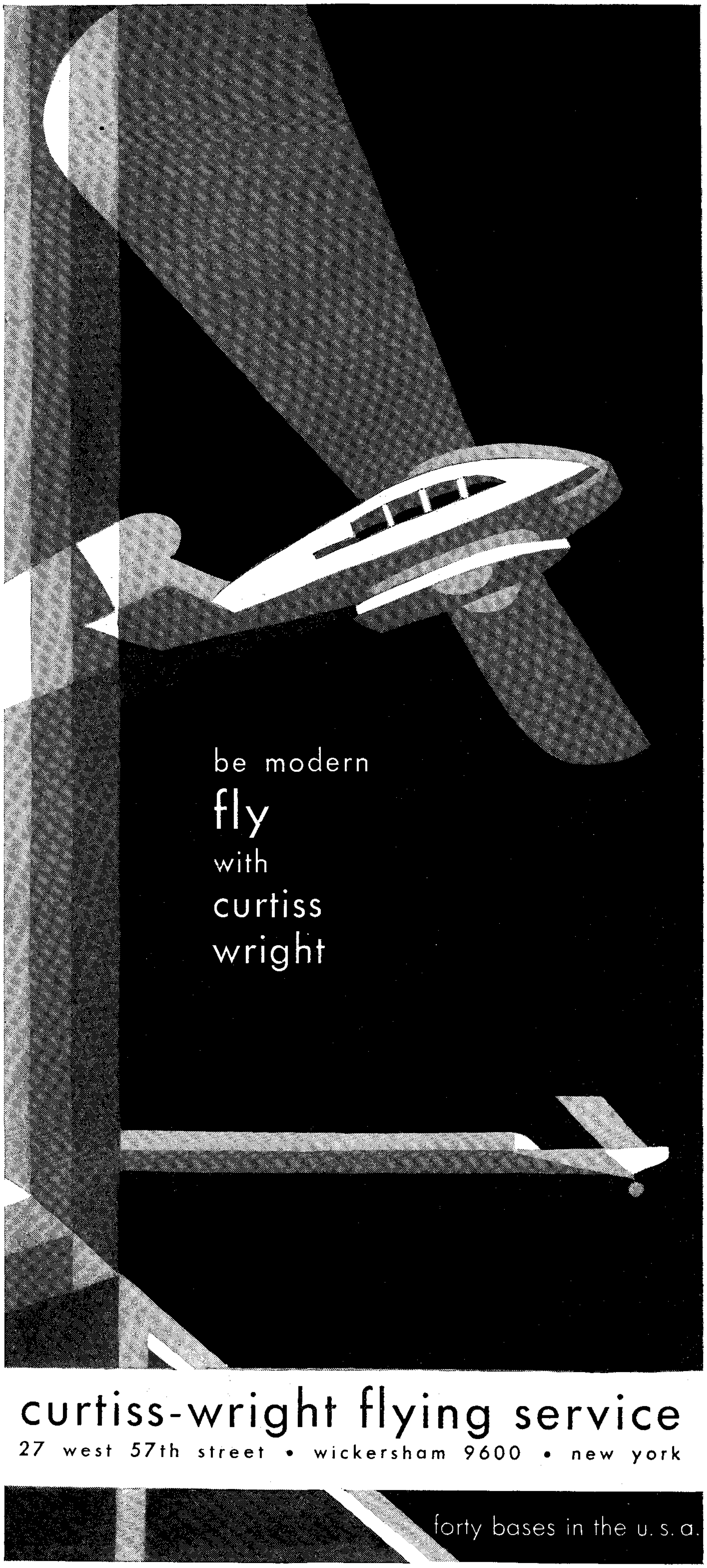
"Anyhow, it was about three in the afternoon, and we drove out to the country club, instead of going right to her house. We had quite a scene. Poor kid.

"Then we went to her house to dress for some party. The little I saw of the house was O.K. Nice furniture and nice magazines lying around and so on. But I didn't see anybody but her father. Her mother was at a bridge and her kid sister was at dancing school. Which didn't prove anything, because out there every respectable kid in town gets invited to dancing school. But her father was the guy that had me guessing.

"I met him just as I came downstairs. The babe was still dressing, so when I went in the library her father was there. He looked up and smiled and reached out his paw and said, 'Hello there, my boy. You're the Tod Sloane I've been hearing so much about.' So he told me to sit down and asked me if I wanted a drink or a butt. Made me feel at home. We talked about nothing particular, but he kept up that 'my boy' stuff. Why, my Old Man never called me 'my boy' in his whole life. Gauss calls me 'my boy' when he's on the verge of firing me the hell out of college. But I couldn't dope this guy. I thought maybe the babe maybe dropped a hint that we were going to get married, but I couldn't be sure.

"WELL, I didn't find out much more. The babe's father went to M.I.T., which might make him a Cabot or an ironworker, and I didn't have the nerve to ask where he went to prep school. Then the kid herself appeared and we went to this party.

"The party didn't prove anything either. It was a swell party. Good food, and champagne—which I never touch—and a good band. Saw a couple people from Princeton but nobody I really knew. The right kind of people were nice to the kid and she was cut in on all the time, but that only proved something I know, namely,



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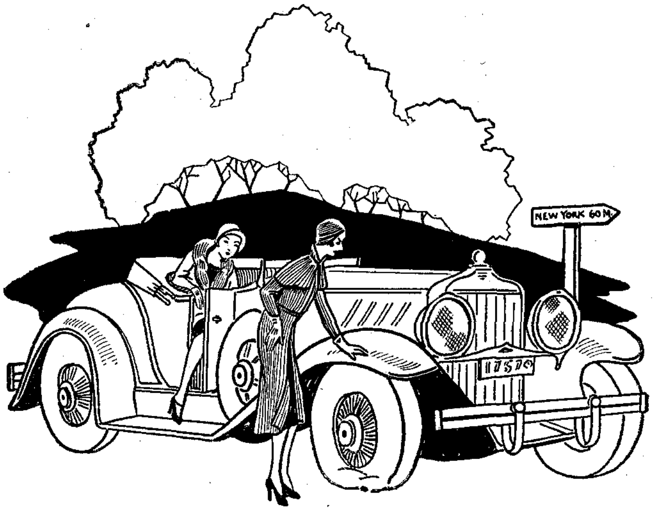
NEW YORK 60 M.

A LADY WHO DRIVES HERSELF

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SILK-EZE
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that she is a damned attractive babe. Why else would I bother with her?

"I stayed in dear old Dayton, Ohio, two days, and if you must know, didn't learn a god-damn thing. Of course, then I had to go to Chicago because that's where I told the family I was going.

"Don't let anybody kid you about Chicago. It's a swell Princeton town, Chicago. Naturally I played around with Elinor Tucker while I was there. Then I came back to New York until college opened, meanwhile writing to the babe in Dayton and she writing to me. We planned to meet in New York either in January, if she could make it, or February.

"WELL, one thing and another came up and we didn't get to see each other in New York. I think the poor kid sort of suspected that I wasn't so sure about her family. In any case, the whole affair just dwindled away to nothing. I haven't laid eyes on her since I was in Dayton. And who do you think I've been seeing every time I get up to New York? . . . Elinor Tucker! Absolutely. She's going to a Miss Comstock's music school. Just an excuse to be in New York, of course."

"Elinor's in New York, eh?" Blakely asked. "Say, tell me. How's Elinor?"

Sloane looked intently, kindly at Blakely, and smiled. "Well, to tell you the truth, Blake, the first thing I know I'll have *her* on my hands!"

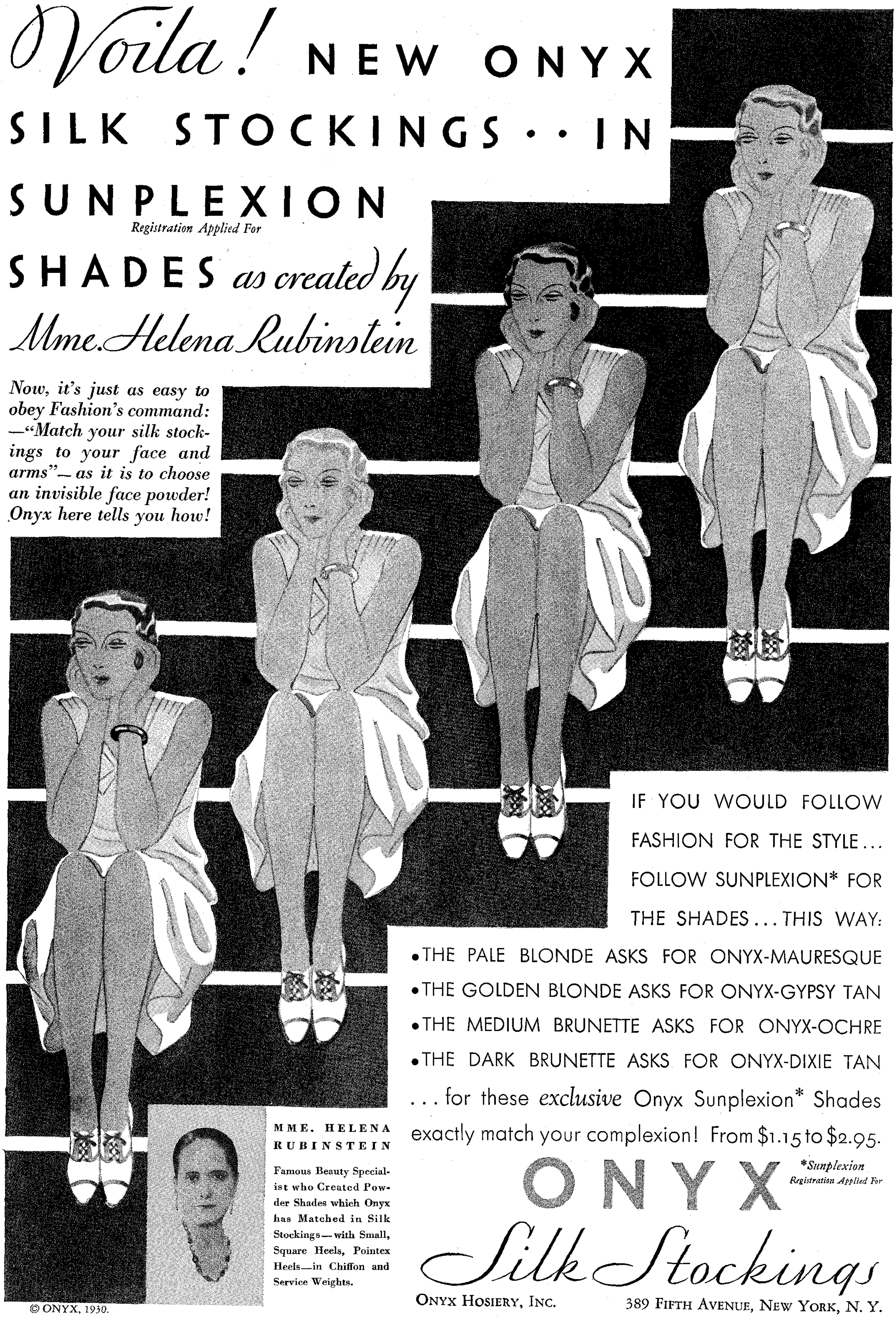
—JOHN O'HARA

●

HAT SONG

The stuff that forms our bones and nails
Crops out in houses upon snails,
Gives them a dignified appearance
In spite of minimum road clearance.
And turtles, too, by gourmets relished,
Are with cutaneous domes embellished.
If these facts signify a thing
The prestige got by purchasing
A derby hat should be enormous.
Yet ours does nothing but deform us.
Perhaps we lack the engaging air
That tortoises and limpets wear.
At any rate our hatter's error
Leaps back at us from pane and mirror,
From polished spoon and glittering pier
glass,
From parquet floor, watch case, and
beer glass.
We can no longer bear to endure
Such poignant, painful caricature.
The prestige of the derby hat
Is just for us to wonder at.

—RICHARD PECKHAM



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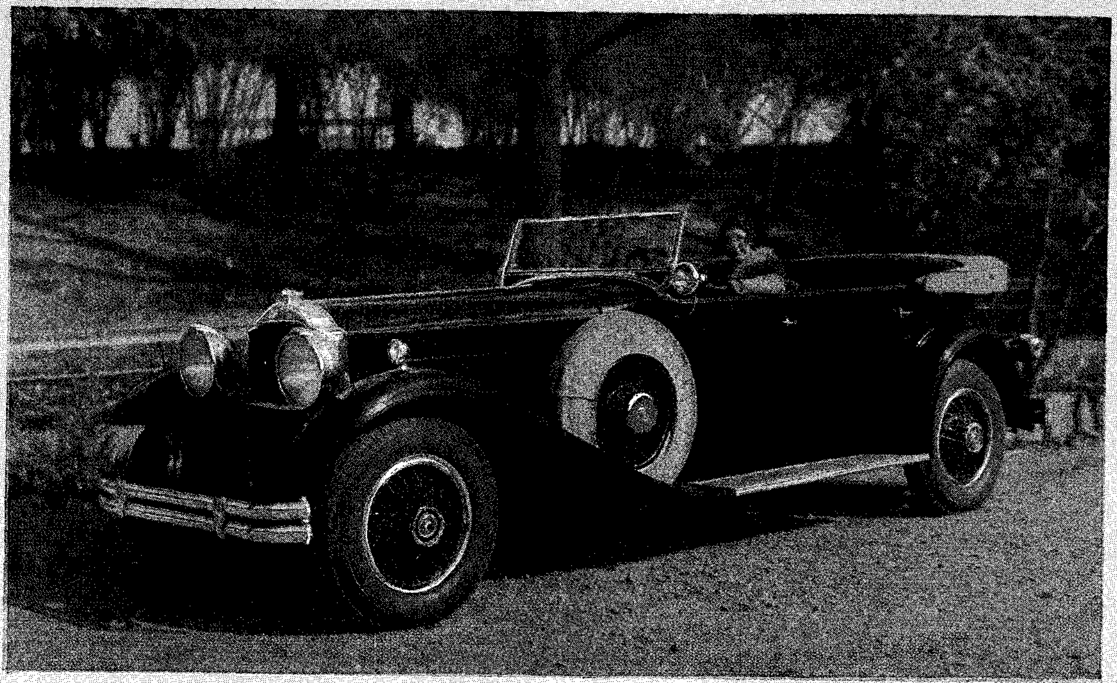

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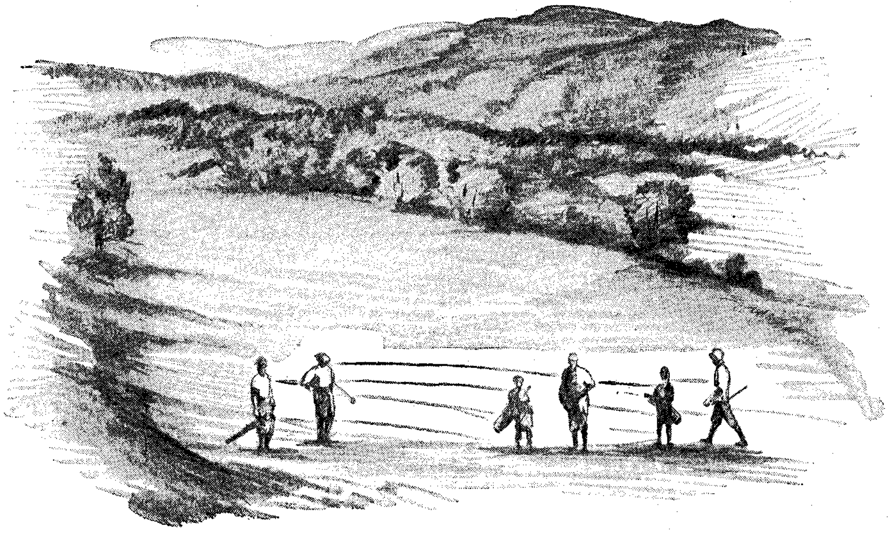
THE SKY LINE

A Cathedral of Business—Brooklyn—A Few Rooms

WE attended the formal opening of the huge Lincoln Building in Forty-second Street and were not overimpressed. The design, accredited to J. E. R. Carpenter and a host of associates, has long seemed to us totally undistinguished. We are, in fact, a bit peevish about it. The opportunity was so magnificent that we hate to see it wasted, just as we always feel a bit melancholy when we look at the New York Central Building and consider what could have been done there. One of the great architectural mysteries will always be how the Stewart Building and the New York Central Building came out of the same office. They say Whitney Warren is still trying to find out who designed the Stewart Building.

TO return to the Lincoln Building: Disappointing as the exterior, with its feeble ornament, is to us, we had hopes that the interior might be more interesting. Unfortunately, it isn't. We have no fault to find with it for not being modern; the trouble is that in its old-fashioned idiom it is extremely dull. Over the main lobby is a segmental arch, heavily coffered. The walls are marble; the grillwork of the elevators might have been copied from any one of a hundred Renaissance examples built three decades ago; and the lighting fixtures, if you can believe us, are of the ancient direct-lighting type that we had vainly hoped was extinct. The building plan is forthright, direct, and excellent—but what a pity it is that more imagination was not applied to the elevations. Even the Chrysler Building, odd and "stunty," was balm to our eyes when we came out of the Lincoln Building, which, so says its publicist, is "the Aristocrat of Buildings."

We did not leave without one thrill. On the fifty-third floor, the last elevator stop, is a glorious area pierced by the pointed Gothic windows that are the terminal element of the fenestration. The spring of the arcs starts at the floor level. They are, of course, unreasonable windows, but nevertheless strangely effective. Above them is a gallery lighted by honest openings. As it stands today, in the pure "white-coat" plaster, this is one of the most impressive cathe-



Nature's Fairy God-child

GENTLY, Nature stooped over the sleeping land. She waved a strong brown hand. "You shall have beauty," she said, "and warm, sunny days—bracing air—still, starry nights." She stopped and placed a finger on the earth: "and from your heart shall flow streams of healing waters."

So man found Virginia Hot Springs—and was refreshed. As early as 1766, a small hostelry, named The Homestead, was erected where the great modern Homestead now stands. Among its many celebrated guests, when we were still a British colony, were George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton.

Ever since, people of distinction have been coming to The Homestead—always one of the country's foremost hotels. The efficacy of the "cure" has made Virginia Hot Springs the Carlsbad of America. The spring waters are used only as they come bubbling from the earth—before exposure to the atmosphere modifies their potency. For those who want them are hydrotherapeutic treatments, baths and massage—all under the supervision of skilled physicians. Every year hundreds of guests return to business and social duties, invigorated by the mysterious powers of the waters.

To those who come for pleasure only, The Homestead offers sports suited to every temperament and strength. A brisk canter over wooded hills—leisurely golf on one of the three beautiful Homestead courses—strenuous tennis on marvelous courts—swimming in the pool where the fresh spa water gives the entire body a more healthful glow.

So man has made Nature's fairy god-child—Virginia Hot Springs—into his own special delight—at The Homestead. A well illustrated booklet will be sent you upon request. Kindly write to Christian S. Andersen, Resident Manager.

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The HOMESTEAD

Hot Springs Virginia

Summer Temperature Averages 66°

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come back by night

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And come back by night—in your private cabin—where you can lock the door, wash in hot water, read in bed—and wake from quiet sleep to find yourself in London.

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LONDON
AND NORTH EASTERN
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drals of business we have ever seen. The fact that the last lingering plasterers, repairing patches and doing the inevitable odd jobs of completion, had left their autographs, sketches, and literary tributes to the foreman, added a human touch to this otherwise chaste interior.

WE have also been to Brooklyn, lured by reports of the new St. George Hotel, or rather the revised and revamped St. George for which Winold Reiss has designed and decorated the gala rooms—ballroom, various supper-rooms, and so on. Much has been said of the ballroom and its decoration by projected light. We have not seen this in operation but can well believe it is impressive. The color range, controlled from a huge switchboard, is infinite. Combined colors in endless variety are possible and a skilled operator can "play" color symphonies for hours without repeating himself.

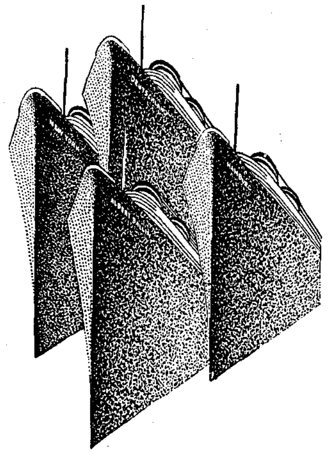
Too little has been said of the simplicity and beauty of the design itself. The stepped-back planes which lead to the ceiling, the ingenious indentations in the beams which floodlight the stark wall spaces, are highly imaginative. The room, unlighted, and in its chalk-white plaster, is very beautiful.

THE recently closed International Antiques Exposition at the Grand Central Palace was so notable an event it is a great pity that it could not have run at least two weeks. While it is not the province of this department to comment on antiques as such, some of the rooms shown may well be classified as architecture in the best sense. Particularly fine was the eighteenth-century room from Settle, in Yorkshire, shown by Arthur S. Vernay, Inc. It was a robust room of moderate ceiling height, with vigorously carved mantel and over-doors. Todhunter, Inc., had a quaint Tudor room that was apparently immensely popular.

The most interesting exhibit architecturally was an Empire antechamber, Italian in derivation, by McMillen, Inc. This was octagonal in shape, with delicate fluted columns in the reëntrant angles. Mirrors gave it spaciousness, and a fine gray marble mantel accented the side opposite the entrance. The black-and-white marble floor and the frieze above the ivory-and-gold Corinthian capitals, decorated with classic figures, gave this little room great distinction.

It was, we repeat, an amazingly fine show. We hope that next year it may be of longer duration. —T-SQUARE

A *New*
EXPRESS SERVICE *to*
FRANCE·ENGLAND·GERMANY



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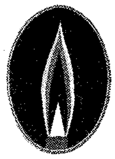
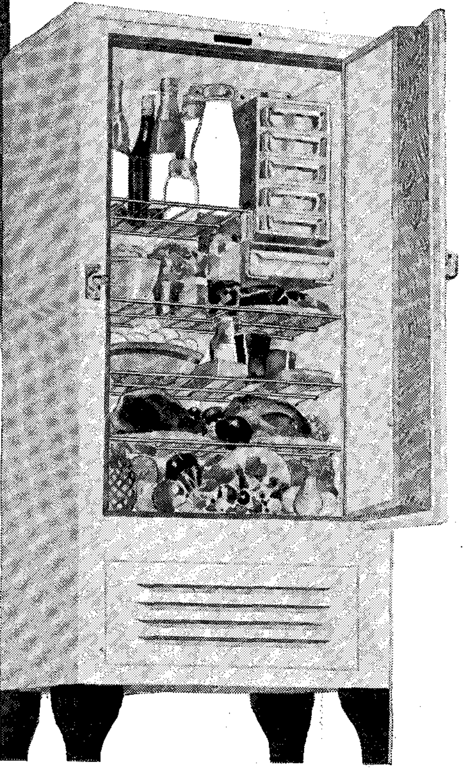


A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts



ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has 5 cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

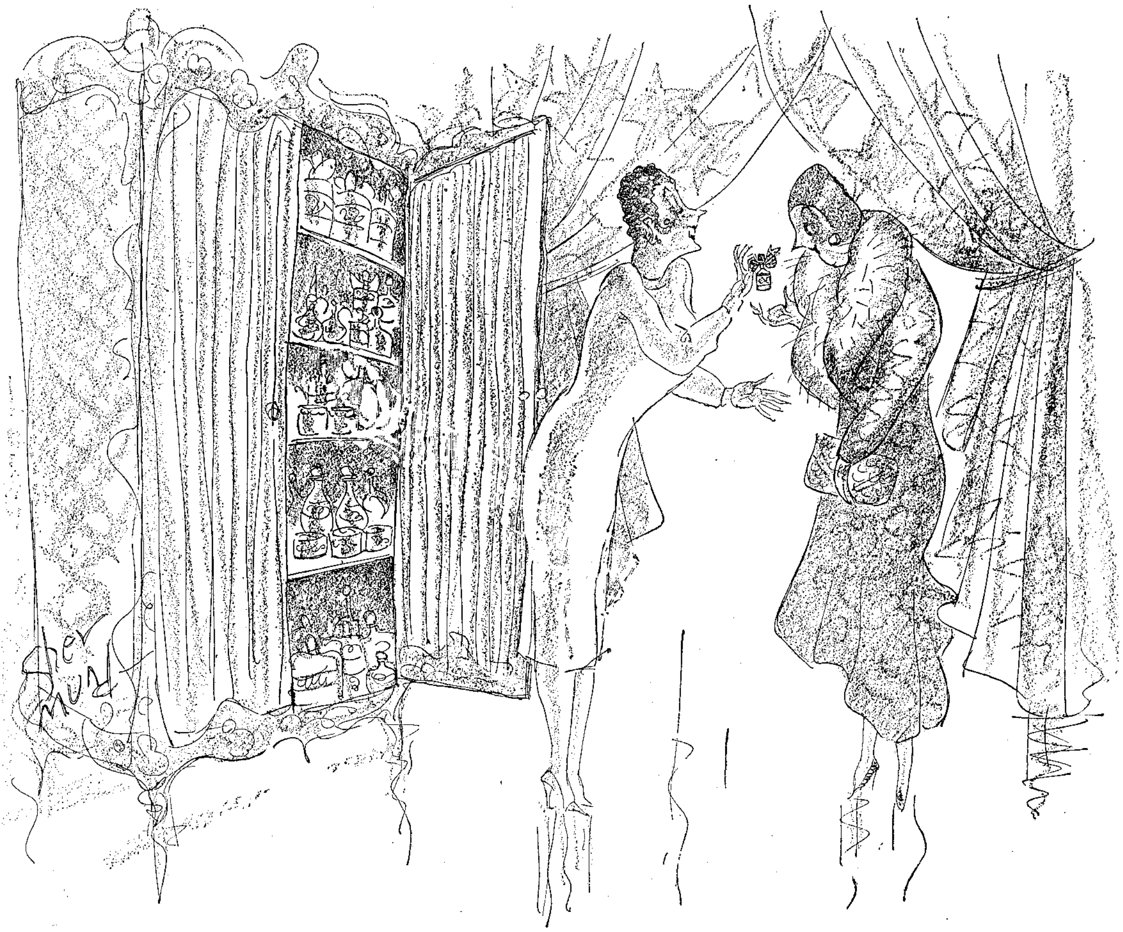
FEMININE FASHIONS

IT is high time this department fell on its face and took back all those harsh hints that Mme. Chanel was losing her grip. Her evening clothes are breath-taking this season. They use the softest and most feminine of materials, which are often reinforced with net from the knees down so that they billow without having a stiffened effect. They have belts around the normal waistline, and a cut that flatters the figure to the utmost. Most of them have fluttering, graceful scarves around the necks, to veil partially décolletages both modest and naughty. Then, she uses lots of pettiskirts—slips with deep bands of lace at the bottoms down to the ankles, which show through just a little bit.

Bonwit Teller is showing several particularly good examples of the lady's most recent contributions to art. There is one of a big gray-and-white, splashy, flower-printed chiffon over a pink foundation. On this the new Chanel trick of cutting out the flowers and applying them on the dress again for a border is used with mystifying effect on the hem, and on the edges of the drapery that ascends to the hip on one side. The slightest possible stiffening from the knees down gives a swirl to what is otherwise clinging and languorous. Chanel employs the same cutout-flower applied effect on a dinner dress of black chiffon, using it around the hips in a peplum tier and around the skirt. Then, there is a dress of black fine lace with deep black chiffon bands around it here and there. There is a high back of black lace over pink chiffon, extending downward to a point well below the waist in a very naughty way. From there a stiffened train sweeps to the floor. The dress is cut intricately through the hips in the most flattering possible manner, and sweeps backward, floating outward just a little as it nears the ankles. A spectacular dress of her new tomato-red lace has the most daring décolletage in town—a deep oval, held up by flesh shoulder-straps, and revealing practically the entire back to the waist. The bolero that starts in front very mildly turns into a deep ruffle below this expanse of brawny back, and tiers in the skirt descend to a train. Another youthful dress of black lace has a fichu scarf, a peplum composed of a gathered flounce, and a very full skirt. All of these have scarves, almost all have the pettiskirts already mentioned, and most of them have imperceptible stiffening in the skirt.

A more eccentric Chanel model, which is to be seen at Best, employs lace printed in violent red, green, or black, and other flaming-youth colors. This is a shoulder-strap dress—very simple and close to the figure—with a full skirt even all the way around. A wide band of black lace around the hips and another halfway down the full skirt are the only decoration. Here you also may track down her pink lace evening dress with a fluttering ruffle over the tips of the shoulders, another around the hips, and a series of ruffled tiers around the skirt which cause a feminine froth at the ankles.

AT Bonwit Teller you will see all kinds of other French models (they swear they are to be copied exactly) which give further intimations of activities in France. There is one of those very-bunchy-but-chic suits of knitted tweed from Lanvin, which has a collarless three-quarter jacket—tightly belted in at the waist, with a big patch pocket at the side-front—and a skirt with the sharply creased godets in front buttoned down securely. Molyneux contributes the most ravishing possible tweed coat, with an enormous brown lapin collar. Little pieces are attached to the sleeves below the shoulder and stitched down at the side-front; in back, they flutter just a little behind the arm—a shoulder-cape effect



"I'm sure this will solve all Madame's problems."

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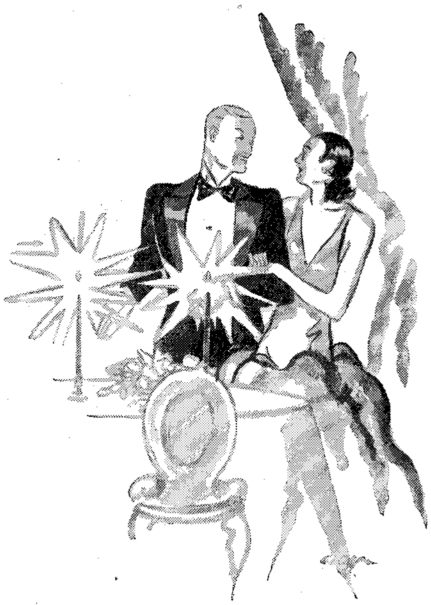

"H'm—candles, eh? Nice."
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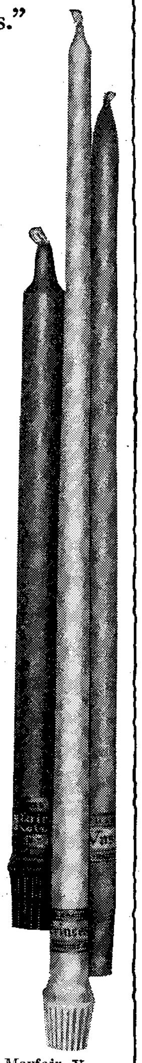

Work by Electric Light
DINE BY WAXELS

Waxels
THE FRIENDLY LIGHT

without a pinned-down look. Augustabernard does a marvellous simple and wearable tweed coat with a looped-scarf neckline. It buttons straight down the front and has a little yoke around it, beneath the armpits, and tucks on the sleeves so that the yoke seems to be continued there. Goring below the yoke fits it closely to the figure even without the belt, and makes it flare slightly toward the hem. She also makes a day coat of a sort of wool-crêpe fabric. White belting faces a collarline that, when the coat is pulled around you, forms a deep and wide oval down almost to the waist, which stands out just a little.

For summer, look at Patou's coat of black crêpe roma, all horizontal tucks and scalloped tiers, some of them swinging out a bit from the figure. If your taste runs to Napoleonic days, Worth has done a masterly coat of beige wool with scalloped treatment in the back that stands out from the body just enough to give the effect of a bolero. A little stand-up collar of stitched crêpe comes around the neck in back and ends sharply over each shoulder. Below this enormous lapels cross very high in the front, with four big buttons giving a double-breasted effect below.

Bonwit Teller is also showing one of Lanvin's evening-cape ideas—quilted and silver-stitched crêpe de Chine, forming a widely circular cape that is below the hips in back and ascends in front. It has a deep turn-over collar and a bow tie, and you wear it loose. Or you might prefer Augustabernard's green velvet cape with a huge puffed collar covering the tips of the shoulders and tied in front. This comes to the hips and is gored so that you may pull it in to hug the figure if you like.

MOST of the chitter-chatter you hear in the millinery departments around town is concerned, these days, with the Patou hats that have poured into the shops in an endless stream—some of them very simple and youthful and becoming; some of them waves of pink and trailing ribbons and orgies of pink apple blossoms (honestly). He has done some beautiful things to make your summer successful. One of white panama with the outside part of the brim curled up in front and little brass sailor buttons holding down the tab decoration at the sides of the crown. Another, of a starched white piqué in a tiny criss-cross pattern like men's evening bosoms, has a big curving brim and a narrow band of

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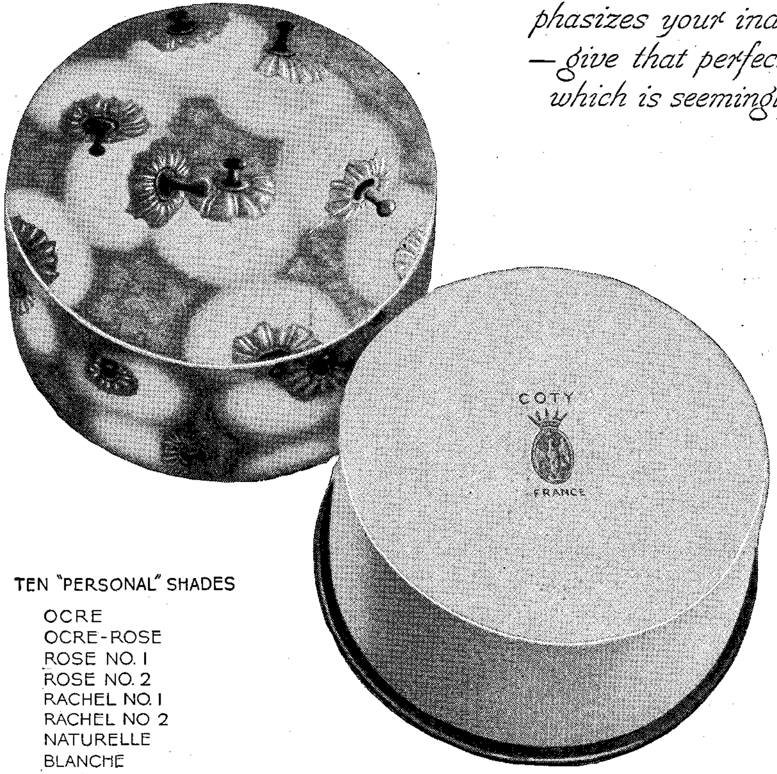

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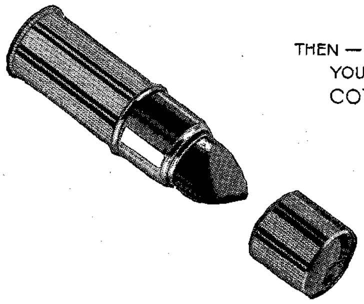

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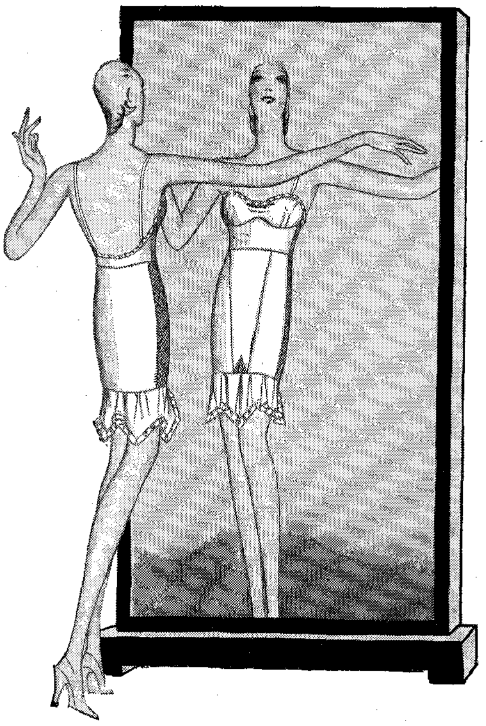

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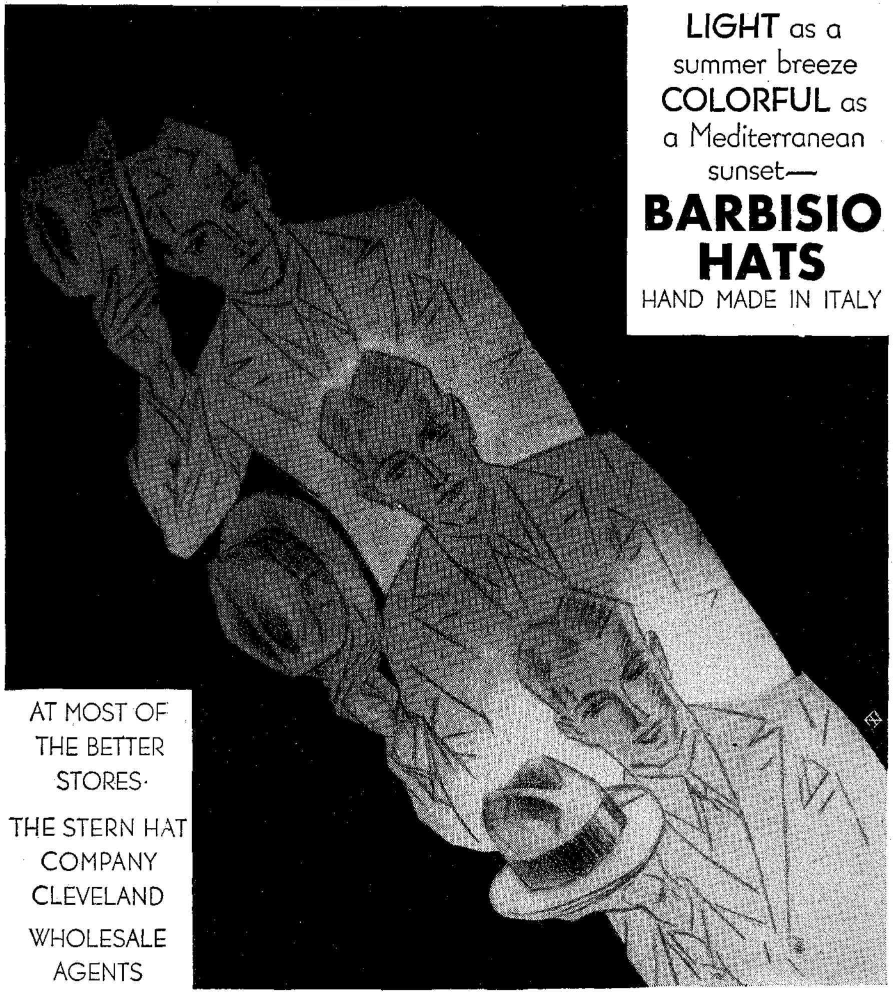
EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST ONE SCANTIES IN HER WARDROBE



LIGHT as a summer breeze
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BARBISIO HATS
HAND MADE IN ITALY

AT MOST OF THE BETTER STORES·
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black patent leather, with a buckle around the shallow crown. Both of these are at Lord & Taylor.

Another white panama hat, called Deauville, and lurking in Wanamaker, is turned back sharply with piratical effect in front and has a green sash band around the crown caught with a white buckle. Still another, called Parisienne, is a large floppy affair of navy straw with a white band around the edge of the crown decorated with black stitching. Also at Wanamaker.

Patous are also to be found in quantities at Bergdorf-Goodman. They show a little tam of black crocheted raffia with a black-and-white modernistic band across the forehead; a black felt cap with black-and-white zigzag rough straw standing up in tricorne effect around the face; and a series of picture hats—some for the world in general, some for bridesmaids. One of the latter type is of the finest possible black lace hair, sheer as tulle, and has a pink velvet bow perched on the brim at one side and a deep band of pink velvet around the crown *under* the hair of the hat. The other, which is absolutely Romney in effect, is a huge affair of natural straw, not sheer this time, with pale blue taffeta ribbon around the top of the crown forming a bow on the crown in back, and ending in streamers. Up in front and way down in back, of course. Patou does other picture hats with more practical destinations—one of heavy black milan with three-tone velvet ribbons across the top of the crown trailing down one side; and a floppy hat of toya (paper-thin white panama—Bergdorf has imported the bodies) with black piping across the crown and composing the modernistic ornament in front. Black ribbon-ends trail down the back. Another hat, in medium size, to be copied in either felt or straw, has belting around the base of the crown extending just far enough into the brim to frame the face. The crown, in contrasting color, is shirred on the belting, and the floppy brim continues from the belting band close to the face. Big hats are, as I have said, easy to wear this year, for they do not throw the face into shadow at all. All of them curve upward in front and downward in back and are worn high on the forehead, so that the entire face and neck are silhouetted against them.

BERGDORF-GOODMAN are also planning to make a killing with a number of hats from other couturiers. There are Talbot's evening hats, for instance, for petite women with pretty hair—little twisted things of crêpe de Chine that rest on the head and may be pulled around to suit yourself. One of them has a navy crêpe top and a twisted business of red-and-gold stitched crêpe de Chine near the face—a Marilyn Miller kind of hat. Then there are theatre hats of openwork crochet straw in shiny black stuff, with brims up on one side and pulled down sharply on the other, of the type that Parisiennes dote on for dressy late afternoons and for wear with dinner dresses. Look at Maria Guy's little black taffeta hats, particularly one with white panamalac forming the drapery in front. Look at a little cloche of beige crochet-lace straw with black felt making the edging of the brim, the band, and V-sections in the crown. For summer chiffons, Agnès offers a solution in a hat of chiffon velvet in brilliant colors. This fits very tightly, and the loose deep band around the crown of your head may be pulled around and draped any way you choose. Comfortable and infinitely becoming.

For suits, look at a hat of tweed straw, the brim turned up sharply at one side to show all the hair and as sharply downward on the other. Also see a little felt skullcap, originally made for Marie José's trousseau, which has as its sole decoration a wide band of twisted crêpe de Chine rolls across the back of the neck that end just behind the ears.

LATEST rumors insist that enormous chiffon scarves, much bigger than handkerchiefs, are being carried casually in the Parisian hand with evening clothes and allowed to trail on the floor as you sweep into a room. You can find these at Bergdorf-Goodman, with pastel centres and flowery designs in a dark tone around the edge. Gertrude Lawrence uses them to throw over her shoulders when she has her morning tea in bed—the lazy but decorative girl.

As for jewelry, they are showing a spectacular collar of crystals and dia-

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A pleated model in RAJAH featured by Franklin Simon
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New York

monds, at least three inches wide, to go around the base of the throat and dress up a black chiffon dinner dress. Startling but grand on the right person. Look at Vionnet's necklace of frosted crystal hunks, strung together haphazardly; at Boulanger's solid half-bracelets in enormous sizes for sports, and Lelong's ropes of massed sparkling beads in every possible color, with bracelets to match. Also, if you want to lead in the inevitable competition for hair ornaments, look at Talbot's prystal daisies, strung together to form a headband, a necklace, and a bracelet.

IF it is prints you are after—and at this time of year the universal craving seems to be for print dresses in all their manifestations—Best has a grand assortment of them, and is displaying the usual knack of this shop for having patterns that are not banal or likely to become so. Our particular favorite was from London Trades, and consists of a sleeveless dress and a printed jacket with—oh, boon to hippy women—a deep point in the centre-back, and one on each side which covers a section of hip and gives added slenderness. It has a scarf-collar and other earmarks of *élan*. Then, there is a dress of a navy-and-white print, the colors all slurred together in a mystifying way, with trick short sleeves and a print-and-white crêpe scarf. And, to prove that you can have your sleeves anywhere you like, a dress of pink crêpe, with a brownish flower pattern scattered over it, has long sleeves and a shoulder cape that buttons primly in front, covers the arm to the elbow, and is stitched down in back. Demure and most inexpensive. Also on the girlish side is a dress with a round pleated collar, pleated and puffed short sleeves, and a sash of black velvet to match the velvet buttons down the back of the neck. Among the printed evening clothes, look at a white flat crêpe dress with a bright red-and-green, widely spaced, flower-and-tree pattern. This has a peplum starting low on each side of the deep V-front panel of the dress, and the peplum continues downward to drip toward the floor in back.

For summer sports, look at Vionnet's crêpe tennis dress with a surplice collarless neckline and a belt that disappears mysteriously under the crossed panels below. Another tennis dress, from Chanel, has flat bow designs worked in at the base of the neckline, and detail around the hips to flatter them to the utmost. The smartest young people, however, who actually

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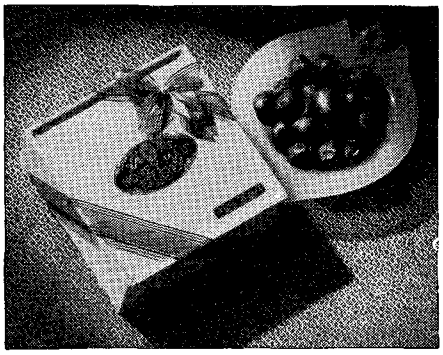

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THE HONEY CANDY CO. OF AMERICA
New York, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., and Youngstown, Ohio
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work hard at their tennis, are enthusiastic about a matter-of-fact active tennis dress of Sudanette with a turnover collar, buttons down the front, and short sleeves. There is a deep built-in yoke at the waist that becomes narrower toward the back and gives a two-piece tuck-in effect. Below this, the skirt is primly box-pleated—it has a stiff, quaint, workmanlike quality that Palm Beach goes in for.

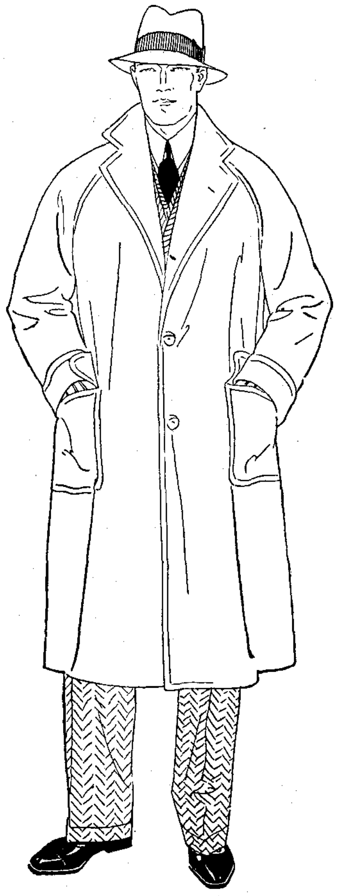
ONE of the outstanding practical notes of De Pinna's collection this year is a simple and swagger coat of tweed or men's suit materials, costing $75. It is cut exactly like your brother's, with the waist slightly pinched in and a broad-shouldered effect that is not, nevertheless, the result of padding. De Pinna is also showing numbers of two-piece suits in men's fabrics done in the simplest possible way, some of them with long coats to accompany them. Another coat well worth noting is a cape coat, by Chanel, of a heavy green tweed. The cape effect starts just under the lapels in front and lengthens downward to the waist in back. There is a suit of soft tweed, unlined, with a piece fitting around the hips in peplum style, although it does not flare. There is no collar, and the skirt is plain and simply circular. In every color, and useful for either town or country. If you want to be most dressy, look at a suit of navy-blue wool which has pieces of cloth sewed in at the hipbones, and the jacket tying to one side. This has a flared round collar of white fur shaped like a baby's bib and tapering up to the neck in back. With it, you wear a tight white antelope beret and white gloves, and feel smart for any daytime occasion.

In case belated trips to sunny climes are haunting you, look at tennis shorts of yellow linen with short-sleeved blouses and printed belts and jackets. They are darling on slim things—others should not apply. There are pajamas with voluminous trousers in huge diagonal plaids, and there are plain little golf dresses, in perfect taste, of men's shirt materials, with short sleeves. —L. L.

•

In planting the garden, one will do well to consider crops from at least three angles: that of growth characteristics, that of fruiting habits, and that of succession possibilities.—*Jefferson* (*Iowa*) *Bee.*

Don't forget to water them, either, when you have a minute.



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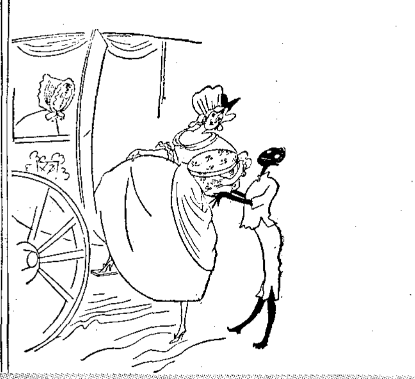
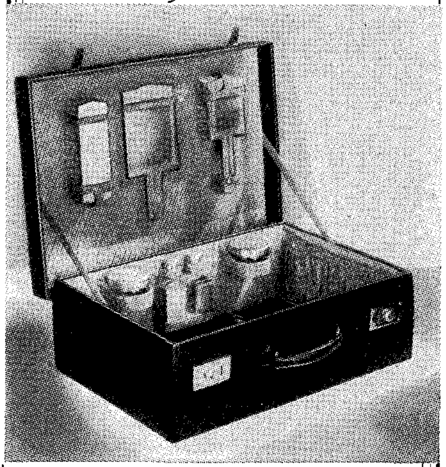
BANDBOXES





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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Couple of Koussevitzkys—Lenten Bach—Tenors and Tristan

ONE reason for the continued success of Mr. Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony Orchestra is his neglect of sure-fire music. Occasionally he treats himself to the Tschaikowsky Pathetic or some other ready-made hosanna-catcher, but generally he brings to town an assortment of compositions that interest him. Consequently, there is a communicative quality about his performances, even when his novelties lack durability.

A jazz suite by Louis Gruenberg was the principal newcomer in the first of the recent Koussevitzky pair of concerts. Mr. Gruenberg, one of our most skilled musicians, treats jazz as Bach treated the dance forms of his day. The suite consists of a fox trot (or, at least, a movement in fox-trot tempo), a Boston waltz, a blues, and a one step. With the exception of the Boston waltz, all of these rhythms have become as standardized as the gavotte or the gigue, and it seems to me entirely logical that a contemporary composer should use them as a basis for an orchestral cycle. In 2130 composers probably will be doing *suites anciennes*, consisting of fox trots, waltzes, one steps, and that curious *divertimento* of antiquity, the Charleston.

The Gruenberg suite was highly colored instrumentally and far from an enlargement of current popular music. It made easy listening, and my only objection to it is that it isn't sufficiently classical. Jazz should be done with purity.

Speaking of antiquarian suites, Mr. Koussevitzky produced an excellent specimen at the second of his concerts in Carnegie Hall. The composer was Filip Lazar, a young Rumanian now living in Paris, as who isn't? Now and then something strictly contemporary sneaked its way into Mr. Lazar's Concerto Grosso, but the Largo, especially, was something that would have done no shame to the elders of music.

The whole Koussevitzky invasion was marked by new or unfamiliar material, such as the Haydn "Horn Call" symphony, a Bach prelude and fugue, scored by Schönberg, and the violin concerto and sixth symphony of Sibelius. Bloch's "Schelomo," originally written for solo 'cello and orchestra, was to have been played with four soloists—eminent Bostonians named Bedetti, Droeghmans, Langendoen, and Zighera—but only the first appeared, which was just as well.

The Sibelius symphony was impressive, as everything of Sibelius is. The violin concerto, played by the concertmaster like a concertmaster having a holiday, sounded a little like a professor of philosophy writing limericks. The truth is, display and Sibelius simply don't match.

ANOTHER Koussevitzky is Fabien Sevitzky, conductor of the Philadelphia Chamber String Simfonietta, which consists of some of Mr. Stokowski's best fiddle-and-bow men. In fact, as we have mentioned before, Mr. Sevitzky is a nephew of the Boston director, although he makes no capital of the relationship. In his own right, he is an effective, energetic maestro, who handles his band of about eighteen as if it were what an eminent cinema Toscanini invariably calls "a monster orchestra."

Mr. Sevitzky seems to have the family fondness for oddities. Among other things, he brought forward Bossi's Goldonian Intermezzi, which don't have many hearings nowadays; an early suite of Sibelius, "Rakastava;" a scherzo by one McCollin, "Heavenly Children at Play" (these celestial infants seem to fancy the "Pagliacci" prologue as a toy); and a Simfonietta by Kletzki. The Bossi Intermezzi deserved the revival, and the Sibelius episodes, which antedate even "Finlandia" and the "Valse Triste," had their moments. The Kletzki Simfonietta demonstrated a knowledge of scoring for strings and an unfortunate trick of unconscious allusion to such celebrated tunes as, for instance, the first theme from Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.

The Simfonietta plays brilliantly and the conductor is an able and enter-

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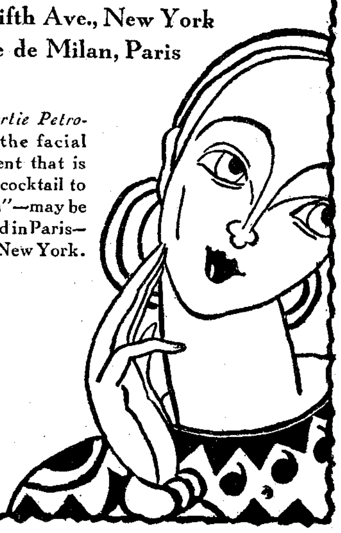

prising musician. I hope we'll have more of this ensemble, even if some of the novelties don't come off.

THE annual performance of Bach's St. John's Passion by the Friends of Music continues to be one of the musical events of the season. This version of the Passion is not so famous as the St. Matthew music, but it is simpler and ought to make a more direct appeal. Mr. Bodanzky directs it reverently but not ritualistically, and there is fine fire in the choral passages. Of the soloists, Mr. Meader distinguished himself with his proclamation of the Narrator's trying recitatives. Mr. Schorr functioned nobly, although the music lies low for his voice, and the rest were musical if not exceptional. As usual there were murmurs about the cuts—but the sessions of the Friends are rather limited in time, and the excisions, obviously made to bring the performance into a given period, kept the continuity reasonably clear and did not do violence to any of the individual pieces.

A NEW tenor always is news, and therefore Israel Alter, a cantor from Germany, became important at his Carnegie Hall début in recital. Here is an amazing voice of fine quality and great range. If this sentence could be permitted to stand without qualification, Cantor Alter would be front-page news; but his singing leaps from point to point so incoherently that he isn't yet a big item. He has a curious way of stopping at the end of almost every phrase, if not more frequently, and there is almost no "line" in his music. Transplant the voice into a tenor like Mr. Meader, for instance, and the result would be a sensation. As it is, Cantor Alter can bring down a house that doesn't

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TANGEE DAY
TANGEE NIGHT
TANGEE

know too much, but there is no reason that he shouldn't try to win by persuasion rather than by force.

YOU may not believe it, but there was an excellent Tristan on view at the Metropolitan not so long ago—meaning Lauritz Melchior, the Danish gentleman who is the best German tenor available in Fortieth Street. There are Tristans who resemble more closely the traditional physical-culture exponents—but his costuming is clever and, after all, Tristan couldn't have taken so very much exercise on that boat. Mr. Melchior's singing is singing, which marks it out from most Wagnerian vocalization. Mme. Kappell remains the best Isolde now to hand, and Mme. Branzell's Brangaene is a sound for sore ears. There was a new King Mark—the versatile Mr. Ludikar, who seems to know every rôle except Madam Butterfly, and for all I know he could fill in with that in an emergency. As the King, Mr. Ludikar was at an unexpected best. There is a new King in the offing—Mr. Tappolet, recently imported, on whom there will be a report presently. —R. A. S.

POPULAR RECORDS

M. Chevalier—Dances By Familiar Bands And by a New One

THERE have been many recordings by Maurice Chevalier, including an album of French songs, but until this week I never heard a completely satisfactory disc from this artist. In general, I had thought his vocalization not sufficiently sturdy to make him convincing on wax—but his version of "You've Got That Thing," for Victor, upsets all previous judgments. As singing, it doesn't matter, but there rarely has been so fine an object lesson in the art of putting across not only a song but also a personality. The second chorus is a high spot in the season's output. Don't miss it. The other side of the disc is "Paris, Stay the Same," which is pretty good, but you won't notice it after you've heard "You've Got That Thing."

Apart from the new Chevalier issue, there is nothing urgent in the vocal lists, although Columbia has a pleasant *croonerei* by Charles Lawman, who does "Gone" and "What Do I Care?" persuasively without trying to make

Men!

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"I ask you . . . is it or is it not disgraceful discrimination?" (loud applause)

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(cheers; a voice: "Sure is!")

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five-act melodramas out of these ballads.

THE dance lists compensate for the vocals this month, and here are some suggestions for your purchases:

THE ROGUE SONG and WHEN I'M LOOKING AT YOU—Abe Lyman and his California Orchestra. Lyman manages to make a fox trot out of the somewhat intractable "Rogue Song," which is a feat. "When I'm Looking at You" is easy for this accomplished outfit. (*Brunswick*)

THE PERFECT SONG and AMOS 'N' ANDY—Tommy Bohn's Penn-Siren Orchestra. This band with the complicated name is new to records, and a good addition. The ditties are, respectively, the erstwhile love theme from "The Birth of a Nation," which has become the signature for the inescapable Amos 'n' Andy, and a glorification of those gentlemen. (*Okeh*)

SAN and AUNT HAGAR'S BLUES—Ted Lewis and his Band. Two more revivals by the buoyant jazz maestro, combining heat with a deal of ingenuity. (*Columbia*)

STRIKE UP THE BAND and SOON—Victor Arden-Phil Ohman and their Orchestra. Superlative versions of these Gershwin fancies, with a surprising touch of satire in "Strike Up the Band." (*Victor*)

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES A MAN and COOKING BREAKFAST FOR THE ONE I LOVE—Roger Wolfe Kahn and his Orchestra. Excellent dance business, with individual vocal choruses by Libby Holman. (*Brunswick*)

SWEEPING THE CLOUDS AWAY and ANYTIME'S THE TIME TO FALL IN LOVE—Casa Loma Orchestra. This band specializes in deep tones and rather massive effects, maintaining, nevertheless, as good a practical dance tempo as you'll find. The melodies are new and attractive. (*Okeh*)

WHERE THE GOLDEN DAFFODILS GROW and JUST CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH ME—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. This popular orchestra frequently indulges itself in somnambulistic tempi, but here it is playing at a normal pace and the results are remarkable. The scoring has many amusing touches. (*Columbia*)

HANGIN' ON THE GARDEN GATE (Ted Fiorito and his Orchestra) and SONG OF THE ISLANDS (Wayne King and his Orchestra). A fox trot with good manners and a Hawaiian waltz that is unHawaiianly grateful to the ears. (*Victor*)

—POP

•

A dozen persons fled from the house in their nightwear as the flames, starting in the first floor hallway of the two-floor apartment of the owner of the four-story house, Dr. Julius Frankel, swept up the stairway and through the roof.—*The Times*.

Sounds like a hard place to get out of.

•

Calvin Coolidge, former President of the United States, was the guest of H. H. Charles, former president of the Advertising Club, at a luncheon given in the former's honor at the Advertising Club yesterday.—*The Sun*.

Which former's honor?

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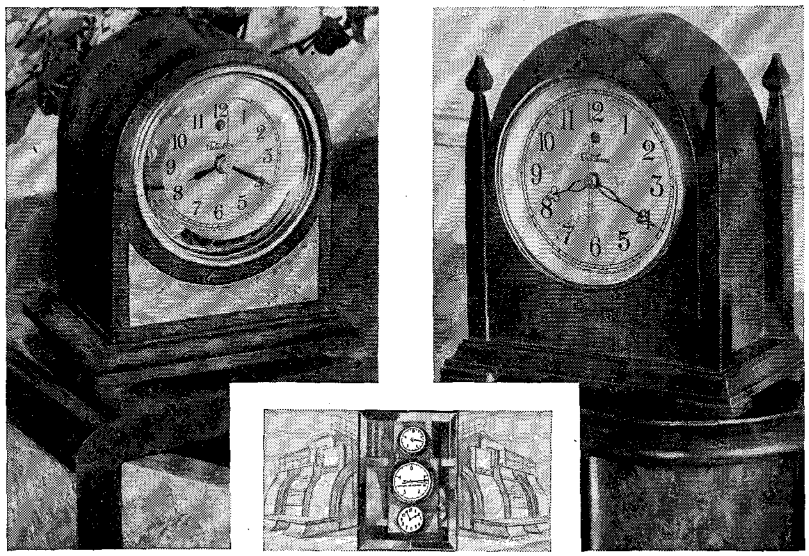

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SUMMER-SPORTS FORECASTS

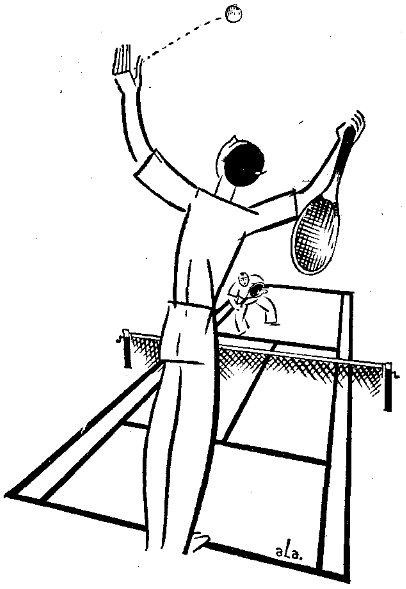
II—A LITTLE LOOK AHEAD AT TENNIS

THE sale of white flannels will be undiminished in 1930, and thousands of fathers will be beaten in love sets by their twelve-year-old progeny. Headline readers will become familiar again with the names Wills and Tilden, and public courts will be thronged by rabid enthusiasts who will gladly wait four hours on the sidelines for the privilege of playing two six-game sets. In other words, tennis is going to be a perspiring success.

Disarmament conferences to the contrary notwithstanding, a cannonball service will be the ultimate goal in life of countless racquet wielders. Some few of these vicious serves will find their way into the proper court, but the nets and the backstops are in for some terrific punishment. Most cannonball services will be followed by second services which will lob gently over the net, so that the well-advised opponent will strive only to keep from getting hit by the first serve.

In the formation of doubles matches, husbands and wives will laughingly take opposite sides, and will then strain themselves to the utmost to show each other up. There will be an endless amount of bickering, however, if husbands and wives are paired together, for conditions are then exactly right for arguments as to who should stand where, and when, and how in so-and-so could you possibly have missed that chance for a kill at the net. In the interests of amicability and honeyed words, husbands should always be paired with vivacious and beautiful school friends of their wives, and vice versa.

Winter practice in fumbling when



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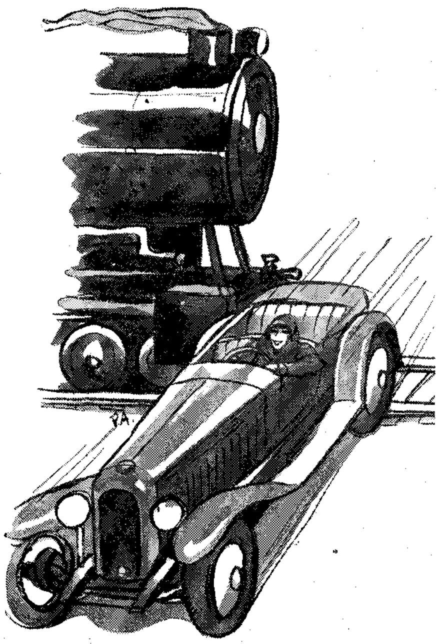

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the dinner check comes around will come in handy during the summer, when someone whales the ball far over the backstop. The accomplished fumbler will half start and half stop skillfully enough to insure that someone else will actually go after the ball.

As usual, the unhappiest persons at every tournament will be the line judges. With the advance of civilization, the condition of men in all walks of life has been eased, but as yet nothing has been done to ease the lot of line judges. Gentlemanly and ladylike players will continue to throw the next point away when given a favorable decision by a line judge who is thought to have made a bad guess, and line judges will try in vain to look nonchalant.

It is not yet apparent who will win the national and international championships, but the safest advice which can be given at this time is this: Don't sell Helen Wills short.

—JOHN C. EMERY

•

ANAGRAM RHYMES—II

[CAN YOU SOLVE THE ANAGRAMS CONTAINED IN THE FOLLOWING RHYMES? THE ANSWERS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 94.]

I

GREEN is a color, but "d" makes it sex,
Throw it with "a," the result will be wrecks,
"E" makes the man who gives honor the gate,
Add "e" and "t" to deteriorate.

II

YEAST for the health is a very great factor,
Mix it with "g" and get like an actor,
Then use an "r" till everything spins,
This used with "t" quite often wins.

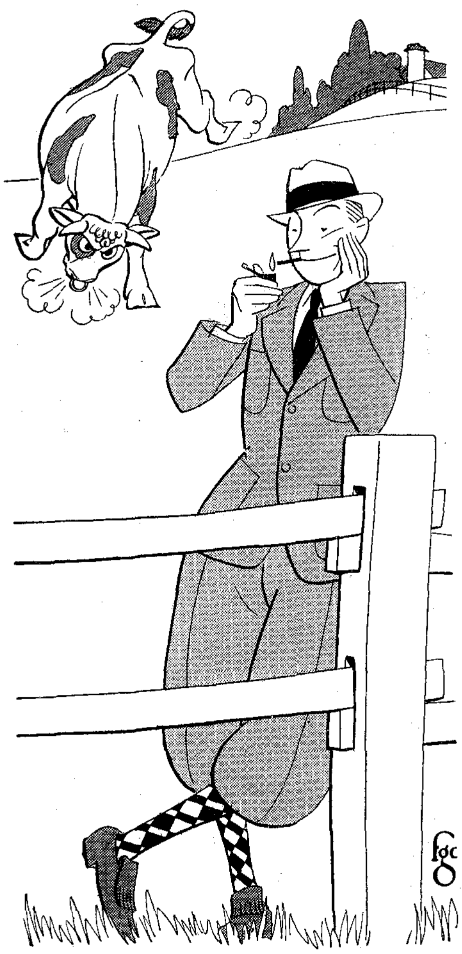
III

One kind of CAREER is to be a great lover,
By adding a "t" you will have to start over,
Plus "s," it's the boys who bring on the feed,
And "y" for the girl that businessmen need.

IV

ENTER, Madame, if you'll make so bold,
Just give me "u" and I will take hold,
Add "i" and "d," we're together again,
"W," "r," and indorse with a pen.

—ALBERT CARROLL



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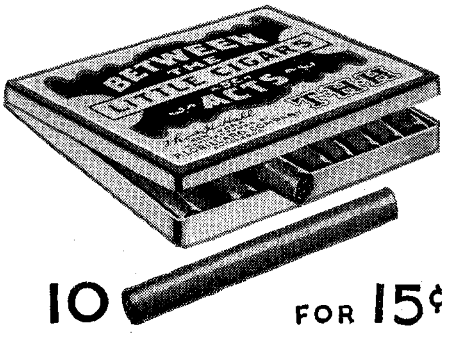

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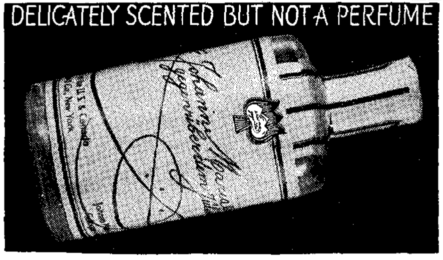

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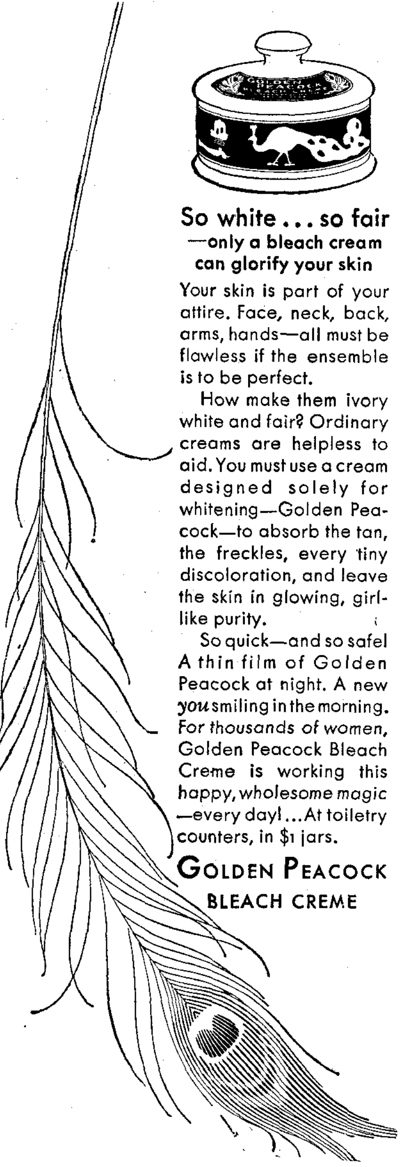
THE ART GALLERIES

Continued Indefinitely—The Metropolitan Goes Modern — And Some Native Talent

THE art season, usually waning at this time of the year and slipping toward the established summer lethargy, has taken to a second blooming. Both in numbers and excellence, the exhibitions of the moment rival those of the peak period. The millennium was reached by the Metropolitan's going modern with the forced showing of the Havemeyer collection. Also, the Museum of Modern Art has selected Max Weber as a great painter, Yasuo Kuniyoshi is showing two years of work at the Daniel Gallery, Pascin is at Knoedler, and Jane Berlandina is again at the Brummer Gallery. Any one of these would ordinarily furnish our weekly fare.

THE Metropolitan Museum has acted rather badly about the gorgeous gift of Louisine W. Havemeyer. For more than a year it sulked in its damp den, refusing to carry out the intent of her will, *i.e.*, that the public be allowed to see the pictures and objects which Mrs. Havemeyer had so loved, and had collected when collecting was a passion and not a style. The story, on good authority, was that the Museum hoped to kid the city into giving it another wing, using the collection as an excuse. In the meantime the pictures reposed in the cellar and were surreptitiously shown now and then to those who demanded a look. Why the Museum gave up and decided to find room for the masterpieces, only its officials know. It would be interesting to learn the process by which they selected the junk that was to go below to make room. That formula must be valuable, and should be made a permanent part of the Museum's lethargic *modus operandi.*

There are a great many things in the Havemeyer gift that will be of interest to the experts—some 1,967 items, ranging from rare Japanese screens to porcelains. However, we will concern ourselves with the paint-



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—only a bleach cream can glorify your skin

Your skin is part of your attire. Face, neck, back, arms, hands—all must be flawless if the ensemble is to be perfect.

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BLEACH CREME

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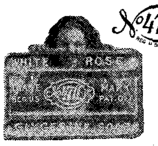

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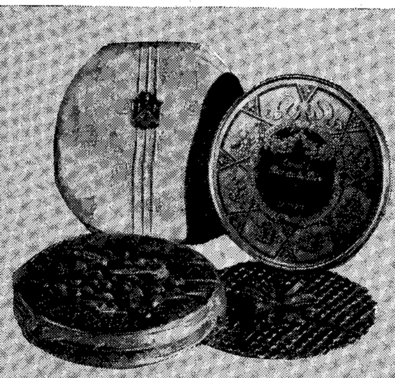
ings and drawings, a collection so rich that it is undoubtedly worth as much as all the things the museum formerly possessed, except, of course, the Primitives. This whole range of accomplishment, the golden age of art which the Museum hoped to rule out of history by merely ignoring it, now comes to rest where the public may enjoy it.

There are fourteen Degas, some of them superb pieces. There are six Manets, most of them important, and there are eight Monets. There are Courbets, of the sort the old boys of the Museum enjoy, and a classic or two from Delacroix. It is a thrilling show for many reasons. It would be so if there were but one picture in the collection, the "View of Toledo" by El Greco. For years we have heard of this painting, and now and then wondered whether some of the enthusiasm for it was not assumed. Now we know—it is the latest five-star picture of the year, so satisfying that it will blot out the memory of hundreds of others.

The exhibit will be held in its present form until November, when the various paintings will take their places alongside the academic specimens and blank spaces, according to the Museum's system.

SETTING aside Marin, who clings to one medium, we often come to the conclusion that the one American painter is Yasuo Kuniyoshi. After two years of work, he has assembled his new things in the Daniel Gallery. As one who came up slowly from the sickly sentimental attitude toward painting, we wish to add the usual warning against shock. Like all abstainers, after refusing to admit the potency of the stuff, our capitulation has been complete. Being a little ashamed of its not having been love at first sight, we try to make up for those lost years.

As a pure painter Kuniyoshi is surpassed by no one in the contemporary field. He has as yet found no need for pure abstraction, having enough creative ability to adapt the familiar to his needs. The canvas "Odd Objects" is a simple example of this use of the casual and unbeautiful, translating them through his genius and unerring color to something quite magnificent. The artist has been fortunate in having certain eastern roots or traditions in which the conventionalized form or symbol is so established that it cannot be confused with contemporary fads. Kuniyoshi's deviation from the norm of representative state-



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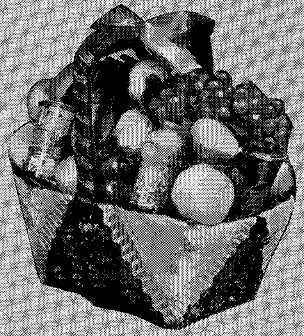

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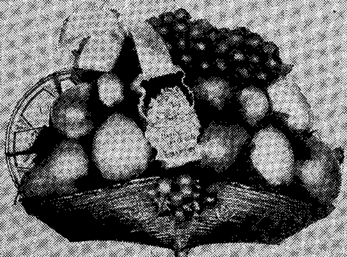

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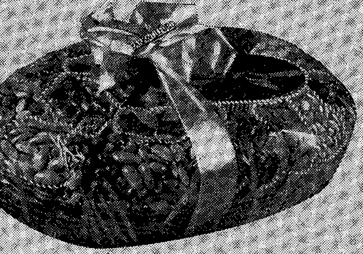

NUT BASKET
A gloriously good assortment of nuts & candies, $15

To *make* the Lenten Season a little less so!

GLOSSY fruits — generously juicy beneath their waxy skins . . . Crisp, crunchy nuts that bring the brisk zest of October groves into the month of March . . . Confections that are Temptation made tangible and *tasteable.*

What, we wonder, could be more welcome to the abstemious appetites of the Season?

And where, we wonder, can Lenten Luxuries be bought in such taste-tempting perfection as at Park & Tilford?

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NUBBED TWEED
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$54.75
snug hipline, belted back, nice detail.
Sizes 14 to 20
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ment seems to us to be akin to that of El Greco. When you contemplate his "Autumn Twilight" you receive some of the mystical inner stirrings that beset you when you look upon El Greco's "Toledo." Painting is a language in which there has been no multiplication of means of expression through the centuries. It is still almost as it was in the beginning; the artists have to use the same words that were always used to express new attitudes and new ferment. Hence all we, the observer, can hear is the tumult of the spirit beating against these walls and straining at these fetters.

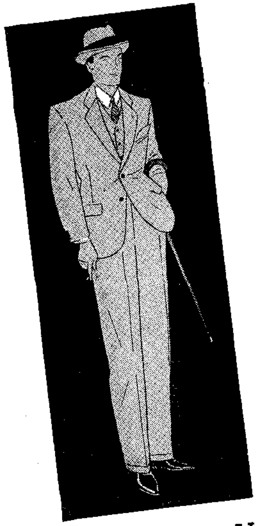
So please forget subject-matter when you go to see Kuniyoshi, and keep in mind that fine painting is spirit, a commodity rare in these American days when all endeavor is toward fitting us on the endless chain-belt of production.

JANE BERLANDINA we came upon several seasons ago, and we went gaga about her first show. She is back again at Brummer, as gay now as then, and perhaps a little more solid. She is out of Dufy, via Matisse and the ever-present saint, Delacroix. Miss Berlandina throws off the sort of picture that your Aunt Emma is sure her six-year-old daughter could do. There is a difference, however, though Aunt Emma and her daughter may never discover it.

This show is richer in content than Miss Berlandina's first. The studies of Dalmatian peasants and festival dancers show a more mature approach. The examples of her earlier type of work are as happy as ever, "The Brown Pot" and "The Red Watering Can," high spots of a volatile painter's emotional splurging.

WHENEVER we look at the works of Jules Pascin we feel we are peeping. He can disrobe a woman

LOUNGE SUITS



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on canvas with more licentiousness than any painter we have ever seen. As a rule it is a very pretty process and done in a way that no one has been able even to imitate, though Pascin has more followers than most. Yet he is no surface painter, having some of that terrific psychological scrutiny that belonged to Toulouse-Lautrec. We do wish, though, that he would recognize the age of consent. We do not think his peculiar genius should be turned toward the very young.

His exhibit is at Knoedler until March 22.

ALSO closing this Saturday, at the Valentine Gallery, is a show of Roland Oudot. According to Maud Dale's preface in the catalogue, Oudot is of the post-war generation and belongs among the Romantics. We find him also sentimental and rather pretty. He has a fine sense of tonal values and, like all the French, knows the entire alphabet of the things that must be learned. However, if we go to France, we want to find genius or raw meat. We would rather be patriotic and buy the home boys if all we are to get is so-so painting.

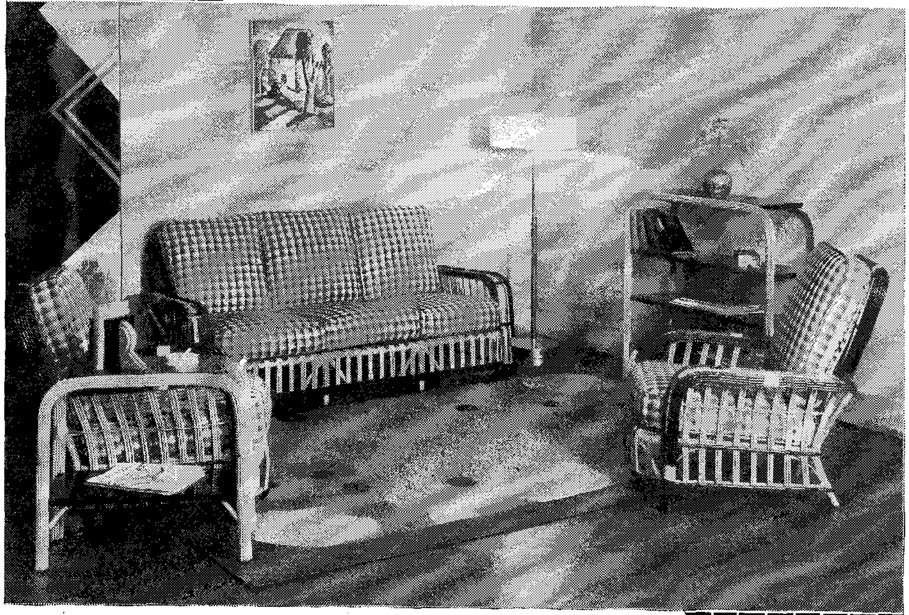
HERE AND THERE: Emil Ganso is having a show at Weyhe's—new stuff, the product of a year abroad. . . . Harlow, McDonald are displaying "fine prints of the year 1929" during March. . . . Paul Henry's exhibit at the Hackett Galleries closes this Saturday. . . . Paintings by Shampanier are at the Morton Galleries until March 24. . . . The Downtown Gallery is holding a retrospective exhibition of Wood Gaylor's paintings. . . . The Antan Gallery—new to us—at 342 Madison, is showing a number of Americans. . . . Rustom Vicaji is at the Kleemann-Thorman Galleries. . . . Eugene McCown, a Parisian-American, has a show at Marie Sterner. . . . The fourth annual exhibition of the American Art Dealers' Association consists of one hundred contemporary American etchings—at the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc. . . . Ernest Lawson is showing at Ferargil's. . . . The S. P. R. Galleries have paintings by James E. Davis. . . . Sculpture by David Evans is at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries. —M. P.

•

MACK—I got divorce, then informed of your death; had hard pull. All well now. L.E.M.—*Personal in a Colorado paper.*

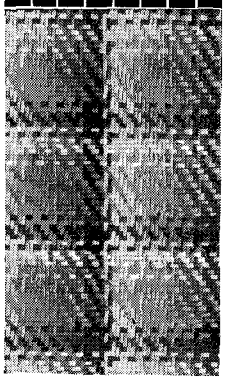
Yes, things work out in the end.

THIS VOGUE FOR COOLNESS IN SUMMER



This "summery" little nook is being featured at the Ypsilanti Furniture Company's showrooms on Park Avenue. The furniture is upholstered in Bozart Fabric and the walls are Bozart Fabric-covered. A Bozart Rug "ties" all the units together.

ALERT New Yorkers have discovered that the real secret of summer coolness is in their home surroundings—that to *look* cool is to *be* cool. In transforming their rooms, very many are depending upon Bozart Rugs. ● These lovely, modish floor coverings solve the problem ideally. Their many blending patterns and colors are like a fresh breath from one of summer's gardens, brought indoors. ● Water cannot injure Bozart Rugs and they resist sunlight. And they are woven to endure. . . "Summer-ize" your home this year. Take up your winter floor coverings and lay Bozart Rugs. They save your costly rugs and they do cool off your rooms—delightfully. . . Scores of hotels and clubs, too, are replacing their winter floor coverings with Bozart Rugs—economically and with enhanced style. ● Bozart Rugs are featured at the better shops. Communicate with the Bozart Corporation, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York, if your favorite shop cannot serve you.



Apart from its Rugs, Bozart offers a new Fabric of many uses, woven of the same durable materials but specially treated. Softly pliant, yet sturdy, it serves charmingly as permanent upholstery, slip covers, drapes and wall coverings. Some of these uses are shown in the photograph. Consult your decorator.

RUGS BOZART FABRICS

The easiest thing in the world
to go wrong on....

SPORT clothes demand knowledge of more things than just clothing. For instance, in designing golf clothing, it's much more important to know the various positions of the body during a full brassie swing than it is to know how to make a buttonhole.

In designing a pair of tennis trousers, it's more important to know how the legs bend on a half-volley, than how to lay the patterns so as to get an extra vest out of a bolt of fabric.

And in styling sport clothing intended for gentlemen, it's much better to have first-hand information on what's being worn at smart clubs, than to glean snappy touches from the styles seen in musical comedies or the movies.

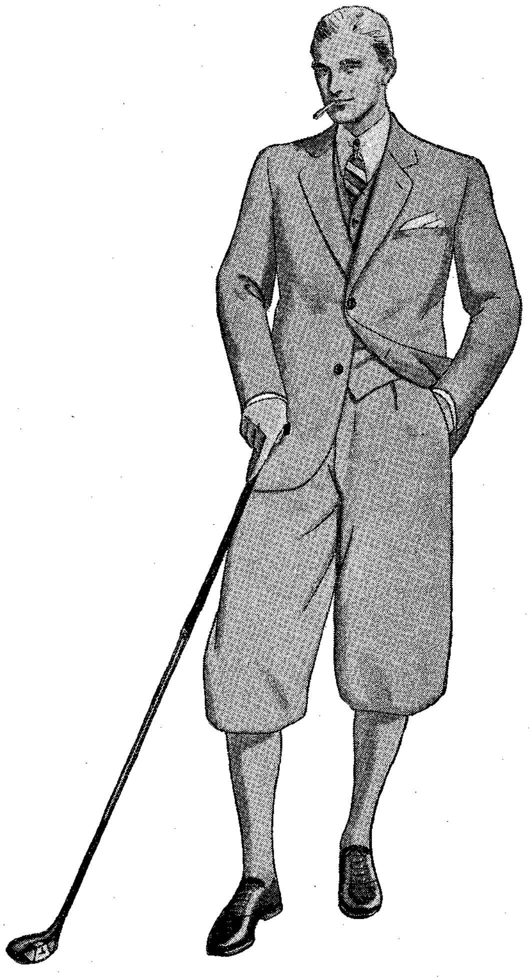
Spalding made the first golf ball . . . the first tennis ball . . . the first pair of golf shoes ever made in this country.

Spalding outfits many of the golfers whose names repeatedly appear on tournament lists . . . Spalding makes the clothes worn by many of our ranking tennis players . . . Spalding completely equipped our victorious Olympic Team . . . Spalding has outfitted many of our International Polo Teams . . . Spalding has a thorough, intimate knowledge of the games for which Spalding Sport Clothes are designed.

And Spalding knows style, too! Spalding has one or more style scouts at every fashionable sporting event that takes place in any part of the world.

That "any part of the world" may sound over-enthusiastic. It isn't. For Spalding has branches in London, Paris, Belfast, Edinburgh, South Africa, Canada, Australia, and in every important city of the United States. If the British Empire doesn't mind —"the sun never sets on Spalding branches."

Perhaps this sounds as if Spalding Sport Clothes are expensive. They're not—they cost surprisingly little. Take Spalding's 4-piece golf suits, for instance. They're made of fine Scotch tweeds, homespuns and shetlands. They're styled and tailored for men to whom anything less than style perfection is as painful as missing an eight-inch putt. And they cost only $50 to $75. Other Spalding Sport Clothing is priced as fairly.



A. G. Spalding & Bros.

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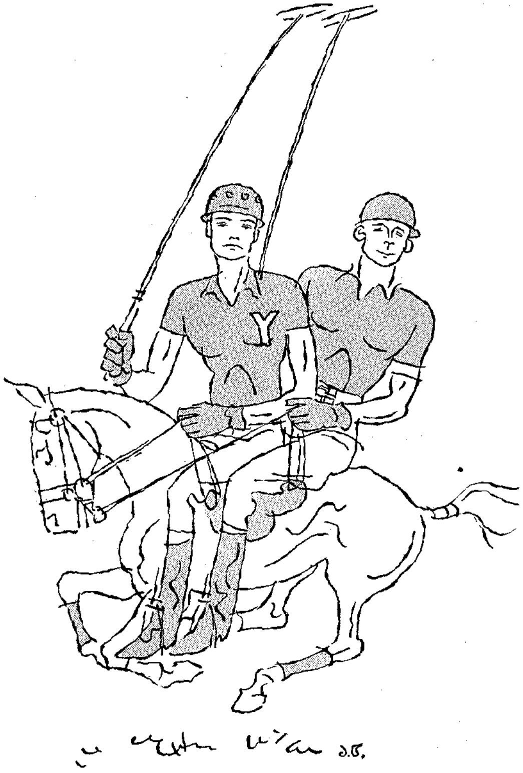
INDOOR POLO

Eight-Day Grind—Handicaps and Class—Forecast



The Guest Brothers

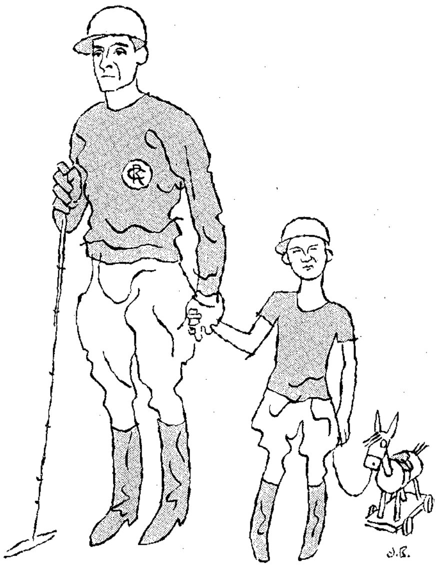
ONLY the six-day bicycle races have a more strenuous schedule than the National indoor-polo championships, which start this Saturday. Between March 22 and April 12, on only eight days of play in all, there will be something like thirty-six games of polo. If you wander into the Squadron A Armory on any one of those days, at any hour up to midnight, you will find a game going on. Several times it will be possible to drop in around four in the afternoon and remain until the next morning. So far no arrangements have been made for clearing the spectators out in the early morning, as they do at the bike races, but there are two or three days between most of the playing dates when this may be accomplished.

This year, for the first time since the tournaments were begun, games will be going on in two different places at the same time. On four days play will be held in Brooklyn, at the 101st Cavalry Armory, as well as in Manhattan. Six referees working in shifts, and something like three hundred horses, will be used.

THIS tournament consists, in reality, of seven distinct championships. They start with the youngsters, in the Interscholastics, work their way up through the college men, and finish with no age limits—beyond those of discretion. Handicaps are of more significance here than they are in outdoor polo. The lines of the various tournaments are drawn by the handicaps. The Open, the Intercollegiate, and the Scholastic games are played without any, but the events in Class A, B, C, and D are governed by them. The most important and highly sought after title is the Open. To qualify, a team has to have a handicap of fifteen goals or better, but in the actual play each starts on an equal footing with its opponent. As a rule, the same players have graduated from Class A, which is for fifteen-goal teams or higher, and in which the handicaps do count. This may not seem clear, but a certain amount of confusion adds to the enjoyment of these affairs.

Class B is for teams with a handicap of 10 to 14; Class C, from 5 to 9; and Class D, from 0 to 4. Class D is always enjoyed enormously by the men playing in it. It is, of course, the nursery of the game; don't hurry away from your dinner if the evening starts with a Class D encounter.

THE best indoor-polo teams are for the most part products of the East, if the entries for this year's championships may be considered an accurate criterion. The entries in the Open and Class A are all from New York, Boston, and Pennsylvania. Starting with Class B, however, and working downward, we are to entertain players from about every place where the game is played. Both the Chicago and Ohio circuits are sending teams in those classes, and everyone who has played at all in that section of the country is coming to New York for a trial.



The George Shermans

This year Yale and the Pennsylvania Military College are mingling with the elect. P. M. C., it will be remembered, has done so most of the season. The cadets started out as though they would bowl everything over and, with nice, college-size handicaps, beat every one they met around New York—except, of course, the apparently invincible Optimists. With their handicaps raised to the point where they are a Class A team, they are apt

The Earl Hoppings

GILBERT MILLER presents (in association with Guthrie McClintic)

Katharine Cornell

in **DISHONORED LADY**

a new play by Margaret Ayer Barnes & Edward Sheldon

EMPIRE THEATRE B'way & 40th St. Evs. 8:40
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

GILBERT MILLER PRESENTS

Journey's End

(By arrangement with Maurice Brown)

HENRY MILLER'S
THEATRE 124 W. 43 St.
Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Gilbert Miller & Leslie Howard's production of

Berkeley Square

By John L. Balderston
With Leslie Howard
and Margalo Gillmore

LYCEUM THEATRE
45 St. E. of B'way.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Jack Buchanan in

WAKE UP AND DREAM

ARCH SELWYN'S presentation of CHAS. B. COCHRAN'S REVUE

"Tuneful and jolly show sure to delight the town."—*Darnton, Ev. World.*

with TILLY LOSCH JESSIE MATTHEWS TINA MELLER

SELWYN THEATRE 42 St., W. of Broadway
Good Balcony Seats $1, $1.50, $2. NO TAX
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Martin Flavin's Comedy with Donald Meek

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Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

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Entire Balcony Good Seats $1, $2, $3. (No Tax)

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EARL CARROLL
New Revue of Laughs and Beauties
by EDDIE CANTOR

"SKETCH BOOK"

featuring WILL MAHONEY
WILLIAM DEMAREST
THREE SAILORS
56 PRIZE BEAUTIES

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THE Green Pastures

By MARC CONNELLY

"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

EDGAR SELWYN presents

CLARK & McCULLOUGH

in the new and novel musical play **"STRIKE UP THE BAND"**

"Will send you home still chuckling, humming, tingling."—*Gabriel, American.*

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Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

THESE PLAYERS in THE RIVALS

Mrs. Fiske, James T. Powers, Andrew Mack, Margery Maude, Pedro de Cordoba, Rollo Peters, Georgette Cohan, Betty Linley, George Tawde, John Craig, Percival Vivian, Dan Malloy.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's Farcical Comedy

ERLANGER'S THEATRE. W. 44th St. Dir. A. L. Erlanger
EVES. 8:30 $3.00 Top
$2.50 Top for Wed. & Sat. Mats.

LEE SHUBERT *Presents*

ETHEL BARRYMORE Theatre 47th W. of B'way
Eves. 8:50. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

PHILIP MERIVALE in

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

An Unusual Play about Life

MUSIC BOX Thea., 45th W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

TOPAZE

A Comedy Hit from the French

with
FRANK MORGAN
PHOEBE FOSTER—CLARENCE DERWENT

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Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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A New Play by G. B. STERN
from the Novel of the same name
with
CONSTANCE COLLIER
AND THE ENGLISH CAST

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By Ivan Turgenev

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Bernard Shaw's Political Extravaganza

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"It's a Wise Child"

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A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

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ARTHUR HOPKINS Presents

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a Comedy by
DONALD OGDEN STEWART
with HOPE WILLIAMS

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7th CAPACITY MONTH

Brock Pemberton Presents

Strictly Dishonorable

Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton

AVON THEATRE W. 45 St. Dir. *A. L. Erlanger*
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

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A Musical Comedy Tour of Paris
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"'Fifty Million Frenchmen' happens to be just the best thing of its sort in seven or so years." —*Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American*

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300 Good Seats $1—at Box Office

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REPUBLIC THEATRE West 42nd Street
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

ZIEGFELD THEATRE 54th ST. at 6th AVE.

ED WYNN

"The Perfect Fool"

in ZIEGFELD SENSATION **"SIMPLE SIMON"**

PRICES—$1 to $5 & tax. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. $1 to $3
Seats at Box Office—Mail Orders Filled

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Lew Leslie's International Revue

Greatest Array of Stars in New York—Cast of 200

GEORGE WHITE'S **APOLLO** THEA., W. 42 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GEORGE WHITE'S

ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES

FLYING HIGH

With BERT LAHR — OSCAR SHAW
SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

Sold Into Wedded Slavery!

by her titled father—beaten by her wealthy husband—*What could she do?*

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THE FIRST ALL TALKING ALL TECHNICOLOR DRAMA

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JEAN HERSHOLT | ELEANOR BOARDMAN | RALPH FORBES

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to have more trouble, but they will be interesting. They are not trying for the Open but are concentrating on Class A and the college games. They also have a lesser team in one of the lower classes.

Yale, not content with Class A alone, is wandering into the Open championship as well, a move that has given the authorities not a little anguish. After Yale and the Optimists had both entered the Open, it was asked how Raymond Guest would be able to play on both teams at once. The prospect of watching the younger Guest ride himself off in a fearful struggle against himself is to be averted, however, by some juggling of each team.

IT looks very much as though the high-goal affairs will be fought out between those old playmates, the Riding Club, the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, and the Optimists. Yale, while it has undoubtedly improved tremendously during recent weeks, still seems a bit below the speed of the others. Incidentally it would not be a bad idea to watch young Rathborne. A good many people feel he may become a great back.

The New York Athletic Club has been running in hard luck through most of the season. Cyril Harrison is playing a fine game, but he hasn't been getting enough support as yet.

The Commonwealths are to play with Elbridge T. Gerry and Jimmie

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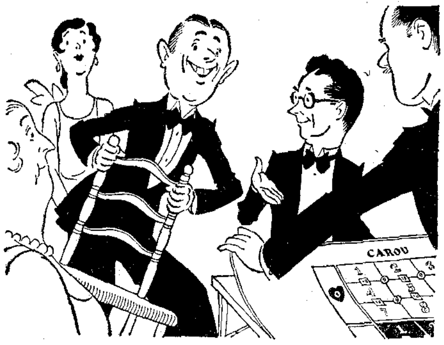
Don't kill the Kibitzer



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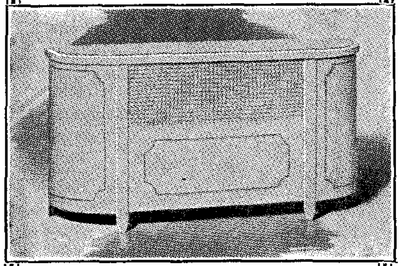

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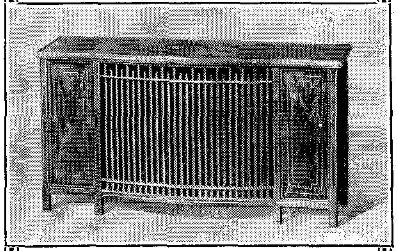

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Mills flanking the huge bulk of Tim Clark. This arrangement has possibilities, but neither Mills nor Gerry has played too much indoor polo this year.

The entire Old Aiken team, which has attracted more interest than any other young team in polo, may be in the tournaments, for Rathborne plays with Yale, Gerry and Mills with the Commonwealths, and it is possible that Stewart Iglehart may be in the Yale lineup for the Open.

For a good many years the Squadron has been gallantly entering Class A, and just as gallantly taking beatings. This year the team is entered in Class B, and seems to have a good chance of getting the title. Tom Bancroft, Billy Jackson, Fritz Vietor, and one or two others have been going very well this year. The first three took nine handicap goals from the Optimists a week or so ago and gave them an exceedingly long stern chase, one that lasted until the closing minutes of play.

ODDS AND ENDS: The Yankee Polo Club is made up of Andover students. They couldn't play as Andover during Easter vacation, hence the name. . . . Lawrenceville has been taught the game by Princeton players and coaches, at the splendid armory of the 112th Field Artillery, in Trenton, which has a steeplechase course, an indoor ring, and two outdoor fields as well. . . . Culver not only entered a school team but also waded into the western eliminations and beat the older entries for admission to Class D. . . . The Hun School also owes its polo to Princeton aid. —MARTINGALE

●

SPRING SONG

"Yes, yes," he said abstractedly, "Miss Flynn,
Open the window! Thanks. A rubber band."
And in this manner Spring was ushered in,
The huntress Spring, with fresh blood on her hand.

—HORTENSE FLEXNER

●

Within an hour we were flying through the white night and our son was born a little after dawn in a hospital two hundred miles away. By noon time I was Bal's wife, and before night mother was on the operating table.—*True Confessions Magazine.*

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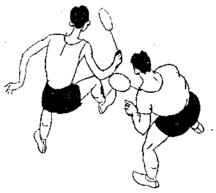
COURT GAMES

Endurance Test—Frivolity and the Finals—Squash in the Garden



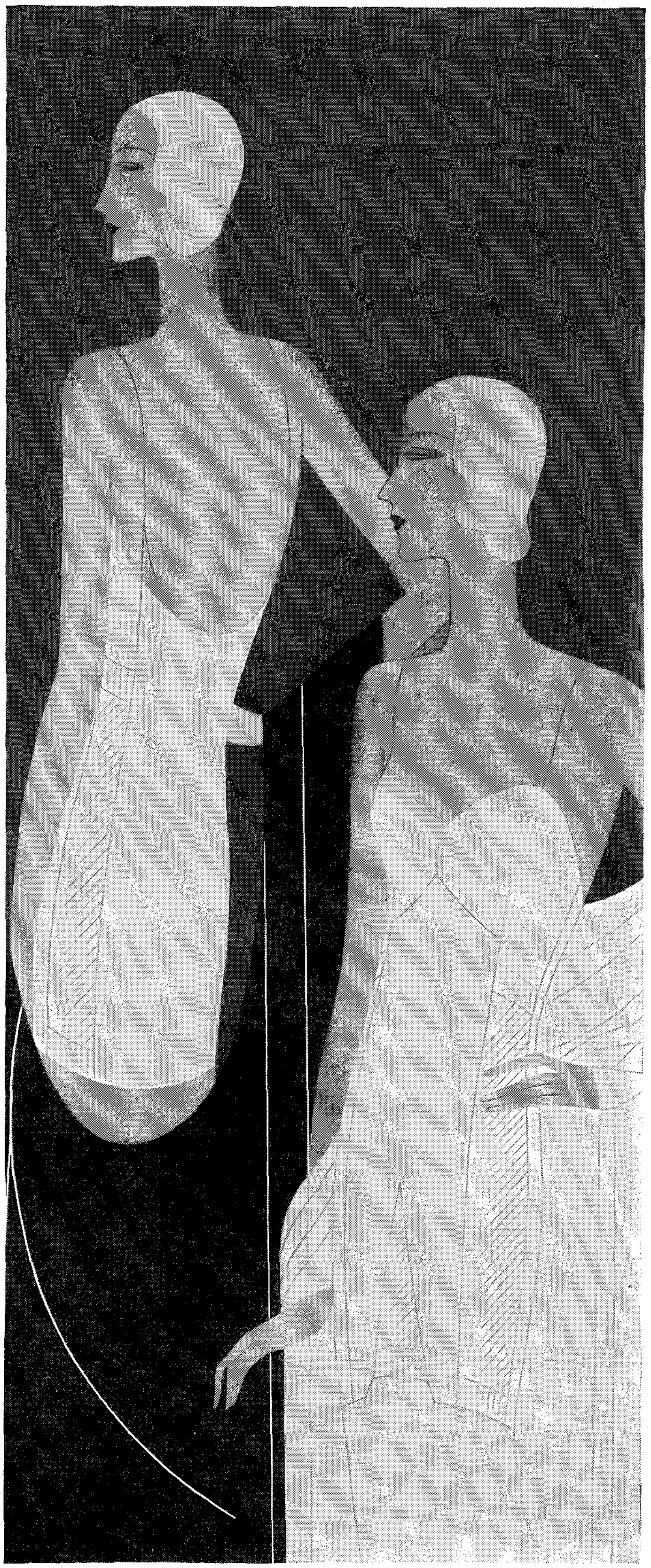
WHEN the University Club and Montclair A.C. Class B squash-racquets teams met to play off their tie for first place in the Metropolitan League championship, the end of the evening found the situation as unsettled as ever. The reason was that Dr. Harold D. Harvey, No. 1 man on the University team, was ill and couldn't play, and the four other matches were halved. Montclair refused to claim a default—a sporting gesture which cost them the title—so the deciding match between Harvey and L. R. Dilks wasn't played until several days later.

It turned out to be a most satisfactory affair—went to five games, the underdog came up from behind, and to make things even more pleasant, there was an enormous shiny silver cup in the offing, to be given by Ernest B. Humpstone to the club which first wins the Class B championship three times.

IN the first game, Dilks took the lead and held it until 7–all, after which everything was nip-and-tuck until he finally came out ahead. The first half of the second game was about as even as the second half of the first, but at 7–6 Dr. Harvey took seven points in a row, changing his pace and keeping Dilks running about the court. He won this game 15–7, but lost the third in spite of a tremendous rally at one point which brought him from 5–12 to 13–14.

By this time Dilks seemed to be tired out. Although he was thus far the winner, he had been more on the defensive than his opponent. He ran around at least twice as much, playing a more active, but less skillful, game. In the fourth encounter these efforts began to tell on him. Things were pretty close until 8–all; after that Harvey took seven points and game to Dilks' three. Dilks presented him with one of the points by running into his own ball in an attempt to get out of its way, but the others were lost because of Harvey's superior endurance, which showed itself in mighty wallops that in squash tennis would have sent the

DUO·SETTE



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ball ricochetting around all four walls.

This doesn't mean that Harvey was fresh as a daisy. At the end of the fourth game he sat down on the court and rested. "I'll match you for it," he said to Dilks. Later, as he got up to play, he asked, "How do you feel? As bad as I do?" Dilks, who apparently takes his sports more seriously, didn't make any audible answer, but judging from his play in the deciding game he felt even worse. Harvey got off to a 7–2 lead, and Dilks, dashing about madly and throwing up his hands whenever he lost a point, never caught up to him, although he made strenuous efforts. Harvey, who had the advantage of being about twice as tall as his opponent, stretched out his long arm to take balls on the fly and to reach after distant corner shots. He won the game 15–9, getting the last point by a beautiful trickly shot near the front wall.

LAST week's outstanding event in a waning squash-tennis season was the match between Tom Coward and Henry S. Thorne for the Yale Club championship. The tournament, of which this was the final round, started last March and should have ended a year ago, but what with one thing and another didn't come to a crisis until a few days ago. The Yale Club players just pulled themselves together in time to keep it from going over until next year, as Coward sailed for Europe the end of last week. He defeated Thorne after four games, losing the second 7–15 and winning the other three by close scores. Both players started out in a pretty unbusinesslike way, Thorne acting like the Wild Man of Borneo and Coward refusing to get out of the way of his own shots if that entailed any exertion on his part. Later on they settled down to some extent, but Coward, who could have taken the match in straight games, never rose to the heights he reached in the semifinals of the recent National squash-tennis tournament, when he forced Rowland Haines to five games. In fact, his playing was so sloppy at times that an onlooker, who had evidently never seen him play before, and possibly had never seen a game of squash before, was heard to say, "I don't see where this guy gets his reputation. He hasn't any form at all."

THIS is the time of year when the various clubs hold Class C squash-tennis tournaments. Anyone who hasn't a higher rating can enter, and handicaps are sometimes as large as twelve points. These tournaments are significant as barometers of the game's popularity. Ernest Clark, at the Columbia Club, reports thirty-two entries; at the Harvard Club, where squash racquets is coming to the fore, there are only twenty-six; while Frank Lafforgue of the Yale Club, in whose province the game with the little black ball hasn't yet reared its ugly head, announces that ninety-five players are engaged in a prodigious weeding-out process that will last until April 5. This is the biggest number yet.

IN BRIEF: Frank A. Sieverman, Jr., of the Park Avenue Squash Club, tenth ranking player, provided an upset the other night by defeating Edward R. Larigan of the Crescent A.C., who ranks third. . . . The Bayside Tennis Club in Long Island has opened a new court which has a gallery seating a hundred people. Bayside plans to enter a team in the Metropolitan Class C Squash Tennis League next season. . . . The Junior League was all set to play Short Hills the other day, but the ladies from New Jersey developed grippe and went south instead. . . . Acute discomfort caused by lack of space at squash tournaments may some day be a thing of the past. There is a rumor that some ingenious fellow out west is working on an unbreakable glass court which spectators can watch from all sides. It might be placed in the middle of Madison Square Garden whenever Fillmore Hyde plays. —G. T. H.

•

The train swung around the curve, the engine puffing with short, heavy blasts, and they passed smoothly from sight that way, with that quality about them of shabby and timeless patience, of static serenity: that blending of childlike and ready incompetence and paradoxical reliability that tends and protects them it loves out of all reason and robs them steadily and evades responsibility and obligations by means too barefaced to be called subterfuge even and is taken in theft or evasion with only that frank and spontaneous admiration for the victor which a gentleman feels for anyone who beats him in a fair contest, and withal a fond and unflagging tolerance for whitefolks' vagaries like that of a grandparent for unpredictable and troublesome children, which I had forgotten.—*From "The Sound and the Fury," by William Faulkner.*

Said Jonathan Cape to Harrison Smith:
"A sentence like that should be done something with."
Said Harrison Smith to Jonathan Cape:
"Let's trust to the public to whip it in shape."

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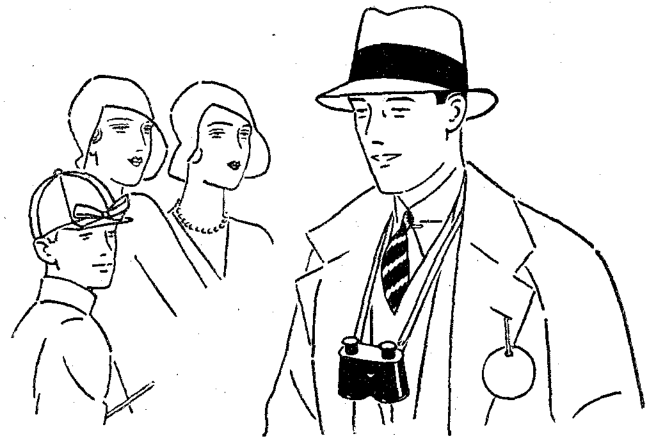

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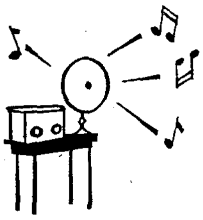

THE pre-prandial hour on the radio is full of excitement. Every evening at a quarter before seven, Floyd Gibbons goes on the air with his daily report of the *Literary Digest's* straw vote on prohibition. The time was artfully chosen. In the wet states, where dinner is late, he comes to his audience at the most moist time of the day. In the dry states, where there is no diversion to delay the serving of the soup, he speaks to people who have finished supper and so are steeled against temptation.

Mr. Gibbons fills in his time with news-items, and he manages to put an eight-column headline on the merest filler by using the old McNamee device of going into a great steam over an uncompleted forward pass.

Later in the evening—at eleven o'clock, to be exact—the *Herald Tribune's* Observer also sends out news-flashes. It is the best-staged news-broadcast of them all, because it is sent from the pressroom and you may hear the presses rumble in the background. In addition to the news-items—which are selected with editorial discrimination—the *Herald Tribune* sends out short talks by members of the staff.

AMOS 'N' ANDY have gone beyond all control. The radio never has had a more amusing feature, nor one that has created so much havoc. For Amos 'n' Andy, like Sidney Smith with his Andy Gump, have finally mastered the trick of creating suspense. With a half a dozen plots running through their sketches, they hold the dramatic tension in a way to arouse the admiration of Professor Baker. For a week the King Fish's Great Home Bank tottered on the brink of ruin and thousands of families all over America never ate a dinner in peace. The night that the Great Home Bank toppled over, with Madame Queen's fifty dollars involved in the ruin, was the blackest since that night in October after the stock-market dive.

These sketches are broadcast at seven o'clock by WJZ, and the Pepsodent Company must be going mad with joy

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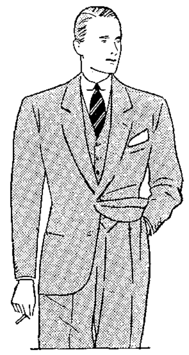

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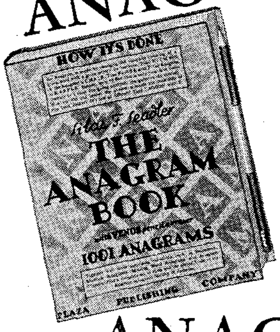

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over their success. Never before has a toothpaste soared to such dizzy heights. The motion-picture theatres are complaining that Amos 'n' Andy have cut into the patronage of what is known as the supper show; in fact several bright managers have installed radios in the theatres so that the performance may be interrupted for fifteen minutes while the sketches are broadcast. All sorts of legalities are involved. Probably one of the questions which Chief Justice Hughes has to decide is whether or not Amos 'n' Andy may be used to lure patrons to the movies.

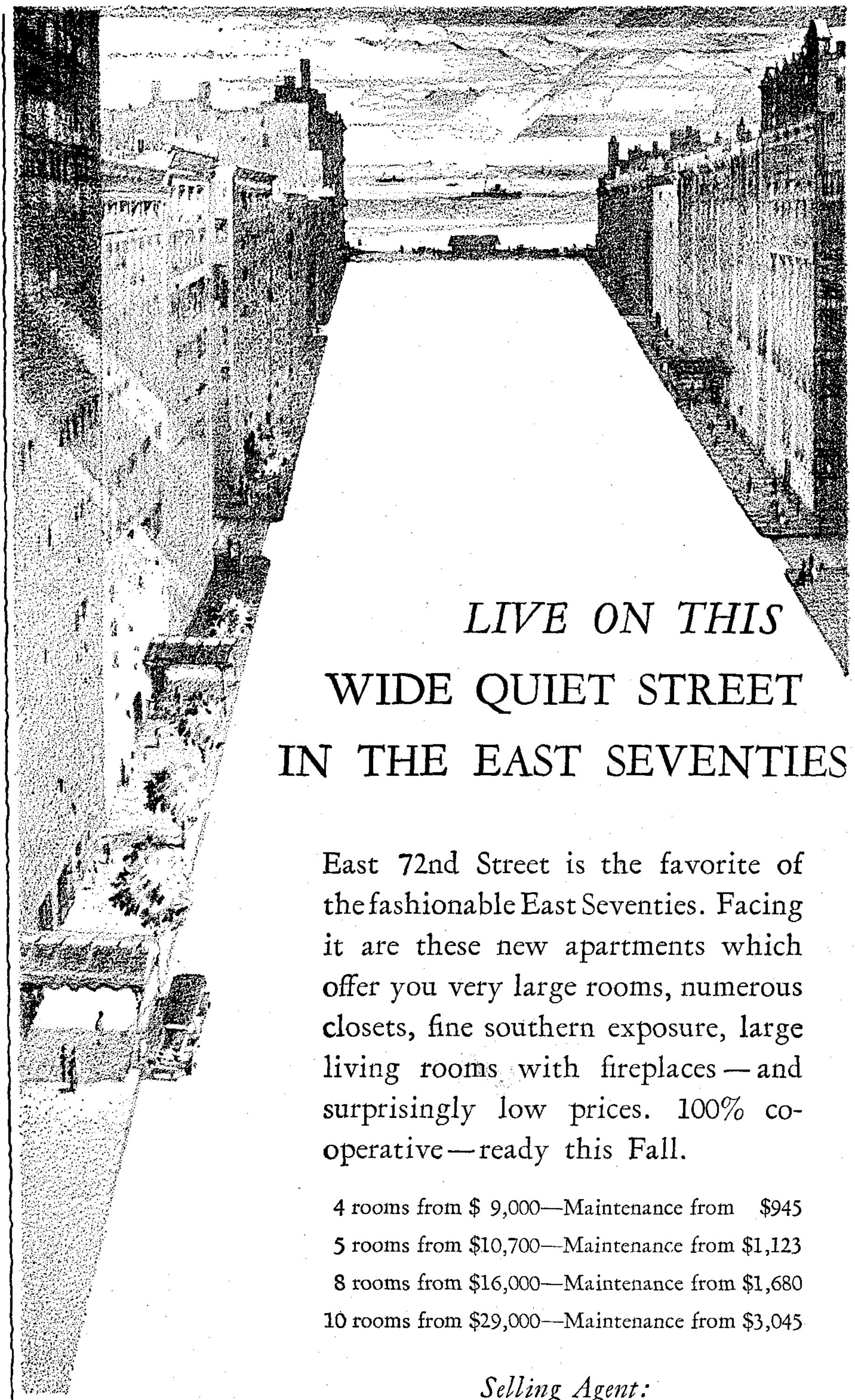
As for me, when Amos has lost his dog and when I hear nothing of a character named Pat Pending, I am desolate.

THE Majestic Hour—over WABC on Sunday nights—has started a new feature that can go on forever, as far as I am concerned. Quin Ryan, who is Chicago's own McNamee, is sending out rebroadcasts of Big Moments in the air, supplemented by radio descriptions of events that unhappily took place before science had made all public events also public property.

Mr. Ryan's opening program for Majestic was almost too much. He gave a rebroadcast of that seventh round of the Dempsey-Tunney fight, thereby starting all the old arguments to fermenting again, and a flashback of the Kentucky Derby of 1927—the one won by Whiskery. Both these events were described against a background of appropriate offstage noises.

But the masterpiece of the broadcast was Mr. Ryan's description of the Chicago fire of 1871. With the help of incidental music, which included everything from the Irish songs of the O'Leary's party to the ringing of the old courthouse bell, Mr. Ryan worked himself up into a fine frenzy of excitement over the sixty-year-old tragedy. After vividly describing the hapless citizens standing up to their necks in Lake Michigan to save themselves from the flames, Mr. Ryan ended his talk by inviting you, too, to visit Chicago in 1933 and see the Great World's Fair. He almost implied that Chicago, in its warm-hearted hospitality, would stage another little fire to please the guests.

Anyway, these Majestic broadcasts have originality and their possibilities are endless. I, for one, vote for rebroadcasts of the Battle of Waterloo, the Hall-Mills murder, Steve Brodie's leap, and that World Series baseball game made memorable by Mr. Merkle's failure to touch second base. —A. S.



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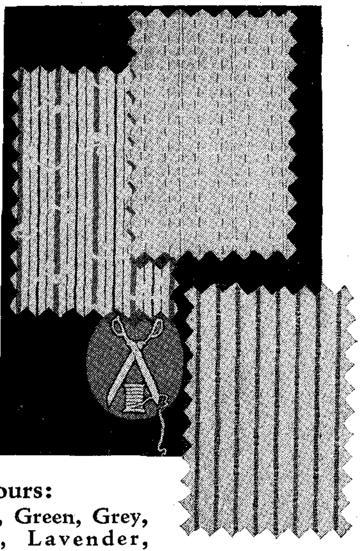

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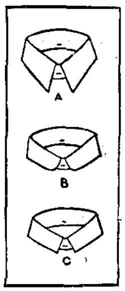

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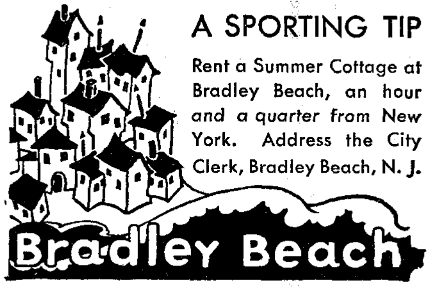

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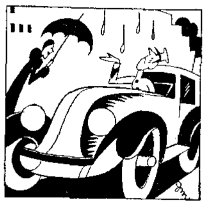
MOTORS

Maladjustment on the Post Road—The Baby Chrysler—Problem



THE National Research Council, which has been busily conducting a series of painstaking experiments with automobiles, has come to an interesting conclusion. According to the Council, the people who do most of the fender-smacking of other people's cars in the Post Road are merely maladjusted. As a matter of fact Dr. Knight Dunlap, of Johns Hopkins, expressed a like thought to us two years ago. He felt, moreover, that a lot of dodges which are intended to help traffic don't, that too many signs are worse than none because man's powers of attention are easily exhausted.

We were ready to dismiss all this as academic fun until we found out that the Council has a committee and special machines to detect maladjusted people who are a menace on the highway. The machines have been worked out by Dr. A. P. Weiss, of Ohio State University. On one of them you grab handles whenever a light flashes. That tells your "time-reaction." On another you keep looking sidewise and forward in the same second. That tells how good you are at beating the other man to the intersection. Then there is an indoor car with which they can try a lot of other tricks to see how bright you are. The Council, Dr. Dunlap, and Dr. Weiss figure that soon license bureaus will be able to use these tests to keep nitwits off the road. It's subversive, but we're for it—and we want it applied to dinner parties, too.

WITH the Bantam Austin scheduled to appear in the streets in some quantity before spring is over, impetus has been given to the manufacture of small cars. A company in Muscatine, Iowa, is making one called the Littlemac, and plans are still stirring with regard to the Martin.

Of these, more later. What interests us at the moment is the infant Chrysler. This is not a bantam, it is true, but rather a light middleweight in the Pontiac and Essex class. It travels under the name of the Chrysler Six, and belongs definitely to the same school of design as the larger offerings of that house. We have here the winged radiator cap, and the thin radiator shell, with its peak like a cathedral window. The vertical louvers are in three groups inclosed in a long rectangular panel, the top of which is slightly arched, and the simple instrument panel, done in silver finish, would satisfy the severest purist. The choke pull is in the top centre, two elliptical dials at each side of this indicate oil and gas; directly below the choke is a third ellipse, which is the ammeter dial. At the left and right ends of the panel are, respectively, the speedometer and the ignition lock. This suave though unadorned design, together with the silver-finish fittings of the interior, gives a properly smooth air to this junior model. Incidentally, Chrysler is following airplane practice—allowing you to choose your motor. You can buy the car with its standard engine or get it with the high-compression Red Head.

THE season has brought some inventions which show promise. Franz Carl Schleiff, who crumpled a car in demonstrating his new bumper, nevertheless is on the track of an idea. There's been hardly a trace of thought about bumpers in the past decade. Then there are indications that industrial laboratories have been experimenting with new methods of gearshifting. The four-speed vogue, of course, has fostered that. There is a Swedish device called the Spontan, which has been used on taxicabs abroad and is operated by a single pedal, and there is the Vac, made by the Universal Gear Shift Corporation of New Haven. As you may have guessed from the name, it is operated by vacuum.

However, the populace isn't grateful and inventors aren't perfect. The electric gearshifts came and also went, partly because they could have been built better and largely because drivers like to fool around with levers, even when they guess wrong. So, perhaps little will come of it all.

A GRAVE problem which developed in New Hampshire, spread to Massachusetts, and crept over to Albany, now has all the motor-vehicle commissioners of the eastern states in a wax. It's whether radios should be allowed on cars. Some states don't want to permit them at all—say they distract the driver and disturb the peace. The manufacturers claim that the sound of Rudy Vallée's voice is less disturbing than back-seat conversation. Massachusetts leans toward the middle of the road. The Commissioner there thinks the things should be shut off while you are driving, but that you should be allowed to take culture with you into the wilderness. The whole problem is getting very complex, but the upshot is that you'll probably be allowed to take your radio anywhere, with possibly some restriction on the times when you can play it.

THE query that we meet most frequently these days concerns not body styles or touring trips but whether the automobile industry will revive. We have never been able to get particularly excited over this matter, one way or the other. During boom times it was clear that progress could go only a certain distance. When some people talked about a six or seven-million-car output a year ago, we were just mildly interested. Similarly now we are not losing sleep or palpitating with sympathy. There are more than twenty-six million of these affairs in the streets. Like shoes, they will wear out eventually. For years the companies have been totalling three, four, and five million cars annually. Any one of those figures would make a nice business for an industry with quiet ideas. We are looking at some factory-schedule estimates as we write this, and it looks as though business would run close to eighty per cent of last year's. That's all right with us. —NICHOLAS TROTT

HO HUM DEPARTMENT

[*From the World*]

Mr. Aitken, before unwrapping in court the cheesecloth covering his two models of the monument, told of his relations with the Daughters of the Holland Dames.

JOHN DAVID
Fashions For Men

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NEW GRAYS NEW BLUES
NEW BROWNS

The most strikingly smart line of top coats we have ever introduced. Plain Colors. Subdued Blendings and Faint Diagonals. Blue, Gray or Natural Camel Hair. Brown and Green Lovat Tints in Coverts. Light, Medium Gray and Tan Mixtures. Single or Double-Breasted. Also the John David English model, a full-chested, square-shouldered coat exactly as worn by the best-turned-out Londoners.

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YOU KNOW THEY'RE
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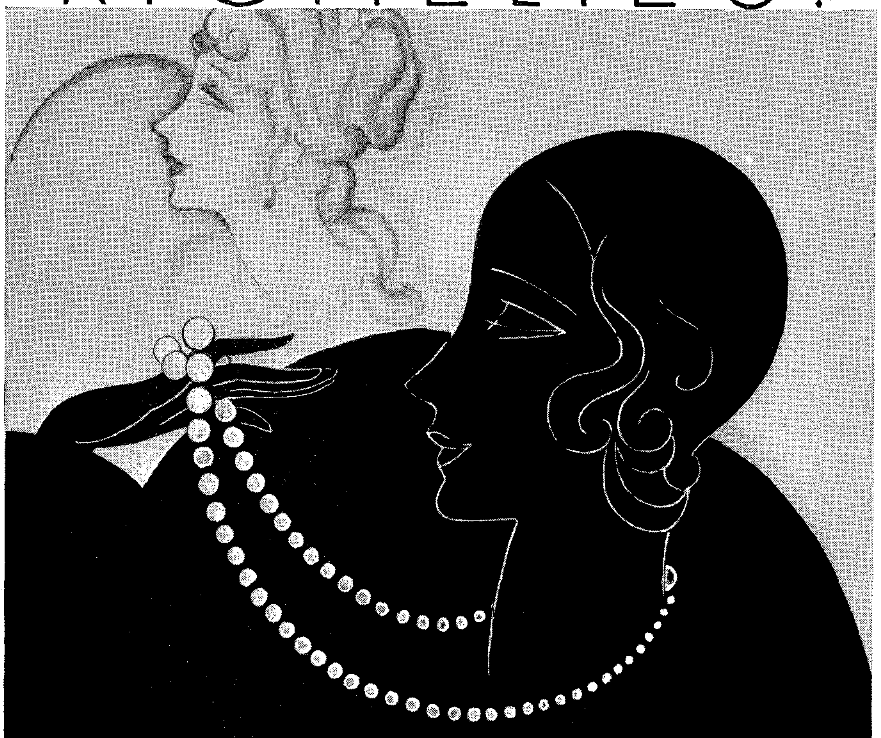

Years and years from now — your Richelieu Necklace will be as lovely as it is today. For Richelieu Creations capture in a magical way that same gorgeous iridescence and everlasting radiance that is found in the costly Oriental pearl.

Richelieu creations are made as genuine pearls are formed . . . layer upon layer of a vital element procured from the ocean's depths.

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Containing a Luncheon for two or three.

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Does slow music torment you? If you really want to dance well, make music a servant, not the master. Come for a guest lesson. Private instruction exclusively. Direction Cornelia Downam. Phone PENNsylvania 7964. Studio open for visitors 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

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STORIES OF TODAY

I—IN HIS HONOR

When the American Women's Club
Gave a reception in London
For Ambassador Dawes,
They conspicuously posted
This interesting notice:

"Owing to the presence
Of the American Ambassador,
Alcoholic liquors
Will be served until 2 A.M.,
Instead of the usual
Limit of midnight."

II—BEAR MARKET

Ciro Terranova,
Artichoke King
Of New York City,
Admitted in court
That he had never eaten
An artichoke in his life.

The price of artichokes
Immediately declined
From four dollars a crate
To three and a half.

III—DEGENERATION

A New York literatus
In search of authentic
Wild West material
Hunted up Ham Bell,
Famous two-gun sheriff
Of another day.

He found Bell
Selling canaries.

IV—BEAU GESTE

To reward his soldiers
For their intrepidity
On the Manchurian front,
General Yen Hsi-Shan
Offered to make them
Any present they requested.
They unanimously chose
Old Shanshi wine.

He immediately sent them
Twenty thousand bottles.

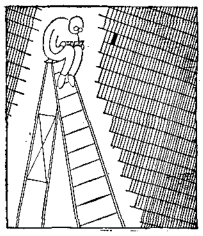
V—CRUSADER

When Mrs. Kate Meyrick,
London night-club queen,
Was recently released
From a long term in jail,
She was greeted by admirers
With a tremendous ovation.

"I shall return to my night clubs,"
She promised gratefully.
"The work must go on!"
—W. E. FARBSTEIN

RECENT BOOKS

Muddled Marriage—Our Discoverer—Mad Epoch
African Scene—Victorian Romance—Beethoven



MR. LUDWIG LEWISOHN'S latest novel, "Stephen Escott," will be a disturbing document to those who cherish "Upstream" as a beautiful literary memory. For in "Stephen Escott" Mr. Lewisohn is haunted by two obsessions that threaten to cripple him as an artist. Both of the ideas that so torture him are quite valid. He believes, for instance, that marriage is in a woeful state, that a sacred and honorable institution has been hopelessly muddled by the moralists. In his convictions on marriage he is as clear and correct as Mr. Bertrand Russell. His second obsession is racial. He insists on Jewish supremacy more stubbornly and more proudly than any of your haughty Nordics insist on theirs.

In "Stephen Escott," a novel about marriage, Mr. Lewisohn neatly rides both his hobbies. He proves, in the person of Stephen, that your good Christian husband is a booby in his sex relations, that your good Christian woman is either emotionally stunted or a wanton. Contrasted with the lamentable failure of Stephen and other good Nordics, Mr. Lewisohn paints a rich and beautiful picture of the family of David, a Jewish lawyer. Now this is all well and good, as a general theme, but he pursues his subject, to the utmost detail, with ferocity and bitterness, and the result is a novel that is impressive, dogmatic, and clouded over by a profound sense of unhappiness.

Mr. Lewisohn, too, is a victim of his own knowledge of psychoanalysis. His writing is peppered with the phraseology of the clinic—and this form of technical patter is one of the curses of the modern novel. It seems to me clumsy and stilted and quite unworthy of Mr. Lewisohn's fine talents as a writer. As he becomes more and more a doctor, he unfortunately becomes less and less an artist. This sad statement is made with tears in the eyes and wringing of the hands.

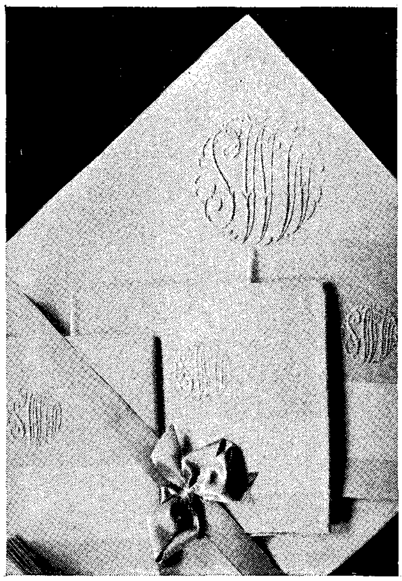
THE subtitle of Jacob Wassermann's biography of Columbus is "Don Quixote of the Seas." It is no mere selling line, for Mr. Wassermann has the incredible theory that Christopher was the model from which Cervantes painted his portrait of the mad knight. He suggests the idea to you tentatively and timidly, and then, by the persuasion of his writing, he almost convinces you.

Anyway, this "Columbus" is no book dashed off to satisfy the public craving for biography, but a soundly written, excellently constructed work. Mr. Wassermann's figure of Columbus is magnificent; his account of the later years of the discoverer's life is tragedy of the highest order. The man who performed the greatest feat of navigation was so ignorant of his craft that he was unable to make a correct nautical reckoning. The discoverer of a new world insisted, against all evidence, that he had merely found an old one; and the real father of our country was so childishly greedy that he hoped, by digging in the soil, to unearth plates of pure, burnished gold.

In dwelling on the avariciousness and the religious fanaticism of Columbus' character, Mr. Wassermann is too polite to draw the obvious conclusions. Nevertheless, in the drama of Columbus you may trace a subtle insinuation that Christopher, with his strange mixture of grandeur and insanity, left a curse on the land that he evoked from the unknown ocean.

MR. HAROLD LAMB, once he had embarked in "The Crusades," found that his material outgrew one volume, and so his present book only carries you to the intermission between Crusades. Mr. Lamb has been engulfed by his researches and dazzled by the glory of the pageantry brought to light by his pilgrimage to the scene of his drama. Much of the charm of the book lies in his great delight at finding such a rich, untouched vein of history. Where in "Genghis Khan" he was struggling valiantly and successfully against a palpable shortage of facts, in "The Crusades" he can revel in detail. It is an excursion into little-known history and forgotten adventure. The story of the mad epoch swarms with heroes, lunatics, saints, frauds, and villains.

Mr. Lamb catches the impetus of this brave, headlong insanity and his narrative is bright with color and swift in action, which is remarkable in face of his appalling mass of facts and leg-



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"You see, he scooped up seats for the shows so easily. Of course, Rita didn't know about Bascom, just above 44th. . ."

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THEATRE TICKETS
BOOKS
AND MAGAZINES

ends. His great love for his subject is understandable once you have read even five pages; surely the human race never produced as lovable, as crazy, or as picturesque a spectacle as the Crusades.

Naturally you will read it. If you don't voluntarily, you will be tormented into it by your kind friends. It's that sort of book.

MAYBE LoBagola, the writing gentleman from the suburbs of Timbuctoo, really wrote his autobiography. Maybe he didn't. Or maybe he wrote it and stretched some of the facts. For my part I don't care, and if LoBagola is exposed as a shameless fake, I shall love him just the same. True or not, it is a good book, and I like to think that LoBagola picked it out laboriously on his typewriter.

The book is at its best when it tells about a child's life in Africa. The stories of animals and reptiles are obviously presented, not as the opinions of a naturalist, but as the memories of a young boy who really believed that elephants bury their dead and that only old and hungry lions are eager for human flesh. The story of the savage marriage ceremonial is beautifully told and has an odd and wistful sense of tragedy and helplessness. The European adventures, except for the boy's early experience in Scotland, are not so pretty. When you get through you have some idea of the feelings of an animal after it has been on tour with a circus.

Incidentally, LoBagola, like Mr. Lewisohn, makes much of being a Jew. He claims for himself and his tribe direct descent from the lost tribes of Israel.

MRS. LOUISE SCHUTZ BOAS, who established a biographical style of her own with her "A Great Rich Man," chooses Elizabeth Barrett Browning as the heroine of her new biographical novel. There is nothing formal about Mrs. Boas' life stories; they move as smoothly as romantic novels and they are as fancifully embellished. Mrs. Boas has a real feeling for the Victorians and, after too many analytical biographers, her amiable weakness for her heroes and heroines is rather a relief. In "Elizabeth Barrett Browning," she has a decided preference for Elizabeth, and Robert is only the leading man in the romance. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Boas was only following Nature's intentions.

AS for other volumes that are worth your kind attention: "Eroica" is a romantic novel by Samuel Chotzinoff, based on the life of Beethoven. It is written in a style admirably suited both to the subject and his times and is, I suspect, a far truer picture than those annoying controversial biographies which are so heavily annotated that they defeat their own purpose. Donald Henderson Clarke's new study of an adventurer is "Frank Tarbeaux." Mr. Tarbeaux is a gentleman gambler with as wide a range of social background as Richard Canfield. "Year In, You're Out" is a new volume of verse by that loafer, Samuel Hoffenstein, who doesn't write enough yet. When, however, he does get out a book of poems, it's none of your skimpy little affairs but a full-size one, thank goodness. To me, there are only two things to say about a book of light verse; it is either good or terrible. Mr. Hoffenstein's is good, and if you don't read it you will be sorry, and so will Mr. Hoffenstein.

—A. W. S.

•

ANAGRAM RHYMES—II

[ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS PRINTED ON PAGE 75]

I.—Green, gender, grenade, renegade, degenerate.

II.—Yeast, stagey, gyrates, strategy.

III.—Career, retrace, caterers, secretary.

IV.—Enter, tenure, reunited, underwrite.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

STEPHEN ESCOTT, by Ludwig Lewisohn (*Harper*). Mr. Lewisohn's clinical analysis of marriage.

EROICA, by Samuel Chotzinoff (*Simon & Schuster*). Pleasantly romantic novel based on the life of Beethoven—and, incidentally, good biography.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, by Osbert Sitwell (*Coward-McCann*). The tragedy of a poet, told in brilliant, imaginative style.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY, by H. W. Freeman (*Henry Holt*). Ingratiating and charming novel of English country life.

PENDING HEAVEN, by William Gerhardi (*Harper*). Smart satire on Free Love and Bohemianism.

THE 42ND PARALLEL, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*.) Cross-section of American life, brilliantly written and beautifully constructed. An important achievement.

THE GREAT MEADOW, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (*Viking*). Life, with a background of old Kentucky.

RETREAT, by C. R. Benstead (*Century*). The dark spring of 1918, told from the point of view of the British soldier.

A VOYAGE TO PURILIA, by Elmer Rice (*Cosmopolitan*). Incredible adventures on a planet strangely like our own.

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS, by Thornton Wilder (*A. & C. Boni*). For those who like Thornton Wilder.

JUDGE AND FOOL, by Altalena (Vladimir Jabotinsky) (*Liveright*). The story of Samson and Delilah made into an unusually fine novel.

AUSTRALIA FELIX, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). The early life of Richard Mahony. Those who read "Ultima Thule" will need no further recommendation.

BITTER WATERS, by Heinrich Hauser (*Liveright*). The love story of a German sailor and a Mexican girl told in vivid, powerful prose.

PAY DAY, by Nathan Asch (*Payson & Clarke*). Sordid doings of a New York clerk on his night out. Effectively written.

PURE GOLD, by O. E. Rölvaag (*Harper*). Prairie tragedy of the gold lust. Beautifully written, of course.

THE GOOD SOLDIER: SCHWEIK, by Jaroslav Hasek (*Doubleday, Doran*). The adventures of an idiot in the Austrian army, and a comic masterpiece.

IRON MAN, by W. R. Burnett (*Dial Press*). Blow-by-blow story of the career of a prizefighter. Very exciting.

"— & Co.," by Jean-Richard Bloch, translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff (*Simon & Schuster*). A drama of men and machines, written in the finest tradition of the French novel.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, by H. M. Tomlinson (*Harper*). The story of the birth of the war, splendidly told by a fine journalistic mind. Some magnificent writing.

MOTHERS CRY, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Harper*). The tragedy of a New York mother—and something to break your heart.

CORONET, by Manuel Komroff (*Coward-McCann*). The adventures of the crown of Aristocracy from Renaissance Florence to modern Chicago. A first-rate novel.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

MYSTERIES

DEATH OF MY AUNT, by C. H. B. Kitchin (*Harcourt, Brace*). . . . CARD 13, by Mark Lee Luther and Lillian C. Ford (*Bobbs Merrill*). . . . THE BEACON HILL MURDERS, by Roger Scarlett (*Crime Club*). . . . THE BODY IN THE SAFE, by Cecil Freeman Gregg (*Dial Press*). . . . PERIL AT CRANBURY HALL, by John Rhode (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . SOMEWHERE IN THIS HOUSE, by Rufus King (*Crime Club*). . . . WHO KILLED CHARMIAN KARSLAKE?, by Annie Haynes (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . ASK NO QUESTIONS, by Beldon Duff (*Crime Club*). . . . ANYBODY'S PEARLS, by Hulbert Footner (*Crime Club*). . . . MENACE TO MRS. KERSHAW, by Austen Allen (*Harper*). . . . THE AMAZING WEB, by Harry Stephen Keeler (*Dutton*).

GENERAL

THE CRUSADES, by Harold Lamb (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a gorgeous adventure told with fine color and spirit.

COLUMBUS: DON QUIXOTE OF THE SEAS, by Jacob Wassermann (*Little, Brown*). Superior biography interesting both for its point of view and for its sharp light on an obscure and tragic character.

LOBAGOLA (*Knopf*). The life story of an African savage which, true or not, is good reading.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, by Louise Schutz Boas (*Longmans, Green*). The poet presented in the terms of a romantic novel.

YEAR IN, YOU'RE OUT, by Samuel Hoffenstein (*Liveright*). You should read it yet.

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, by Jean Martet (*Longmans, Green*). A great man's words and deeds as recorded and seen by his secretary.

EMILY DICKINSON, by Josephine Pollitt (*Harper*). Sympathetic story of New England's poet, with many new facts about her life.

WILLIAM PITT, THE YOUNGER, by P. W. Wilson (*Doubleday, Doran*). Not only a good biography of Pitt, but a splendid picture of eighteenth-century Europe.

AN AMERICAN JEZEBEL: THE LIFE OF ANNE HUTCHINSON, by Helen Augur (*Brentano*). Flighty doings of a lady Messiah in the early Massachusetts colony.

THE PARIS GUN, by Henry W. Miller (*Cape & Smith*). The complete story of that almost mythical gun with the seventy-five-mile range. Good reading.

HUMANISM AND AMERICA, edited by Norman Foerster (*Farrar & Rinehart*). All about a cultural challenge.

CANFIELD, by Alexander Gardiner (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of the gentleman gambler, with good sidelights on New York in the glittering era.

BALZAC: THE MAN AND THE LOVER, by Francis Gribble (*Dutton*). Mostly concerned with his love affairs.

THE DEVIL, by Maurice Garçon and Jean Vinchon (*Dutton*). The true story of Satan, tracing his career from a serpent to a neurosis.

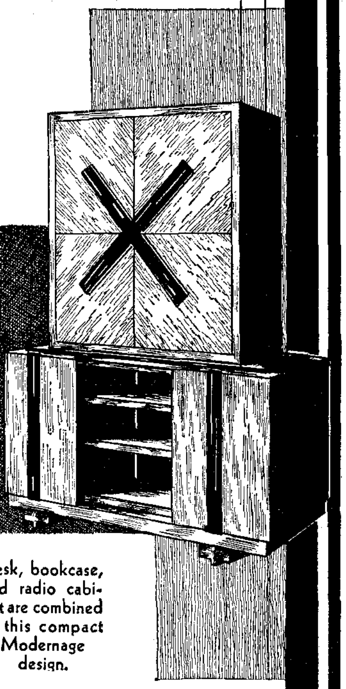
ESCAPE, by Francesco Nitti (*Putnam*). A victim of the Fascisti writes of his life as a political prisoner. Exciting, but don't let the Duce catch you reading it.

TEN THOUSAND SHALL FALL, by David King (*Duffield*). Heroic tale of a soldier of the Legion. Be sure to read the story of the siege of Verdun.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the current books.

IS SEX NECESSARY?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

PETER ARNO'S PARADE (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.



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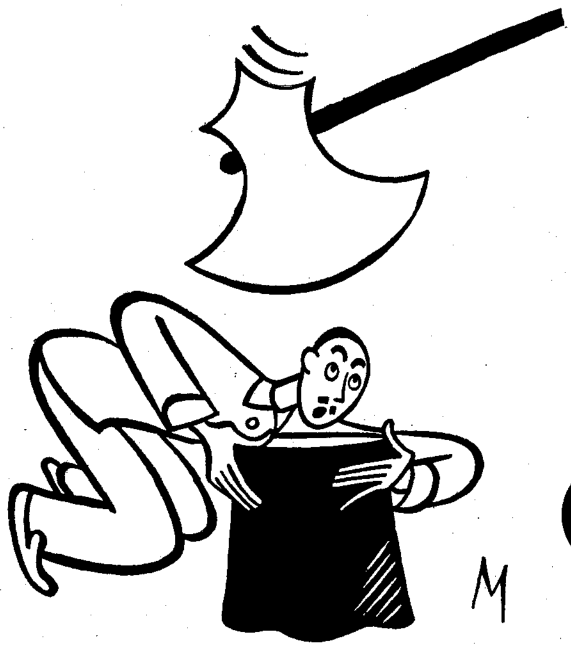

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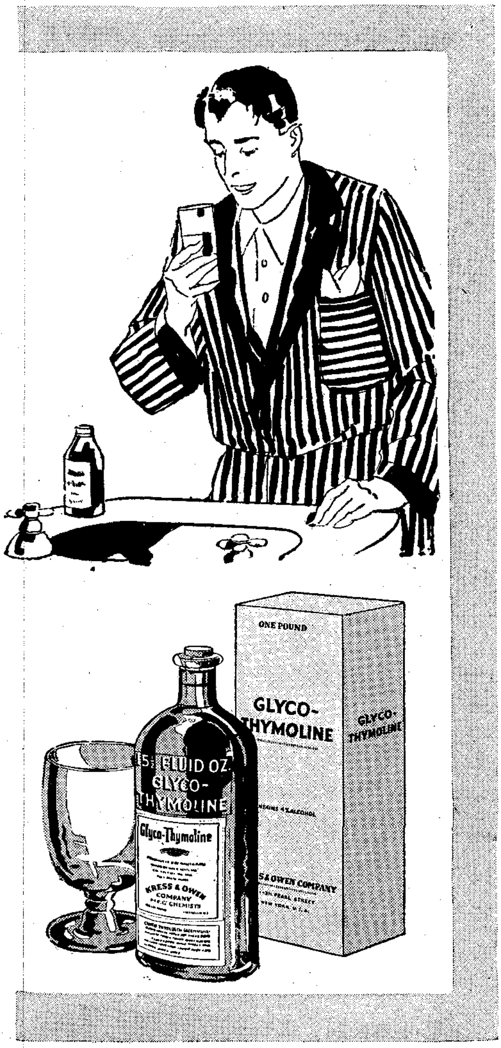
No desire to bore, but there's health logic behind this idea, too. A GLYCO-Thymoline mouth wash leaves a fresh, clean, delightful feeling. It penetrates where a toothbrush cannot reach and washes out food particles that might ferment and form acid. It deodorizes the breath. Other reasons on the wrapper. Fellow sufferers from "M.T."* we offer you—GLYCO-Thymoline! At all druggists. Kress & Owen Co., N. Y.

* *Morning TASTE*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KRESS & OWEN COMPANY
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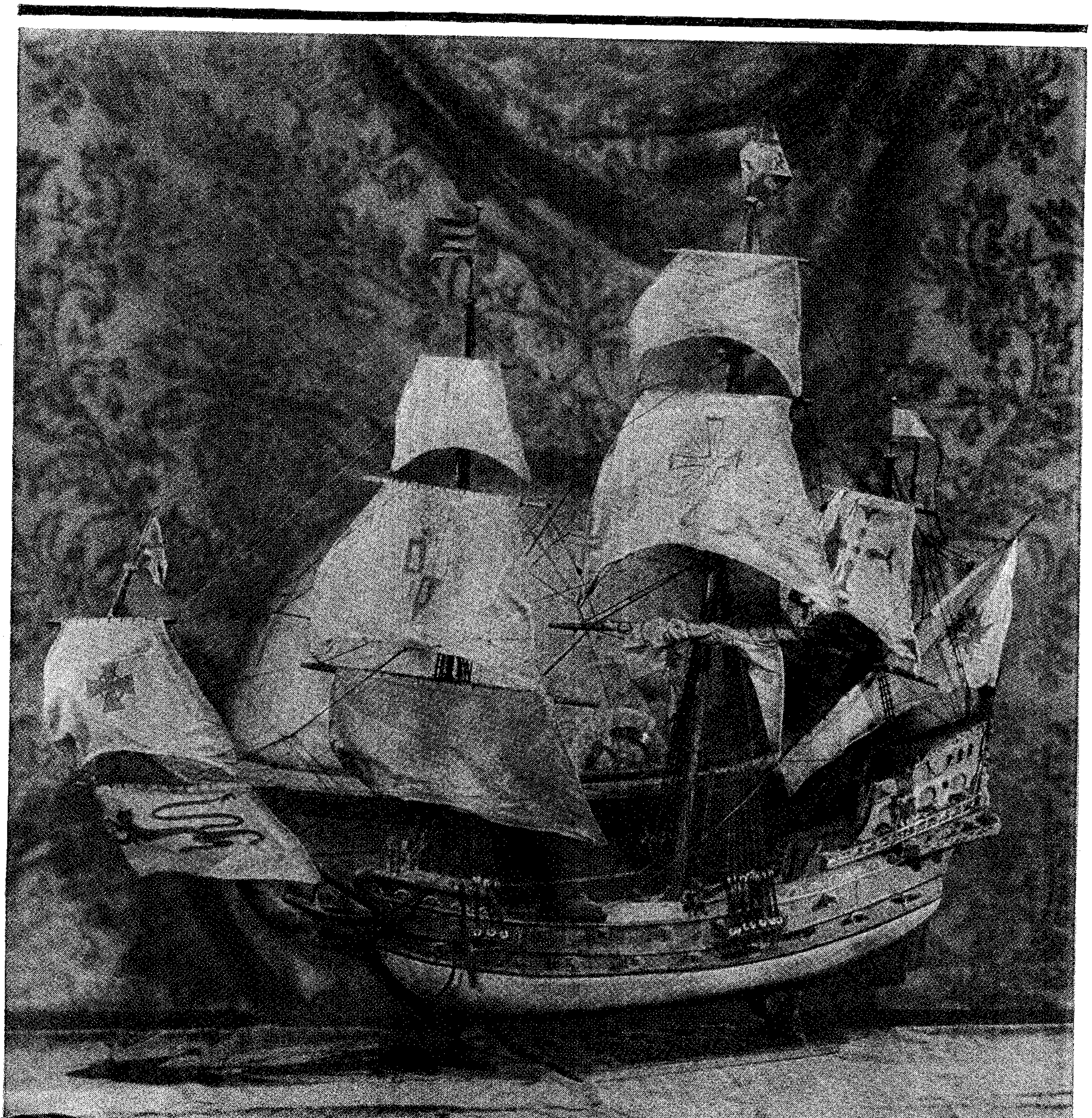
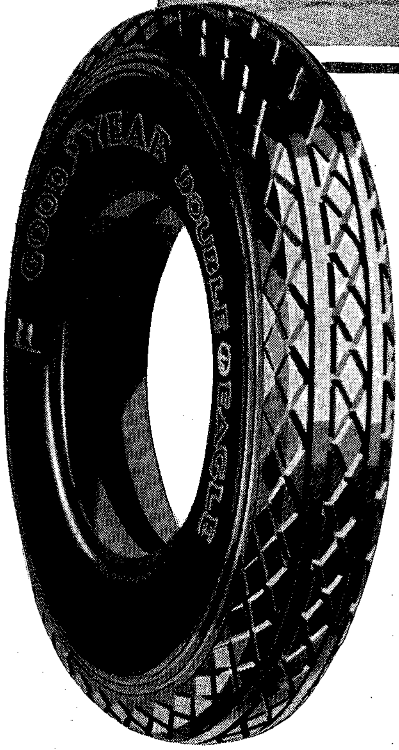
GLYCO THYMOLINE

ENDS "MORNING TASTE"





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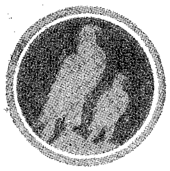

The Double Eagle *by*

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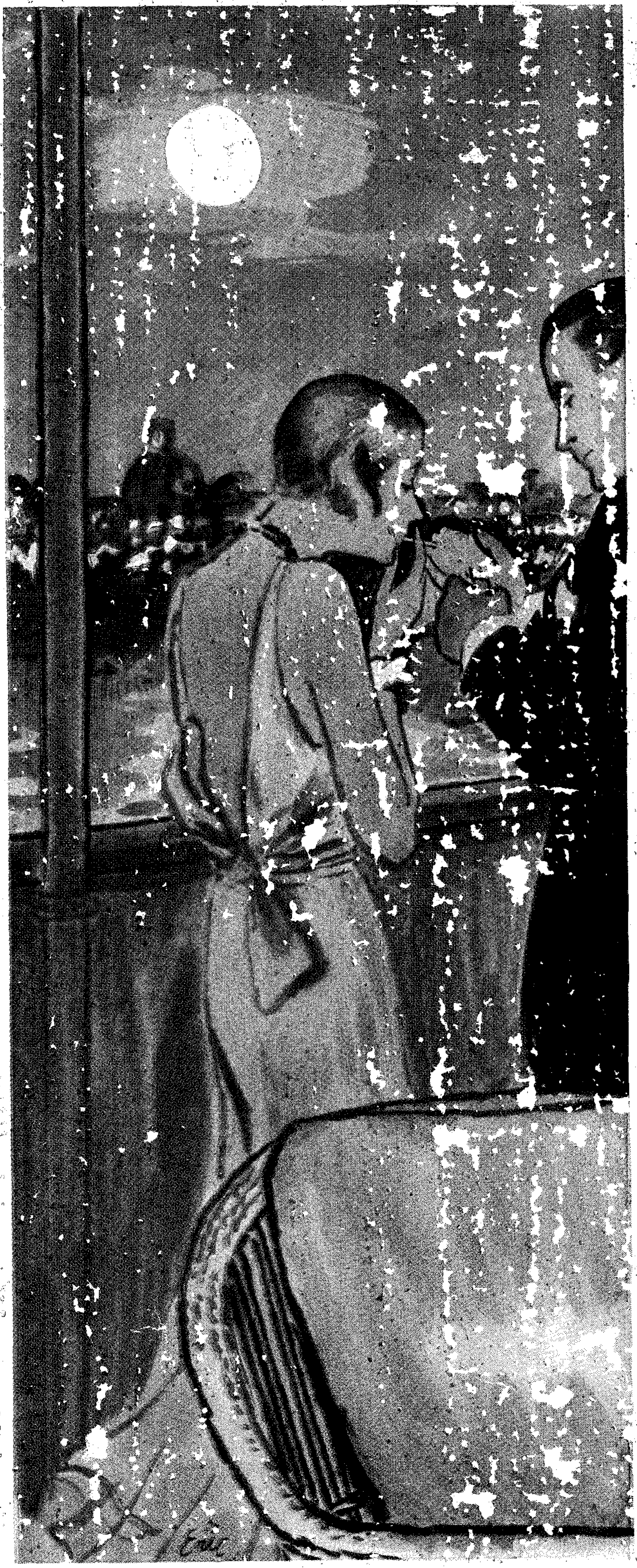
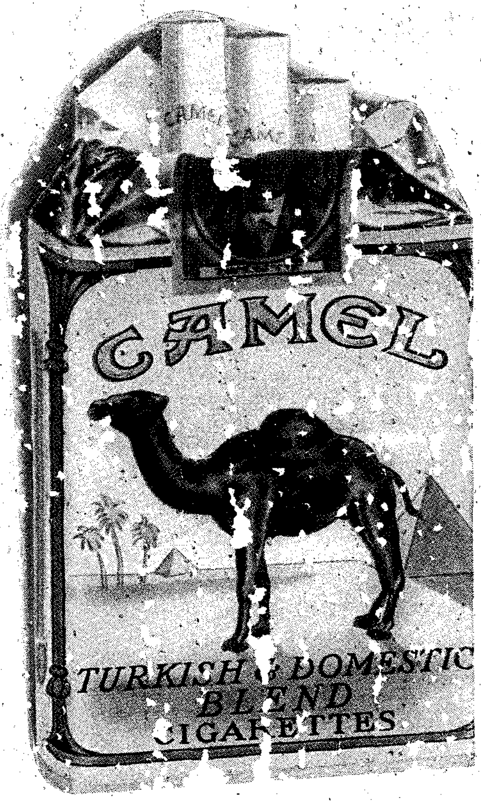


Sophisticate

You have the world at your fingertips. Ashore or afloat, you get pretty much what you want. In cigarettes (we point with pride) you've shown a striking preference for Camels. For there's something about them . . . a golden fragrance, a delicacy and mellow mildness . . . which appeals to people of instructed taste. And it is this capacity for choosing the good things of life . . . whether a perfume, an evening gown, or a cigarette [illegible] which constitutes the best [illegible] highest type of sophistication.



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